

MODERN
33
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ember
Screen



Kay Francis



JOAN CRAWFORD offers **YOU** a thrilling contest!

The strange case of **HITLER** and **DIETRICH**

Faded Home Decorations Made Just Like New

... **JOHN HELD, Jr.,**
the Famous Artist, tells
you how to save money
on Curtains, Drapes,
Table-Linens, etc., etc.



“WHAT makes a movie-actress a star? Personality! Writers describe it as ‘color’.

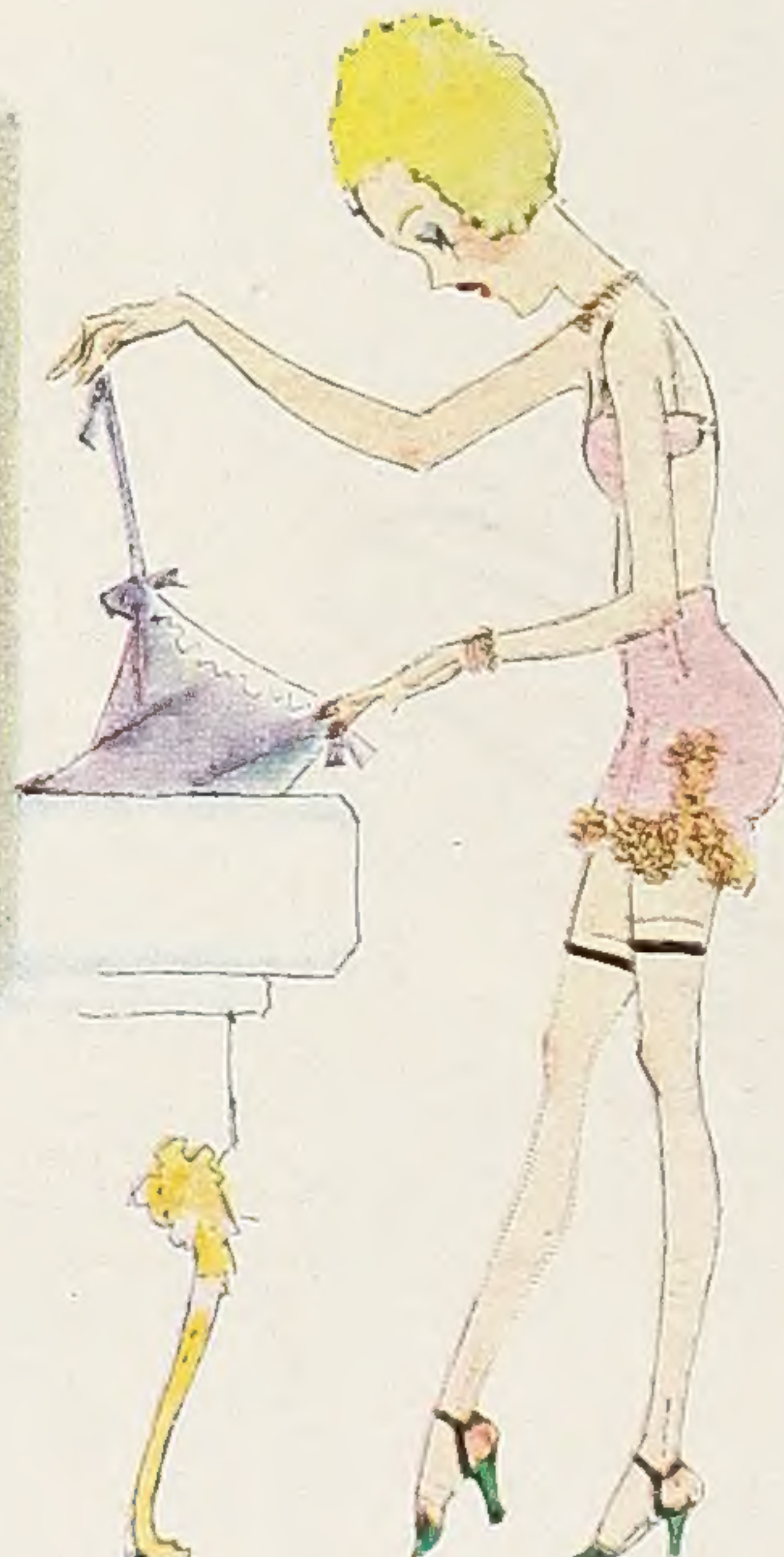
Rooms, too, can have personality. And here it is *actually* a question of color! Curtains and Drapes furnish the chief color-note for any room. If they are faded or drab, the entire room lacks charm and freshness.

Now, it isn't necessary to get extravagant and replace your faded home decorations. No indeed! Tintex will solve many of your color-problems for just a few cents—and a few minutes of your time. These famous Tints and Dyes quickly and easily restore original colors—or give different colors, if you wish—to all faded fabrics.

Start today—let Tintex make your faded curtains, drapes, table-linens, etc., as color-gay, as color-bright as the day you bought them!”



Don't hesitate to trust the flimsiest material to Tintex. It positively will not injure any fabric that water alone will not harm.



Everything in your wardrobe responds to the color-magic of Tintex. Use it for faded dresses, negligees, underthings, stockings, sweaters, coats, scarfs, etc. etc. Simple as A-B-C. No muss, no fuss—and Tintex never streaks or spots.



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PN1993

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Dec.

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1933-34

Modern Screen

Let the spool-end be your guide



Spools of thread may look alike. The only way you can tell that the thread is of the quality you know so well is to find the name J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. on the spool-end. Never take it for granted that you are getting Clark's or Coats Best Six Cord unless the spool-end tells you so. That's the one safe guide to the thread you set out to get—the thread that you, and your mother and grandmother before you, have found always dependable. Look at the spool-end. It pays to use good thread.

J. & P. COATS • CLARK'S O. N. T.



For more than a century—as today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD



MODERN Screen

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ERNEST V. HEYN, Editor

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A Famous Caricaturist's Conception of
METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER'S
New Comedy Team

May ROBSON • Polly MORAN

Their first comedy "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN" is all fun. Don't miss it! The cast also includes Charles (Chic) Sale, Una Merkel, Russell Hardie, Jean Parker.

Charles F. Riesner, Director

Harry Rapf, Associate Producer

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of May Robson and Polly Moran by Herbert F. Roese is one of a series of caricatures of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars by famous artists.

BEAUTY ADVICE



Write to Mary Biddle about your own beauty problems. She'll be delighted to help you in working them out. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

By
Mary Biddle

THERE are many new tricks to tell you about this month. In fact, I think this whole department will be devoted to blurbs about new beauty aids. So get out your notebooks.

First off, I must tell you about two new kinds of permanent waves that ought to be sweeping the country any day now. One of these waves was mentioned in our "Charm Gossip" department last month. It's peculiarly delightful feature is this: you don't have to go to a beauty parlor unless you prefer. You don't have to sit under a complicated torture machine. You have the hair wound and then you can wander around, sit in a comfortable chair, go and have a chat with the girl in the next booth—or what have you. The apparatus is as comfortable as is possible and the results are excellent.

The other permanent—which should be installed in various places round the country by now—gives the most "individual" waves I've seen in many a moon. I mean, suitable to your own individuality. It's all done—no, not with mirrors—but without the touch of human hands. Or rather, the type of wave that will be best for you is decided upon, the apparatus is set, and then all proceeds with 100% safety and mechanical efficiency. Much, much less heat is used in this type of wave than in others. Nice for fine, silky hair and for white hair.

Coming down to less expensive beautifiers, I ran across the other day a new kind of face-wash. Can be used in place of soap—or after a wash with soap and water or a cleansing with cold cream. It's a nice pinky colored semi-liquid—smells very fresh—and makes you feel as clean as anything. But this is the big point: it

has a way of banishing blackheads like nobody's business! Even if you're not troubled with blackheads, I know that many girls acquire a "blackheady" look. I do myself, in this dirty city, if I'm not extra careful. Specks of dirt settle on your face, are held there by your make-up and they're darn hard to remove, sometimes. This new, invigorating wash will do the trick. Nice to keep at the office—together with a roll of cotton—to give your face a thorough cleansing before a date.

Also among the less expensive beautifiers is a shampoo soap that has recently come to my attention. The nice part about this is that—without being in any way a dye or even a rinse—there are various varieties of the same soap for blond, brown, black and red hair. This is one shampoo soap that you can quite safely rub right on the hair. Although, when I used it, I went through my regular business of melting it down. I really think it's a little better that way. Makes a grand lather and gives your topknot lovely glints you'd never suspect were there.

PEOPLE are always writing and asking me about perfumes. It's a *most* difficult subject on which to advise anyone. But, since Christmas is coming and, as everyone knows, perfume makes a delightful gift, I've gone to some effort in this direction to compile a list that will fit many needs and many pocketbooks. Give me an idea of what type you want to buy—and how much you want to spend—and I'll try to assist you.

Remember this, though, in buying perfumes: a dollar-and-a-half purse flacon of good perfume is an acceptable gift. A dollar-and-a-half pint bottle of cheap perfume is an insult. If you can't (Continued on page 15)

● There are so many grand new beauty aids! Keep posted on them! ●

YOUR HANDS, TOO,
PLAY A LEADING ROLE!

Screen romances are enchanting... but how much more vital is your romance! Do your hands play their role with exquisite grace and beauty? Give them a lovely complexion and they will! Keep them alluringly soft and smooth with **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream**... after exposure, after they've been in water, and all-drying "varnish" merely coating the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form, that penetrates deep into the pores, to heal, soften, and protect. And **Hinds costs a song!**



NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE



In moonlight or any light, GINGER ROGERS' hands are alluringly lovely and smooth. She is shown here with Norman Foster in a scene from RKO's delightful screen play, "Rafter Romance."

New! Hinds Cleansing Cream, by the makers of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream...fragrant, delicate...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt!... 40c, 65c

REVIEWS

... A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

[● Recommended.
●● Specially recommended.
Brief reviews on page 84.]

- Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men
- Ann Vickers
- Bombshell
- The Bowery
- A Chance at Heaven
- Ever in My Heart
- Flaming Gold
- Goodbye Love
- Henry the Eighth
- I'm No Angel
- Love, Honor and Oh Baby!
- Midshipman Jack
- My Weakness
- Saturday's Millions
- Solitaire Man
- S. O. S. Iceberg
- Stage Mother
- Strawberry Roan
- To the Last Man
- Too Much Harmony
- The Way to Love
- Wild Boys of the Road
- The Woman Spy

ANN VICKERS (RKO)

EXCELLENT. Sinclair Lewis' story is made into very interesting film fare mostly by virtue of the presence of lovely Irene Dunne, who is rapidly becoming one of our greatest actresses. As Ann Vickers, ambitious prison reform worker, she does some really outstanding work.

We meet her first as a settlement worker. Comes Bruce Cabot, on his way to France during the World War and a few days of hectic love. She learns later she never really loved him. The baby dies and Ann goes on with her work, this time in a prison and later in charge of a reformatory. She meets and falls in love with Walter Huston, but loses him to the law when he is found guilty of accepting bribes while on the Supreme Court bench. Three years later he is freed and he, Ann and their baby start life anew.

One of the best, so don't miss it. Not particularly recommended for the kiddies, we might add.

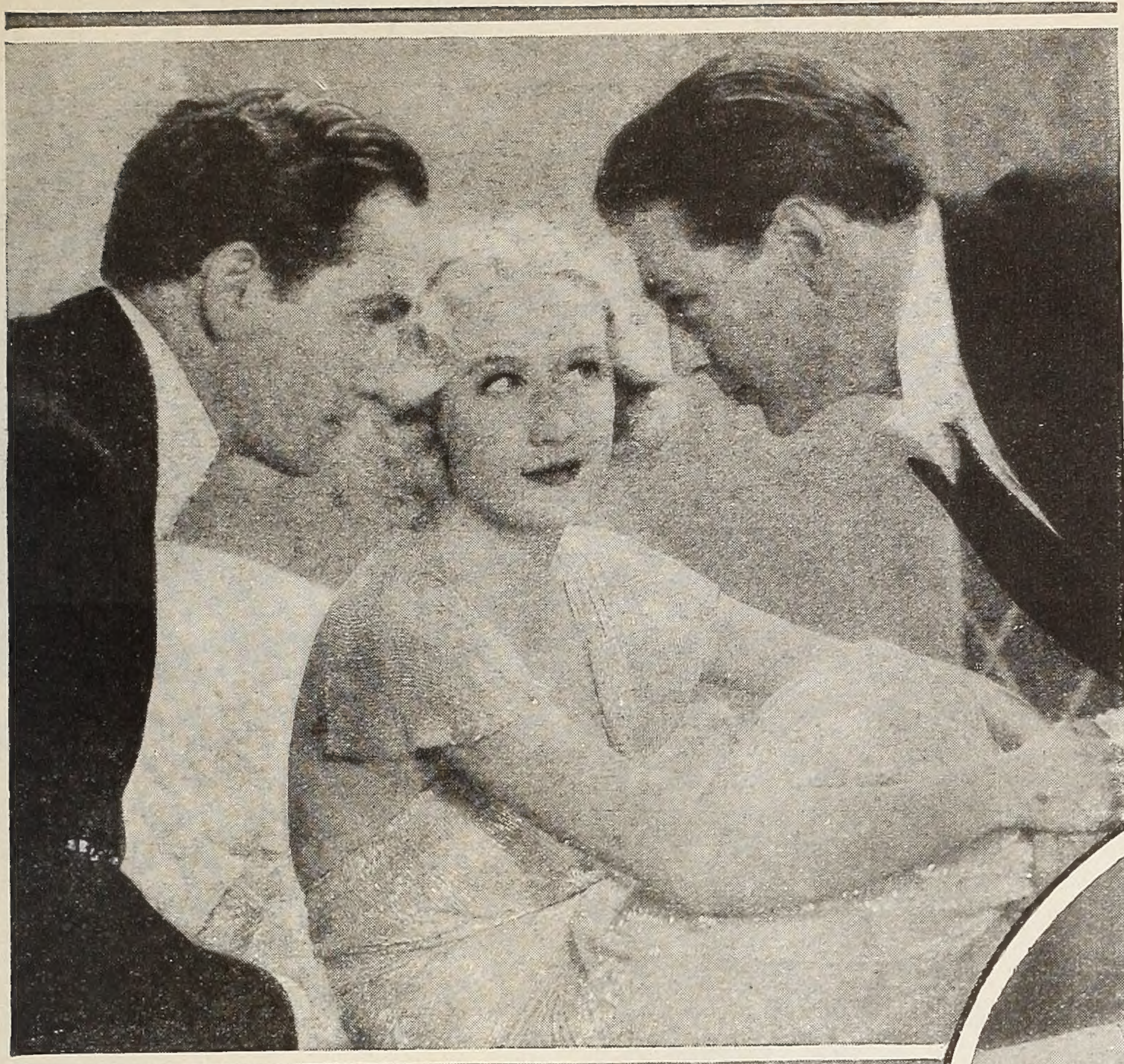


Mae West, the dazzling and voluptuous, makes her bow as a burlesque queen in "I'm No Angel." Cary Grant is her leading man again.

I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount)

DISAPPOINTING. Not up to Mae West's last picture by any means. This is the story of a side-show burlesque queen, who works her way up a ladder of men to Broadway and the choice spot in the world's biggest circuit.

This is distinctly a one-woman show, no one but West getting a chance. Situations are created for her and gags pointed to her. It often over- (Continued on page 10)



She signs a new code!

MIRIAM HOPKINS sets up a new code for women in her latest PARAMOUNT picture. In this new screen play her heart is large enough to give employment to two lovers instead of one... The play—NOEL COWARD'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING". Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH. The lovers—FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER.



Paramount waited 12 years for this girl!

Twelve years ago, "CRADLE SONG" was produced by Eva LeGallienne. The play was so moving and brilliant that it was at once purchased for the screen. Many great actresses were considered for the leading role but none seemed suitable until "Maedchen In Uniform" brought lovely DOROTHEA WIECK to the screen. You will know why 10 million women have raved about DOROTHEA WIECK when you see her in "CRADLE SONG", A Paramount Picture directed by Mitchell Leisen.



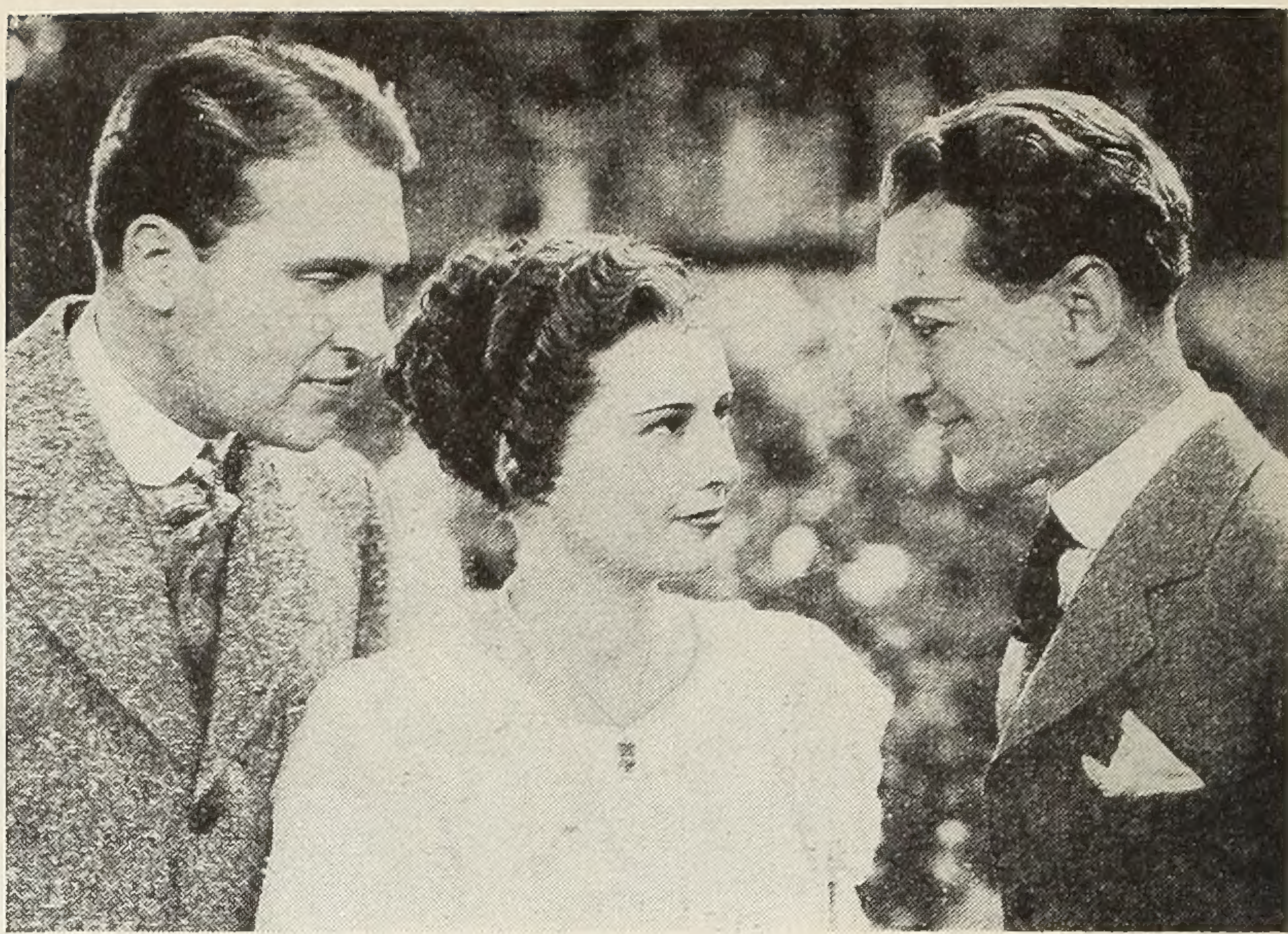
... *Vanilla!* They can't take it, but they thought Dewey did! The FOUR MARX BROTHERS as they repel a gas attack with bicarbonate of soda in the third battle of Bull Run in "DUCK SOUP", that very funny PARAMOUNT PICTURE directed by Leo McCarey... with girls and music.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!





(Above) Walter Huston and Irene Dunne make "Ann Vickers" a tense, moving drama. (Right) Not Jackie Cooper getting sentimental—and Wallace Beery taking it! It happens in "The Bowery."



(Above) The threesome that makes "Ever in My Heart" potent with fine characterizations. Ralph Bellamy, Barbara Stanwyck and Otto Krueger. A story of love and renunciation. Rather sad.



steps taste and propriety, the general tone being less subtle than her last film, if possible. However, the picture should draw and please West fans. The supporting cast—Cary Grant, Gregory Ratoff and Ralf Harolde—prove adequate. Definitely not for juveniles.

MY WEAKNESS (Fox)

GRAND musical. Lilian Harvey's first American-released film is swell and Lilian herself is more than good. You'll like this little English girl who first caught your attention in the famous "Congress Dances."

"My Weakness" is a musical of the highest class. Lilian plays a sort of Cinderella type of role. We first see her as a chambermaid in the home of Lew Ayres' uncle (Henry Travers). She enters into a bet with them that any woman, given the advantage of beautiful clothes, can be a success in love. The bet is on and Lilian proves she's right, using Charles Butterworth as her target. Butterworth, incidentally, almost steals the show, he's that good. Harry Langdon also has a meaty part as "Cupid."

There are some grand novelty numbers. Especially the "You Can Be Had" number when all the toy dogs, statues, etc., in the room come to life. If the kids like music, take them.

BOMBSHELL (M-G-M)

SWELEGANT. This movie simply brims over with entertainment. It starts out with a bang and finishes with a double bang. Wotta show.

Jean Harlow is a wow as Lola Burns, the movie star

whose name blazes from headlines of every newspaper and fan magazine, thanks to an overly-ambitious publicity agent (Lee Tracy). However, the publicity isn't always flattering, and Lola, who thinks she wants to lead a quiet, normal life with the patter of baby's feet resounding through her home, runs away. Always-on-the-job Tracy follows her and she realizes he's her man after all, and the movies are okay.

Jean and Lee are simply swell. Next comes Frank Morgan who is a riot as Lola's drunken, low-brow father. Pat O'Brien as the director, Ivan Lebedoff as the Marquis, Una Merkel as the secretary, Ted Healy as the brother and Franchot Tone in a brief but choice bit are all grand. You'd be foolish to miss this one. Better leave the youngsters at home.

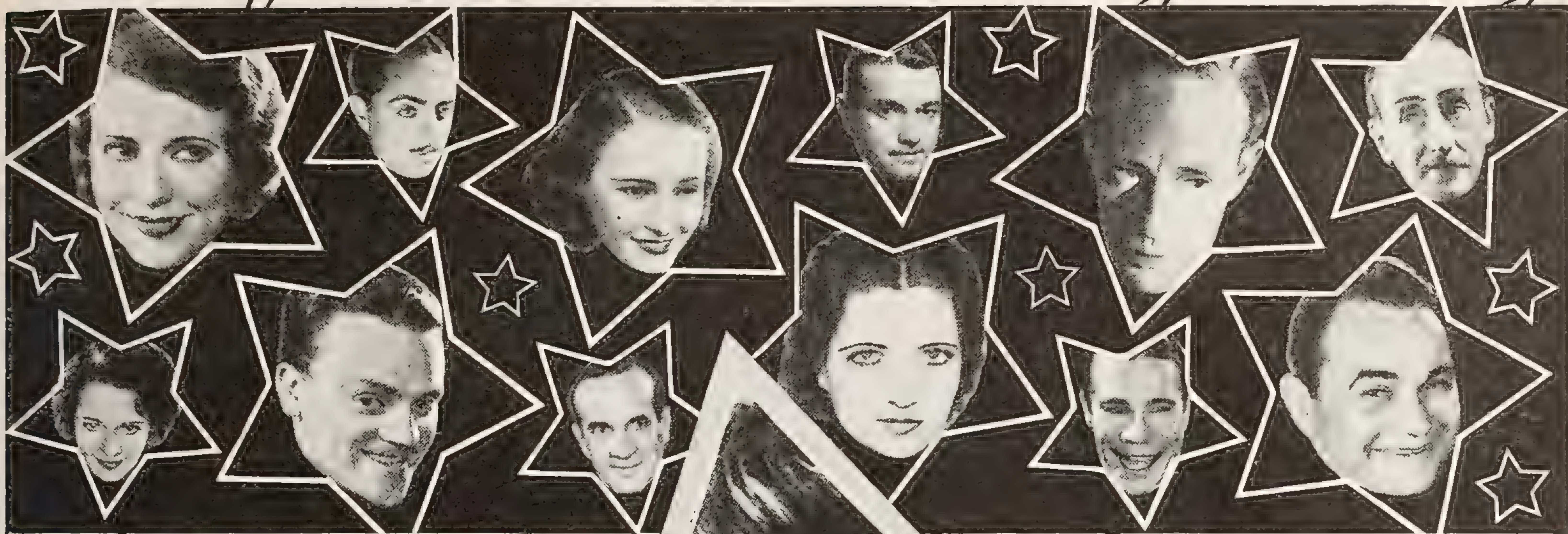
THE WAY TO LOVE (Paramount)

GREAT entertainment. Maurice Chevalier's last picture under the Paramount banner is one of his best, with the star in one of his greatest rôles as the lovable, carefree tramp of the streets of Paris, whose sole ambition is to be a guide. This is the type of rôle that Chevalier has been clamoring for, and he proves here that he knows what he's talking about. Ann Dvorak as the little waif (the rôle on which Sylvia Sydney staged a walk-out) whom Maurice meets in a knife-throwing act at a fair, was excellent. It's great having her back in pictures. Edward Everett Horton is, well, SWELL is the word.

You have entertainment plus here. The story is chuckful of laughs, a little sentiment and some knock-out musical numbers. Don't miss it. Take the children, too.

(Continued on page 110)

Now from Warner Bros.' glittering



star-ranks

blazes...

No wonder they call Warner Bros. "The Star Company"....Week after week in hit after hit, Warners bring you more famous favorites than any other studio! Now it's masterful Paul Muni—great star of "I Am A Fugitive"—soaring to unexampled heights in an impassioned, storm-charged drama of a world reborn! For its savage pageantry, for its courageous theme, for its amazing exploration of the human heart, we recommend "The World Changes" to every moviegoer in the land as the one picture that *must* be seen this month!

Paul Muni
in
"THE WORLD CHANGES"

ALINE MACMAHON • MARY ASTOR • DONALD COOK
And Thousands of Others — Directed by Mervyn LeRoy — A First National Picture

BETWEEN YOU and ME

Fans, this is your department! A corner designed especially for you, which will welcome your views on the screen and its players

Dear Friends:

Two things this month:

1. November 9 is the birthday of Marie Dressler. If you read this on or before that date, write or wire her in care of this magazine and your greeting will be forwarded to her promptly. It's everybody's chance to pay homage to this grand lady of the screen!

2. You and I probably feel alike about "The Three Little Pigs." I've seen it twice—and I intend seeing it many more times. I sincerely believe that twenty years from now, when 1953 audiences find even "Cavalcade" and "Dinner at Eight" dated, Walter Disney's little masterpiece will be looked upon as a perfect artistic gem.

Now is the time to persuade Mr. Disney to make a full-length "Symphony" in color, and if you'll send me your opinion on that subject, I'll get your vote to him. Write me today!

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Regarding Our Patent Letter-Writer

Realizing that modesty is classed high among the virtues, we are going to do a little bragging about the success of our patent-letter-writer, (a feature of the October issue) just the same.

Remember, you filled in the blanks and disclosed your favorite actor, actress and the player you considered a fitting candidate for future stardom. The coupons literally poured in by the thousands and you fans let it be known without quibbling just who stood aces in your estimation and who might be slipping a bit.

So as not to inject too much suspense, let us hasten to reveal that Joan Crawford, according to your barometer, is the reigning queen of the movies. Yes, Miss Crawford received twice and a half as many votes as her nearest runner-up for popularity honors.

Jean Harlow, another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, has her legion of staunch admirers as the ballots readily testified. Then came Janet Gaynor, who longs to leave the saccharine for the sophisticated in the matter of rôles. Janet almost came in neck-and-neck with Jean, with Norma Shearer following closely on the heels of the Fox favorite.

With these four setting the popular players pretty firmly, Garbo, Hepburn,

Dietrich and Loretta Young find themselves scoring honorable mention.

Now for the male stars:

Clark Gable heads the list with Robert Montgomery following, though not too closely, second. Then comes Cary Grant and after him, several men get an even break—Novarro, Leslie Howard and Ronald Colman.

As to the lesser players most fitted for stardom, two girls walked off with the honors. Just as many want to see little Jean Parker with her name in lights as voted for Frances Dee, who has been on the screen longer and accorded better parts.

And now we want to thank you for sending in your opinions, for it is through these that we are assisted in selecting material for MODERN SCREEN. We must know those players in which you are most interested in order to let you in on their latest activities.

A Break for "Bit" Players

MRS. J. H. ALLEN of Washington, D. C., writes:

Almost everyone must appreciate, but few take the trouble to commend in print, the players who appear in small rôles supporting a star who gets the billing.

It is comparatively easy to score when one is handed the material—a nice fat part in a story designed to suit the talents of a certain actor or actress. But when an unfeatured member of a cast, with a small part, almost steals the picture, the least we can do is recognize him. Ned Sparks is such an actor and, per-

sonally, I'd rather see him than Clark Gable any time. I do wish producers would put him in more pictures for he is invariably "swell."

Please Pass the Calories

JANE WRIGHT of Tampa, Fla., does a little censuring. She says:

What, oh what, must actresses weigh in real life! I understand they photograph ten pounds heavier than they actually are. So at what figure can Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck or Joan Crawford tip the scales?

Claudette, as she appeared in "I Cover the Water Front," was little short of skinny and Miss Crawford looked transparent in "Today We Live," and, in fact, all her recent pictures. I wish she would put on the weight she had in "Dance, Fools, Dance" and "Our Blushing Bride." She certainly would look a whole lot better. Dietrich, too, is too thin. Billy Dove had the beautiful figure! Truly, I am not an advocate of the curves possessed by la West, but pull-eez, a little padding over those sharp, angular bones!

(Well, Jane should certainly cheer the Hollywood citizens who have been renouncing potatoes and pie. At that, there is much truth in what she says.)

In Defense of the Stars

EDNA FOX of Halifax, N. S., writes:

Boy, oh boy, have the stars any real feelings or have they reel feelings? They surely must reel when they read some of the caustic criticism submitted to them through the fan columns!

Because a fan dislikes some player, or his or her acting, is it nice to indulge in downright mud-slinging? Take Joan Crawford, for example. The worst I could say about her is that she looks a little too thin, not gaunt, as described by an Ardent Fan. True, she does overstress her makeup, but she is a sincere actress with style and personality.

Many of the fans seem bent on giving Doug, Jr. all the sympathy in the divorce suit. Who cares about their private lives? "Live and let live." These unfortunate children of the public, unfortunate because every personal move is recorded and censored. Incidentally, I often wonder why the pure-minded never miss a wicked picture? It's very odd! (Continued on page 14)

The stamp of superlative entertainment



WALLACE BEERY, GEORGE RAFT, JACKIE COOPER in "THE BOWERY"

WALTER WINCHELL'S "BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE"

SPENCER TRACY and JACK OAKIE in "TROUBLE SHOOTER"

GEORGE ARLISS in "HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD"

CONSTANCE BENNETT in "MOULIN ROUGE"

GEORGE BANCROFT in "BLOOD MONEY"

LORETTA YOUNG in "BORN TO BE BAD"

LEE TRACY in "ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN"

ANN HARDING in "GALLANT LADY"

GEORGE ARLISS in "SENTENCED"

"THE GREAT BARNUM"

"I KNEW HER WHEN"

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 12)

Unimpressed by Glamour

OLD TIMER writes from London, thus:

I cannot find the glamour in a Greta Garbo plot, though I dare say false eyelashes improve her face a lot. (*That's heresy, Old Timer! The Garbo lashes, swear those who know, are real.*) I can't suppose Tallulah's casting troubles really were the whole and total cause of her failure over there. I cannot see Clark Gable, playing gallants of today, without a silent query why he ever got that way. I wonder why Joe E. Brown and Eddie Cantor should attract. I wonder, too, why Constance Bennett thinks that she can act. How sad I am that Pola Negri keeps on keeping on! I wish these Tarzans, Draculas and Frankensteins galore could bring us back our Wood Nymph—Marie Doro, whom we worshipped so before. We've shoals of well-meant talkie stars but . . . for the screen's only goddess they're no substitute at all. In truth, the days of Marie Doro still stand as paradise to me.

Cynical Letter from a Fight Fan

CAULIFLOWER sends us this from the Bronx:

Hot dog! At last we're going to see some real fighters in a picture. I mean Carnera and Baer in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." We've had enough of make-believe champs and phoney athletes. Don't get me wrong—I don't include Cagney or Weissmuller or Buster Crabbe. They're okay in their line—but it will be the nertz to see some real professionals. Hope they producers don't gum up the works and take all the kick out of the fight scenes.

(According to our spies, Cauliflower, the works haven't been "gummed." There'll be a grand story on Baer in our next issue.)

What's the Matter with Ruth?

ONCE A CHATTERTON FAN of Kansas City, is full of complaints:

What's the matter with Ruth Chatterton? Is she slipping? Is it poor pictures? Or is it me—am I getting tired of her? I used to adore Chatterton. Her pictures were swell. Clear up until "The Rich Are Always With Us." Since that one, I haven't enjoyed any of them. Yet I still think she's a sensitive, versatile actress—a *real* actress. I suspect that the fault lies with her pictures. Do something about it, Mr. Warner Brothers, won't you?

Not Too Many Dancing Daughters, Please

JENNIE MAY of Washington, D. C., says:

I see they're going to make Joan

Crawford a Dancing Daughter again. I know I'm in the minority in disapproving of this. Mind, I will say that Joan went a little haywire in some of her dramatic parts. But on the other hand, she did some excellent work in her more serious pictures. "Possessed" and "Letty Lynton" showed Joan at her best. I'd like to see more pictures like that—with an occasional "Dancing Lady" picture for variety.

CIVIL ANSWERS TO CIVIL QUESTIONS

DOROTHY NISSEN, Rochelle Park, N. J. Davey Lee is now attending public school in Los Angeles. After appearing in Al Jolson's first talkie and making a personal appearance tour, Davey's parents decided to withdraw him from a professional life. Most players send photographs on receipt of twenty-five cents to cover mailing cost.

LLOYD GEORGE, Hunt, N. Y. Leon Janney most recently was seen in "Police Court," a Monogram picture. A letter addressed to him to Hollywood in care of that company will reach him, although Leon is now a free-lance player.

EDWARD CORCORAN, Chicago, Ill. Most cartoon pictures are made in California and while the people employed in making them are both experienced and expert, there may occasionally be a chance for promising talent. However, attempting to break into any branch of the movies is always a precarious undertaking.

JOAN LYNCH, Marblehead, Mass. You will see a lot of Alice White in the near future. Alice is working in "Kid Gloves," and all set to appear in "Counsellor-at-Law," both for Universal.

PEGGY FLEMING, Atlanta, Ga. None of the stars to whom you refer have deserted the screen permanently. They are just having their annual fling on Broadway. Yes, New York's Main Street will see Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Nancy Carroll and Claudia Morgan acting this season.

JANE THOMAS, Springfield, Mass. But William Powell *has* played with Ann Harding. In an RKO picture titled "Double Harness." They were swell in this entertaining sophisticated comedy, too.

TERESA REBALDI, Portsmouth, Va. Miss Gaynor pronounces her name Jan-et with the accent on the first syllable. She is all set to start work on "House of Connelly," having just returned to the coast after a New York holiday.

ALYCE OSBORNE, Albany, N. Y. Write Leo Carillo in care of Universal Pictures, Universal City, Calif. Did you hear him on the radio lately, acting as Master of Ceremonies for Chase & Sanborn? He was swell.



MEN CAN TELL by the Smartness of her Make-up!

MEN compare her with other girls and find her lovelier by far! Her lips never shriek "paint". For she always uses a marvelous new kind of lipstick that brings smooth, natural color. Rich, glowing color...but not a trace of paint to make her mouth conspicuous!

A lipstick called Tangee

Other lipsticks may coat your lips with paint. But Tangee isn't paint. It's a special kind of lipstick which blends so perfectly that it looks like your own coloring! No hard lipstick line. No caking. No painted look.

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But put it on. You'll see it change color to the one shade of blush-rose best suited to you! Actually, Tangee brings out the natural color hidden in your lips!

Use Tangee and see fresh, natural color in your lips! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks . . . at any toilet goods counter.



Rouge matches lipstick
Tangee Rouge Compact changes to the one shade most natural for your type! Never causes an over-rouged look. A perfect match for Tangee Lipstick! Comes in refillable compact. Refills fit compact perfectly.



New!

SMALL SIZE 39¢

TANGEE LIPSTICK
Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER! MM12

The George W. Luft Co. (Enclose 10¢ stamps or coin)
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge and Powder.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 6)

fit your pocketbook to your wants in perfume, there's always toilet water, bath salts—in the loveliest containers—bath powders and sachets and talcs which are almost as nice to have—or give. And the perfumed lotions for setting the hair help to bring the glamor and allure that perfume brings, too.

I don't know whether you have noticed—or whether this is prevalent in all parts of the country—but I have observed that good brushes are a lot less expensive than they used to be. And a really good hairbrush is an essential aid to hair beauty. Some time ago I saw perfectly plain, wooden brushes (with, to be sure, superb bristles) as high as seven dollars. Recently, I bought a beauty for three-fifty. If you have been muddling along with an old brush with apathetic, rubbery bristles, now's your chance to get a good brush inexpensively.

HAVE you encountered yet the great big towel-sized cleansing tissues? They're simply marvelous. You can use them for removing make-up, polishing shoes, stuffing the toes of shoes, for dusting and for wrapping up an extra pair of stockings to carry in your purse for that date after work.

I'm asked a great many questions about foundation creams. Personally, I never use them. They just don't happen to suit my skin. But I *do* use skin tonics and skin lotions. And they serve me—and many other people, too—for a powder base. I've found a lotion that is a little jim-dandy. It's thin, and clear—no gummy substance in it—and perfumed with a famous odor.

There is a new line of make-up, sponsored by a house that has done theatrical make-up and everyday make-up for years, that you should find great fun to try.

First a base is applied, with water. It is blended in and doesn't show at all. Your face looks just like your usual, unmake-up face. Then, if you use rouge, you apply the color to your cheeks—again with water. Like using liquid rouge, really, and that never was a cinch to do. But once you acquire the trick, liquid rouge gives the most natural blush of all. Then, you powder, with a special kind of powder. And finally—this is the most amazing part—you dash, dab or spray cold water quickly all over your face. It gives a lovely pearly lustre to the skin.

Next month I'm going shopping myself and I know I'll come across a great many new tricks and trifles to tell you about in the next issue—dated January and on sale the first of December. There will still be some time before Christmas, if you are *not* one who does her shopping early. So—be on the lookout! Meantime, write to me if you want to know about the things mentioned in this article.

LOVE IS *not* BLIND



EVERY CLOSE-UP IS A COMPLEXION TEST!

DOES a shiny, oily nose mar both your beauty and your romance?

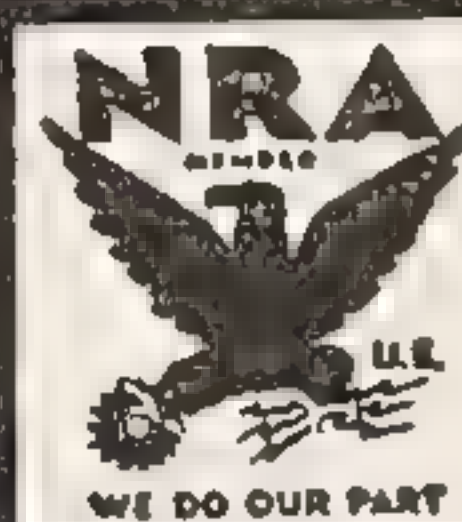
You need worry no longer! Gone at last is the embarrassment and the heartbreak caused by Half-Hour Nose. Pompeian has created a new powder that really *clings*. With *clinging*, confident of a lasting loveliness.

Pompeian is far more than a clinging powder. Smooth and fine, it gives the skin a soft new beauty, with that youthful, natural unpowdered look. Its ingredients are as high in quality and as intricate of blend as any powder sold. It has an intriguing fragrance of fine French perfume. The purity of the ingredients assures you a powder free from grit and starch, that will not enlarge the pores nor irritate the skin in any way. The Pompeian creams and rouges, famous aids to lovely complexions, are equally high in quality and just as reasonable in price. Regular large sizes are available at all drug and department stores at only 65c. Convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and-10-cent stores.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, INC., BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY.
Sales Representatives: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., Inc., New York City.

Robert Young and
Leila Hyams featured
in "Saturday's Millions"
a Universal Picture

Pompeian
BEAUTY
POWDER
Windblown through Silk





HEY THERE, WEISSMULLER!



HELPING THE AUTHOR EDIT A STORY

A VERY FAMOUS AUTHOR

BEING somewhat human and something of a snob, I like to let everybody know about it on the rare occasions when people of distinction deign to notice me. I have bragged of having had Greta Garbo ride on the running-board of my car, and Pola Negri offer to come into my kitchen and cook me a dinner.

And now I want to let the world know that I have had Baby Le Roy sitting on my lap at my desk, even if I have to admit that when he was shown a manuscript of mine he clamored at once for a large blue pencil and began to whack at the text. How soon the studios infect even the youngest people with the movie habits!

But it only goes to show the astonishing precocity of this amazing child. He made his début on the screen at the age of about nine months—this side of oblivion—and proceeded without hesitation to steal the picture from the other star—an obscure foreigner named, I believe, Maurice Chevalier. Now when he is shown a manuscript of mine in the screen version of which he is shortly to appear, he reaches



AFTERNOON ZWEIBACH ON THE SET



MY DINNER! IT'S ABOUT TIME!

GIVES YOU THIS DEEPLY HUMAN PICTURE OF HOLLYWOOD'S LOVABLE BABY GENIUS

for a blue pencil as promptly as grown-up motion picture people do as soon as they see a story of mine.

It was a great day in our humble household when we tried to make ready for the call His Majesty—or His Paucity—graciously made on us. We muzzled the Pekingese, chained up the goldfish, established the lifeguards about the swimming pool, put cushions wherever he might sit down, hid the scissors, the pins, and the paste with which I compose my works, and brought forward all the *objets d'art* that might interest an infant of his years.

WHEN he arrived with his mother and a retinue of two ladies-in-waiting, he promptly charged on the Pekingese. This microscopic lion of a dog who chases man-eating police dogs across the horizon and treats our bull-terriers like contemptible white mice, promptly fled for cover. He did not realize that the distinguished guest was unlike the common children who had tried to gouge out his eyes, pull off his tail and splinter his ribs.

With royal geniality the Baby smiled and forgot him. His manners were exquisite, even for a kinglet, though he did insist, later, upon sitting on the sidewalk outside and, when the photographer set up a silver reflector, he could not be dissuaded from sitting on that and plucking off shreds of tinfoil with which he covered himself and me. But he felt at home there, bathed in radiance like an aureole.

What could be more astounding among all the astonish-

ments the motion pictures have spilled about our jaded heads than the career of this little innocent, who was the talk of the world before *he* could talk? He is a cosmic figure and does not know it. While so many people, who think they are important, strut about in ignorance of the petty limits of their fames, this babe toddles through the sunshine and has his being in a blaze of arc lights and does not even know that millions are drawn together by the display of his name, millions of adults google like infants when he claps his hands or looks out, up-ended, through the arch of his fat little legs.

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus!"

Having quoted Shakespeare, I might go on and cite the platitude, "A little child shall lead them!" I might contrast the Pied Piper of Hamelin decoying all the children into the mountain with this Childe Le Roy, who leads the grown-ups in multitudes into the dark moving picture auditoriums and holds them there spellbound.

The millions who see Baby Le Roy beaming on life or unconsciously forcing people to take care of him and love him, inevitably think better of babyhood and feel its heart-wringing pathos and humor.

Another thing to be remembered and set down on the good side of the ledger is the influence of the moving pictures on the little children who work (so to speak) in the studios. From a long experience with them I can say they are heaven for children. (Continued on page 104)

CRITICS OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS WROTE EVERY WORD OF THIS AD

"ROMANCE

FRAGRANT AND LOVELY"

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune

"A sensitive and haunting love story that fulfills everyone's wish." (N. Y. Eve. Sun.) "Wrought with rare skill—truly fascinating—you are strongly urged to see it."—N.Y. World-Telegram



JESSE L. LASKY'S
Production of

BERKELEY SQUARE

LESLIE HOWARD • HEATHER ANGEL

"You will never see a more dazzling performance."
—N. Y. American

"Plays delightfully and skillfully."
—N. Y. Herald-Tribune



RECORD-BREAKING CROWDS saw "Berkeley Square" at the Gaiety, N. Y. at \$1.65 admission. You see it at popular prices. Ask your Theatre Manager for the date.

UNANIMOUS!

Never before has a picture received such *unanimous* critical acclaim as this!

"★★★★ Four Stars."—Daily News
"In a class by itself."—N. Y. Times
"An exciting experience you can't afford to miss." —N. Y. Mirror

Every critic, without exception, raved! And you will too!

VALERIE TAYLOR
IRENE BROWNE
BERYL MERCER

Directed by FRANK LLOYD
who directed "Cavalcade"

From the play by John L. Balderston



MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



We honor Irene Dunne, shown here with small Wally Albright, for her magnificent work in "Ann Vickers."



We honor Maurice Chevalier for his charm in "The Way to Love." Ann Dvorak plays opposite him.



We honor Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan for their work in "Stage Mother."



We honor Charles Laughton for his—as usual—superb performance in “The Private Life of King Henry VIII.”

THE STRANGE CASE OF HITLER and DIETRICH

By Princess CATHERINE RADZIWILL



7 WICE last summer, the world of the motion picture touched the realm of international diplomacy and intrigue. Twice, Marlene Dietrich was visited secretly by soft-spoken, swiftly-moving men. Each of them gave her a message from Adolph Hitler, Germany's dynamic Chancellor, a message that offered her a place as unbelievable as it was magnificent in Hitler's Reich. Each time, she vouchsafed no answer and the messenger fled from her chagrined and baffled.

Not long ago, she returned to America.

Her return brings to a pause as amazing a chain of international events as current history can offer. Positively, it represents the one test to which the mercurial Herr Hitler has set himself and failed utterly.

Herr Hitler and Dietrich, these are not names to be linked lightly. It is of Hitler's doing, not Marlene's. Here are the facts . . .

When Miss Dietrich went abroad last spring, she went to rest. With mind unclouded by worries, she took a lovely white house in sunny southern France. The town was small and cozy and Marlene was a distinguished visitor. For a while, she lived contentedly and quietly, rebuilding her health after the harsh siege of Hollywood picture-making.

The first messenger from Hitler came like a bombshell, rousing the sleepy townsmen to garrulous gossip. He was blond with a mustache like his master's, and his square-set shoulders sloped awkwardly under a coat of obviously unfamiliar cut. He was a man made for a uniform with ribbons across its chest, and his eyes burned with a fire that Marlene did not understand.

This first emissary told her a story that stunned and thrilled her; that must have left her mind a welter of fancies and thoughts.

Before this visit, Marlene's foretaste of it all, the now-famous statement in Germany's official motion picture organ, the Film Kurier, that warned all German-Aryan actors appearing in foreign countries that the Chancellor expected them to return to the Fatherland or be forever excluded from any possibility of obtaining work in the motion picture business in Germany. There were whispered intimations of reprisals against the families and loved ones of any who dared to rebel. All these things had been brought to Marlene's attention.

SHORTLY afterwards, Hitler's first ambassador arrived with his cleverly planned message. Its first purpose was to banish any resentment Dietrich may have felt at being ordered about; its second was to summon her, not as a subject or slave, but as Napoleon might have summoned Josephine; as a Czar, almost, summoning his

. . . An amazing story which links world affairs with that far-flung industry, the movies. And which reveals the remarkable situation between the stern-lipped Chancellor of New Germany and the glamorous Marlene

Czarina. That is how Hitler summoned Dietrich. In effect, this message was: "You are not to regard the warning in the Film Kurier as pertaining to you. It was meant only for the others. Whenever you wish to return, you will be welcomed with open arms. For you, Adolph Hitler has a special regard and a special place."

Before I tell you of that regard and that place, you should know Adolph Hitler's intentions. He sees before him a triumphant Germany to the glory of which all Germans must labor. During the stay I made in Germany last Spring, when people could still talk about things they are forbidden to mention at present, I talked with many men and women connected with the German movies. They all and each one declared that the present Chancellor had the intention to suppress on the screen any production not filmed in Germany by a German concern.

In accord with this program, he had made up his mind to rally to his colors the famous German stars working abroad. Already, he was projecting measures which would compel these stars to give up their work abroad or renounce their native land.

And now—he had selected Marlene Dietrich to be the banner-bearer of Nazi Germany. It remained only to lure her back.

So, when his first ambassador appeared abruptly to throw her quiet and contented existence in that tiny French town into utter confusion, he was polite and formal, no doubt, but his offer came like a bolt from the blue. I think that offer would have turned the head of almost any woman in the world—except Marlene Dietrich.

Before his polite, insistent voice was finally quieted by her refusal to give him an answer, he had painted a glowing picture of a resurgent German movie industry, a throbbing triumphant industry carrying abroad the ideals and fame of a "purified" Germany. And at the head of this vital, vigorous business would stand slender, blue-eyed Marlene Dietrich.

The Chancellor would accord Dietrich the power to direct the destinies of German picture production according to her best lights and judgments; her decisions to go unquestioned and her job of so-called Czar, or rather Czarina, to be handled solely by her, without any outside interference. Her rights would include absolute control of production, with ability to accept or to reject everything from story idea to director, to okay or veto the choice of cast, billing, film cutting and the hundred and one other details attendant upon picture-making.

THAT ambassador went back to his master baffled and chagrined, I have said. Presently, such is the determination of this man Hitler, another took his place and returned to the quiet white house in France. The newcomer interviewed the lovely (*Continued on page 102*)



Illustrated by

CARL HAUPTMANN

Two significant things happened recently when Marlene Dietrich returned to America.

Questioned by reporters about Germany and Chancellor Hitler, Marlene was the epitome of diplomacy.

"I am an actress," Marlene evaded, "it is foolish to question me about political matters."

However, misquoted by one reporter as saying, "I may go back to Germany when Hitler is not there," Miss Marlene was horribly agitated.

Her mother lives in Germany, you see. It is a matter of record that where it has not been possible for the New Germany to punish those who have talked against it, their relatives have suffered.

The second significant thing occurred when Marlene was questioned about her future plans.

"After I make 'Queen Catherine,' I hope to have another holiday in France," she said. "Then I shall return to Hollywood for one more picture. After that—well, perhaps I shall work in France. Who knows—so far in advance?"



They're moviedom's musketeers—
all for one and one for all—a pair
of ambitious youngsters and a
veteran showman, who is the
husband of one and the good pal
of the other

*What
a trio!*

DICK POWELL and

Y

OU know those intimate little memory books that all kids keep?

Just like all of us, Dick Powell had one and on one of the pages, written in a bold boyish hand, is this notation: "Met Al Jolson today."

But at the time Dick wrote that he had no idea how great and curious a part Jolson was to play in his life.

It happened like this.

Dick was singing with a band and serving as master of ceremonies at a Pittsburgh theatre, but he was still young enough and still naive enough to be thrilled by celebrities.

A victrola company had asked Dick to make some records, and in the recording room he met Al Jolson, at that time the greatest showman of them all.

The power and vitality of the man impressed the boy. He had gripped Dick's hand and wished him success. How was young Powell to know that fate had planned that Al should contribute to his success?

Dick went home and wrote in his book. "Met Al Jolson today."

The scene shifts rapidly.

Warners gave Dick Powell a contract. He did well

enough in a couple of films and was then cast as the juvenile in "Forty-Second Street." The girl who had the principal role was Al Jolson's wife, Ruby Keeler.

That night Dick did not write down, "Met Ruby Keeler today," for she seemed not at all like a celebrity, but a shy kid who was scared to death of the studio.

Her big eyes looked with increasing terror upon the bustle and activity of the set. She was sitting in a corner alone when they introduced her to Dick.

"Are you scared?" Ruby asked.

"Yes," Dick admitted, "kinda."

"But this is *my* first picture. You've been in pictures before."

"I've been in a few," Dick said. "But I'm scared anyhow."

IT is true that Dick was nervous about acting in a film as important as "Forty-Second Street," but there was something else that bothered him. Except for that one time in the victrola place, he had not met Ruby's husband. And he had heard how much Jolson adored his wife. He had also heard that Jolson was quick tempered. Another rumor had told him that Al was none too keen about Ruby's becoming a picture star.

It occurred to him that Al might not like the idea of



THE JOLSONS!

Dick's making love to his pretty wife all day long. Suppose Al resented that intimate closeness that every love scene inspires. Dick got hot around the collar and wondered if he weren't in a spot.

But these thoughts were interrupted by the director who called Ruby and Dick before the camera to do a scene.

When it was over, Ruby said to Dick, "But he didn't tell us what to do. And he didn't tell us whether he liked it or not."

"If he *hadn't* liked it he would have told us," Dick assured her.

"Oh, would he?" Ruby asked wide-eyed.

The next shot was a love scene.

Dick was really nervous now and he glanced hurriedly about the set wondering if Jolson were on the stage. And then something happened that made him even more worried. Ruby became suddenly tense and rigid. When he put his arms around her she stiffened.

Then it was true, Dick thought. Jolson *was* jealous. Ruby was afraid of love scenes, too. Boy, he was in a spot!

They rehearsed it once.

"Wait a minute," the director said. "You kids are supposed to be in love with each other. Ruby, you're crazy for him. Loosen up. Put your heart and soul in

this. Act as if you really meant it."

But how, Dick wondered, could they loosen up when this barrier—the phantom of Ruby's husband—stood between them? Suppose Jolson were on the set. And suppose Ruby knew it!

And then, suddenly, the ridiculousness of the situation struck him. Why, it was all too funny. There was nothing to do but to laugh about it. Maybe that would relieve the tension, anyhow.

SO, during the next rehearsal, he took Ruby in his arms and shouted, "Say, who is this Al Jolson? I'd like that guy to see me now. And if he'd like to know, tell him I can't take any salary this week. Making love to Ruby is enough."

Everybody laughed, including Ruby. And suddenly the tense atmosphere cleared. This time when they finished the rehearsal, the director called out, "That's swell. We'll shoot it just like that!"

It was a perfect shot and Ruby was no longer shy. But when the scene was finished, Dick looked up and saw Jolson standing there. He (Continued on page 80)

By KATHERINE ALBERT

KAY FRANCIS'

Style

SECRETS

(Below) The back and front views of Kay's most glamorous evening gown. Flesh pink satin and black velvet. The rose in front is placed upon a tailored bow. (Right) A toe-length black velvet evening wrap. The ermine and fox cape is detachable and wearable alone.



VELVET, ERMINE AND FOX

By VIRGINIA
T. LANE





SMART PERSIAN LAMB COAT



WHITE CREPE ROMA



BLACK VELVET HOSTESS GOWN

(Left) The latest fashion points in fur coats are illustrated in Kay's Persian lamb. Tubular, with straight sleeves, accented neck. (Right) White crepe roma and bugle beads, worked on a soufflé yoke that gives a startling bare effect.

If you really want to hold your man—husband or beau—or get your man, for that matter, have some sort of romantic hostess gown in your wardrobe. There's nothing more effective for winter than severe black velvet.

EIGHTY-SEVEN thousand women have written Kay Francis within the last year. And almost without exception those women have asked Kay *how to dress to hold their husbands* . . .

Revealing, pleading letters they were. She showed me a few. "What *do* you do to be so fascinating, Miss Francis? If I could look like you did in 'Mary Stevens, M.D.' I bet my husband wouldn't have left me alone tonight—as he does almost every night."

Kay looked up from reading that one—sent by a young matron from Middletown. "I wish there was some way I could help. I mean if there was something I could really do about it . . ." And that's where this article had its inception!

As one of the screen's best dressed women, Kay has had to give a great deal of thought to clothes. She seems to epitomize everything young wives want to be—terrifically smart, and charming and mysterious enough to tantalize.

"What if you were giving the seven gospels of dress to a bride—what would they be?" I queried.

She drew pencil and paper towards her, thought for a

moment, then wrote down the following:

1. Don't dress up just for your big dates. You won't be able to look your loveliest *all* the time—no woman can—but strike a happy average. Manage to look your best three-fourths of the time at least. The minute you dress without thought, you're "letting down."
2. Keep that immaculately fresh look at all costs.
3. *Never* buy clothes merely because they're practical! Even your house dresses can have that delightfully romantic touch and still be very durable.
4. Watch out for the trifles of a costume—they're tremendously important. Never permit your slip to show and don't let your lingerie straps be seen. The easiest way to keep them in place is to tape them to the shoulder seams of your dress, especially if you're wearing an evening gown.
5. Exact imitation is bad; no two people are sufficiently alike to warrant it. When your clothes are in tune with you, then you are charmingly different.
6. Men are susceptible to bright colors and picturesque effects. They like to see women wear gloves.

7. It's a wise woman who doesn't blame her husband's low finances for her own lack of chic!

MY eye was caught—and held—by that last of the “gospels” and all it implied. “But Kay, what would you do if you had to live on twenty-five dollars a week?”

“Exactly what I did before,” she retorted calmly. “When I was a secretary, you know. I schemed every which way. There was one dress, I remember, that functioned famously. It was a black taffeta with high

puffed sleeves and a square neck. For afternoons and Sundays I wore it with a pleated white guimpe and black and white sandals. For dinner I wore it without the guimpe and pinned two enormous yellow tulips on the shoulder. For more formal occasions I discovered a black sequin bolero to wear over it. I made myself an evening hat of the black sequins—and I think my friends said more kind things about me in that costume than in any other I've ever had!

“There are so many things you can do—particularly when it's a ‘skirt and blouse’ (Continued on page 92)

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

We have had a pattern made for you of one of Kay's loveliest evening gowns. You will find it on our regular pattern page—page 73

(Right) A grand suit. Wide-wale blue silk-and-wool. Tunic length coat—perfect for tall girls. Détachable feminine touches included in the ascot tie and cuffs. (Below) The exquisitely made blouse is of silver gray ribbed silk, with an amusing chain and hook to close the neck. The beads and bracelet are bright blue. Then, note Kay's brown suede and brown kid oxfords. Gold buttons match the trim on the bag. To their right, are two knockout belts. Above the belts is the delightfully insane hat Kay wears with her suit.



By
WALTER
RAMSEY

Jean answers YOUR QUESTIONS about her marriage

YOU aren't fooling Jean Harlow. Neither is Hollywood!

In spite of the tons of flowers that flooded her home immediately following the sensational news of her airplane elopement with Hal Rosson, and the thousands of polite telegrams of "congratulations," she knows that gossip rampant is pursuing her third marriage just as it has dogged every single climax of her Hollywood life.

She knows that those who have scrutinized, questioned and explored everything she has ever done, seeking ulterior motives and "hidden" stories, are wiring Hollywood with malicious little guesses of why did she do it?

For some time now, I have been telling the world it was my opinion that Jean Harlow was one of the swellest girls ever to come down the Hollywood pike. My deep admiration

for her began in the dark days of the Paul Bern tragedy, which widowed the twenty-one-year-old girl and splashed her name in headlines all over the world. But I have never felt greater respect for her than I did that day in her exquisite white Georgian living-room listening to a bride of seven days not only "take it," but actually find sympathy and understanding of the viewpoint of the other fellow.

She was sitting in an enormous white chair, wearing a white sports blouse and skirt, her white-blond hair waved loosely about her sun-tanned face, which was the only touch of color in this living portrait of a "Lady Done In White." I told her that I was there with the Hollywood gossip angles on her sensational marriage. I have learned from past experience in dealing with Jean to "shoot from the shoulder." Stunningly frank and



Acme

She knows the cruel and unflattering
surmises her sudden elopement brought
forth and deals with them frankly in this
amazing interview

Congratulations, flowers and twenty-two newspapermen awaited the newly wed Rossons upon their arrival from Yuma. All of which might have floored less poised people than Jean and Hal, who welcomed the visitors and posed graciously for pictures.

outspoken herself, she detests bush-beating in others. Ask her a direct question and you get a direct answer. Yet, I quailed at some of the ideas.

Jean didn't. But more surprising than that, was her entire attitude on the matter. There was nothing barbed or angry or "fighting back" in the things she told me. Her thinking process is clearly illustrated in one of the first things she said.

AS long as I am 'the platinum blonde,' as long as I appear on the screen in décolleté gowns and sexy love scenes, as long as I am Jean Harlow I am going to be discussed. It is the price that my kind of screen character pays for her fame, for her M-G-M contract. And I, personally, do not think that the price is unreasonable. I have tried always to be truthful and frank with the public

about Jean Harlow. It is the least I can do."

She lighted a cigarette, calmly waved out the match.

"I don't think there is much you can tell me of what 'they' are saying about my marriage. I think I have heard, or at least *sensed* almost everything that could be said. You mentioned a moment ago that one of the first questions you had heard was: 'Why did she elope in the middle of the night when they could have made arrangements to be sanely and conventionally married at some reasonable hour of the day just like other people?' And of course the gossip answer is: 'Oh, you know Harlow! She's a publicity hound. Has to do everything sensationally so it will be sure to land in newspaper headlines.'"

"But that isn't our answer. It is really a very simple and uninvolved reason with (Continued on page 86)

How COLUMBO discovered AMERICA *and vice-versa!*



(Left) The Singin' Russ Columbo has proved that he has a nice talent for comedy. In Universal's "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," Russ commences his screen career. That's Paul Kelly with him.

By JERRY
WALD

TWO years ago, Russ Columbo was riding the sky, one of radio's brightest stars. "Crosby, Columbo and Vallee," ran the refrain that echoed in millions of loudspeakers.

For millions of women up and down the wavelengths, his voice held a spell and gave promise of romance and glamor. Even now, though he has been off the air for months, he continues to represent Prince Charming.

Before I tell you of the amazing way in which this came about, I want you to remember his acting in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." If you missed the picture, I can tell you there was a mellowness about his mimicry that bespoke much more than his brief experience as an actor. He's incredibly young, you know, to have found stardom in two separate fields. Yet his work bears a veteran's polish.

How is this possible? To give the answer I reveal some of the topsy-turvy things through which he has gone. Believe it or not, they are just the sort of things that might happen to you or me if we were to stray into the path of that thunderbolt called Fame.

In the Hollywood of 1925, when Bebe Daniels was the saucy siren whose virtuous screen kisses set a new

standard for university co-eds, and Douglas Fairbanks was a gymnastically-inclined actor instead of a globe-trotter, Russ Columbo was the eighteen-year-old violinist who played "emotion" music for Pola Negri.

When the screen gained a voice, he abandoned his violin and became a voice double. Perhaps you remember a not-quite-convincing Gary Cooper in "Dynamite" singing "How Am I to Know?" Russ did that job and many others, subbing for this or that lord of the screen.

AT night, he played at the celebrated Cocoanut Grove in Gus Arnheim's orchestra. And after a while, with his own little group in the Club Pyramid. Was he ambitious? If you know Hollywood, you already have the answer. In a city where today's stenographer is tomorrow's screen sensation, everyone dreams and plans and hopes for the new day's break. Russ had his dreams, too.

He might still have those dreams if he had not met Con Conrad.

Con Conrad is one of the best song writers in this country. You've whistled his tunes . . . "Margy," "Barney Google," "Ma, He's Makin' Eyes at Me." But



A story of an amazing, Horatio Alger success—and bitter, sudden failure. A story of young love killed by fame's demands and a friendship wounded by one mistake. A story to which the ending has not yet been written . . .



(Above) He's undeniably handsome. His manners are charming. And his baritone voice is grand. (Right) Con Conrad. An unusual combination of hit song-writer and dynamic press agent. Remember the stories about Columbo being engaged to Garbo? Well, he's the chap who put that over!

the night he walked into the Club Pyramid in Hollywood, his fortunes were at a low ebb. Life had jostled him harshly and love had broken his heart—evil portent of what was to happen to Russ—but here in California he hoped to find new inspiration.

Russ first knew of his presence when a waiter brought him the message, "Con Conrad wants to see you. He's at that corner table."

Russ, who had been singing and leading his orchestra without attracting great local attention, attached no importance to the summons.

"Here I am, Mr. Conrad," he said. "What can I do?"

Con Conrad replied, "It's what I can do for you. Listen, kid, you've got what it takes. How soon can you leave for the East?"

That was the beginning. At four o'clock in the morning Conrad was still talking, still painting pictures of fame to the boy whose earnings to date had been \$75 a week. A few minutes later, Con was saying, "Think it over, kid. Talk it over with your folks. I'm at the Ambassador." Then he changed his mind. "No, I've got a better idea. I'm going home with you now. We'll get this settled tonight. We won't wait till morning."

That is how it happened that Russ' mother and dad were awakened to face a voluble stranger who promised the moon, sun and stars to their boy.

At nine o'clock, Con, Russ and a lawyer were drawing up an agreement that Conrad would pay Columbo's expenses east and sell his talents in return for one-third of Columbo's earnings. At ten, Conrad had the contract in his pocket. So far so good, except for the fact that he had only \$25 to his name.

IT is no easy job to raise \$350. The fare back East was just that and Con's sole asset was a week-old Ford. Someone told him that one of the Rhythm Boys at the Cocoanut Grove wanted a car. Conrad hunted up the fellow and made a deal. The fellow was Bing Crosby. So it was his money, in a way, that started Columbo to New York, the same Columbo who was soon to be his bitterest rival in what the radio reporters called "The Battle of the Baritones."

The next day, Con Conrad and Russ Columbo embarked on a journey to the rainbow's end. It was July 4th, 1931.

The New York that Russ discovered was busy and brusk. If it hadn't been for (Continued on page 98)

BACK to the FARM



KAY FRANCIS give a barn dance out to the Vendomey. And, by Jupiter, 'twas a peck o' fun. Now, if ye'll start at the top and read straight down, we'll tell ye who all the folks is. Fust, Mike Farmer and Glory Swanson. Glory kept hittin' the camera lenses with that water pistol, hehehe! Next, Jack Gilbert and his wife, Jinny Bruce as was. They left the little one ter home with the hired girl. Below them, ye'll find Ken MacKenna, the village constabule, Herbie Marshall and his wife, Edna Best, and our Kay, in a mighty purty checked sunbonnet. Husband MacKenna was right polite about lettin' uninvited folks in—jist for a short spell, though. He'd let 'em eat 'n' drink and then he'd hint that mebbe they'd better be pushin' along. Below them, Dick Barthelmess, who come togged out like a darkey, his wife Jessica Sergeant, Adolphe Menjou and Mr. and Miz Clive Brook. Ye'd have laughed yerself sick at Dolphe's real dress suit—made out of blue denim. Directly below this here writtin' is a ginerall view of the layout. Bill Haines and Mrs. Richard Wallace in the foreground. And below that, Ly Barrymore and his wife, Irene Fenwick.



WITH YOUR FAVORITE HOLLYWOOD STARS

WELL, if ye'll jist follow the same directions as ye did before, we'll tell ye about the folks on this page. Up top, there's a real sweet pitcher of Ruth Chatterton and her husband, George Brent. * And below them, purty Joan Bennett and her husband Gene Markey. Then Mike and Glory again, in the hay wagon with some other folks. Kay didn't want us ter take pitchers of the wagon, but we snuck that one and she called us a naughty boy. And who d'ye suppose those folks are in the next pitcher? Florence Eldridge March and Fred March. 'Course, ye recognize Gloria Stuart and the chap with her is George Oppenheimer. Right below here is a good character photygraft study of Barthelmess—with the missus, again. And directly below them, a couple of desperate cowboys named Ric Cortez and Chuck Farrell, with Christine Lee and the Countess Frasso. And I guess that's all, folks. This is J. B. Scott signing off—goin' out ter git some snapshots of Donald Ogden Stewart's party. Y' might look on page 62 for views of same.



HE HAD IT TO DO AGAIN, IT WOULD BE THE SAME. MARRIAGE—TO THE SAME GIRL—WITH THE SAME METHODS TO ENSNARE HAPPINESS. YET HE REALIZES HIS FAILURE

By HELEN
LOUISE
WALKER



RICHARD DIX says that the most important day in his career—in his entire life—was the day he married Winifred Coe. That experience, brief though it has been, painful as it must have been in some of its phases, nevertheless has marked a turning point more vivid, more powerful in its effect upon the man, than anything else in his life, a life crowded with crises, with decisions to be made, problems to be met, with adventures, intensity, excitement.

Rich has not been interviewed for a whole year. He has declined to discuss his affairs or his plans with anyone. He will not be interviewed again for a long while.

He told me, the other day, "There were some things printed early in my marriage, which made things difficult. That was one of the first things I learned, after I was married—that things could matter to me which had never mattered before. I decided that the best thing for everyone concerned would be for me not to say anything at all about anything.

"The first thing I want to make clear to you is that if I had it all to do over again, I should not change anything. I should proceed to this same point at which I now find myself. I do not regret my marriage, even though we are separated now. What is more, if this marriage should end in divorce,

I should want to try it again. Keep on and on trying it until I met with success!"

Three years ago, Richard first told me about Winifred. He was so in love then that he stammered and blushed like any adolescent. Dix, who was Hollywood's most confirmed bachelor. Dix, who had had ample reason to learn to be cynical about women.

"I want to marry her if she will have me," he told me. "I want it more than I have ever wanted anything in the world."

He went on to describe her and to be ecstatic about the kind of girl she was. A girl who knew nothing of pictures, a girl who had been sheltered and protected and who knew nothing of making her own way in the world. She was intensely devoted to her family, to domesticity, to a dignified mode of living. A girl who was not at all impressed because he was a motion picture actor. A girl who liked him, not for what he stood for in his profession, not for the fame which had accrued to him, but because, somehow, he happened to be the sort of *person* that she liked! She wasn't, apparently, even curious about motion pictures or the people who made them. And Rich loved that lack of curiosity, that casual attitude of looking upon the picture business as a business, like the law or the wholesale shoe business or, perhaps, the profession of medicine.

THERE was some lovers' quarrel or other shortly after he told me all this, and Rich was quite heart-broken. All, he indicated, was (Continued on page 90)

GARBO BUILDING CHATEAU NEAR STOCKHOLM

Hepburn Reported Playing Extra in "Queen Christina"

It looks as if Garbo will soon put Hollywood and movies behind her. The star has just purchased an estate in Dyvik, Sweden, near Stockholm, and has okayed blueprints for an elaborate chateau.

When Greta first appeared in Hollywood, she stated that her desire was to earn money to buy a home in Sweden.

"Queen Christina" is now in production and the latest rumor concerning it credits Katharine Hepburn with applying for an extra job. Katie is an ardent admirer of Garbo's and would like to see her work. An interesting slant on this news lies in the fact that many predict she will ultimately take Greta's place.

Jimmie and Sally Balk —Sally Cast for Western

No sooner had Sally Eilers departed from the cast of "Jimmie and Sally," than James Dunn began to draw up his walking papers. Sally claimed her role was "secondary. Jimmy just walked out.

The story's title will undoubtedly be changed, for Claire Trevor and Bruce Riley have been substituted. Incidentally, 'tis said that Sally will play in a Western opposite George O'Brien.

Cabot Flies to Adrienne Then to His Home Town

No sooner was the ink dry on Adrienne Ames' divorce certificate than Bruce Cabot appeared on the scene. He had flown to Reno to plan their forthcoming marriage.

When arrangements were agreed upon, Cabot took off for Carlsbad, New Mexico, his home, to prepare for the big event. Hollywood has interestedly watched this romance since the days when Stephen Ames—Adrienne's "ex"—was delighted that his wife found Bruce a good pal.



ELIZABETH ALLAN AND ROBERT MONTGOMERY TOOK A DAY OFF FROM THE STUDIO TO SEE THE MATCHES RECENTLY



ERIC LINDEN IS FINDING LIFE PRETTY DULL WITH FRANCES DEE ABOUT TO BE MARRIED. SEE STORY AT RIGHT

RENEE ADOREE

Though she had been ill for several years, Renee Adoree's sudden death came as a great shock to the film colony. When the end came, the celebrated star of silent picture days was at her home in Tujunga with Toni, her German companion.

Miss Adoree flashed to fame for her excellent portrayal of Melisande in "The Big Parade," although she gave many fine screen characterizations before and since that one.

CLARA BOW DENIES RIFT WITH REX

The "Brooklyn Bonfire" Explains Cause of Rumor

Clara Bow has all the answers; most of them pretty good, too. If you ask about the rumor that's been seeing the light of print recently, regarding her contemplated separation from Rex Bell, she says, "Nothing to it! Rex and I had an argument. I won; so what?"

Hollywood newspapers ran pictures of the popular pair in tight embrace the day after the meanies started the yarn about a divorce. Meanwhile, the reported "heart" is keeping very quiet.

Flashes from Here and There

Billie Dove and her husband, Bill Kenniston, are thrilled that they're "blessed-evening."

Eleanor Boardman and Harry D'Arrast, director, will be married as soon as the actress' divorce decree from King Vidor becomes final.

Max Baer and his wife, Dorothy Dunbar, are legally free, which news will interest several sentimental ingenues.

Bill Cagney's recent marriage to Boots Mallory put him in a featured role in "Success." Nothing succeeds like it, you know.

Elissa Landi has just completed her third novel, "The Ancestor."

Dorothy Wilson is the latest leading woman to be cast in "Eight Girls in a Boat."

FRANCES AND JOEL ENGAGEMENT BLOW TO ERIC

Youthful Player Grieves Over Unrequited Love

Eric Linden was recently reported as being seen "somewhere in Europe." The youthful actor left Hollywood the day Frances Dee and Joel McCrea became engaged, declaring he would never return.

Young Linden went about his departure systematically. First, he requested a cancellation of his four-year contract with RKO; then, having just paid down \$1200 on his car, returned it to the finance company; and finally, left town immediately. You see, Eric was madly in love with Frances. He is willing to toss his career in Hollywood up in the air now.

Time is a great healer and youth responds quickly, so let us hope!

Sequel for Jean Harlow; Film with Weissmuller

Jean Harlow will don a wig again and create once more that character which started her on the high road to success. "Red-Headed Woman in Paris" is the new title. The story will pick Jean up in Europe (where the first installment ended) and carry her through further adventures.

Incidentally, M-G-M is planning to star the Platinum One with Johnnie Weissmuller in a combination "Tarzan" "Red Dust."

More Wedding Bells— Cary Grant and Virginia

Their closest friends would have you believe that Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill are all set to take the matrimonial plunge.

Of course, this is not one of the newer Hollywood romances; in fact, its claim to fame lies in its consistency.

Rumor also hath it that there will be a foursome trip to Europe very soon, the vacationing parties being, besides Cary and Virginia, Vivien Gaye and Randolph Scott



THE MARQUIS IS ON HIS WAY TO LOOK OVER HIS ESTATE IN PARIS AND CONNIE BENNETT SAW HIM OFF, LIKE A DUTIFUL WIFE

• • • WHAT EVERY

Divorces take a back seat as fierce marriage epidemic sweeps Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD has been doing nothing but elope this month.

Starting off with the Jean Harlow-Hal Rosson airplane jaunt to Yuma, Arizona (see the story on page 29), our fair hamlet has been bombarded with "more of the same" as fast as the planes could be scheduled. First:

Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown. With the startling announcement of this airplane elopement, Hollywood was also treated to the news that Sally had obtained a Mexican divorce—secretly—from Hoot Gibson a few weeks ago. Sally met Harry Joe Brown on her recent trip to Europe. He was traveling on the same boat and during the entire stay abroad they saw each other daily. "I didn't know I was in love with him until he left me in New York and came on to Hollywood ahead of me," says Sally. "But when he met my train in Pasadena, I realized just how much he had come to mean to me and how I had missed him."

Harry Joe Brown is a producer-director at Paramount and a great friend of Hoot's (who sent his best wishes as soon as the wedding was announced). It even looks as though Sally might quit her contract at Fox and go with her husband at Paramount. (More about that later.) They are now living in one of the most gorgeous apartments in Hollywood—seven rooms at the famous Colonial House.

And second:

Boots Mallory and Bill Cagney. Boots has been rumored "engaged" to so many of the local swains that



Toby Wing is THE cutest thing. Maurice Chevalier thinks so, too! That's one of her costumes for DeMille's "This Day and Age."

FAN SHOULD KNOW

Winter season brings gay parties—and the postman brings invitations

when she eloped to Caliente, Mexico, it was no end of a surprise. Our newest newlyweds met in the Cocoanut Grove about three months ago. Since that time they have been together almost constantly—Boots taking a few nights off for her other “hearts” occasionally. They were married by a Justice of the Peace in the Mexican town and had a policeman and a cowboy for witnesses. They’re looking for a Mexican house in Hollywood in which to settle down.

• Talk about your realism! In a fight scene in “Hoopla,” one of the extras was supposed to hit Clara Bow gently on the chin. As it happened the extra was an ex-prizefighter, and the “gentle tap” knocked Clara completely out. She suffered a bruised jaw, a cut tongue and had to go to bed for a day.

Then over on the Warner lot, during a football sequence in “College Coach,” Lyle Talbot was tackled with so much vigor that he had to be taken out of the cast to recuperate. Dick Powell got off a little easier—he suffered merely a sprained ankle!

FIRST NITE NEWS

Bette Davis almost stopped the show at the opening of “I Loved A Woman” by bouncing in with eight escorts! Conspicuous by his *absence* was Harmon O. Nelson, the husband but very much in evidence was one Lynn Riggs. Lynn seems to be getting quite a habit.

A humorous touch to this particular occasion was the

fact that Bette sported a huge corsage of red and white carnations and in the lapel of each man’s coat was one of these posies. Four reds and four whites.

Dick Powell acted as master of ceremonies and did a good job of it. He was there with Mary Brian, whom he admits is still his best gal. But he also admits that Mary has *such* an abundance of boy friends that he has just about given up the idea of being anything more than “another escort” in her life. Not that he wouldn’t like to be more than that.

• The Donald Ogden Stewart party was a howling success. (See page 62.) All the guests (which included almost all of filmland) were asked to come representing their favorite actor or actress. It was interesting to note that there were several Joan Crawfords, Hepburns, Shearers and oodles of Mae Wests. But not a single Garbo. Does this signify that the Swedish star isn’t such a favorite? Anyway, we think someone missed a grand chance. Wouldn’t Garbo as the dancer in “Mata Hari” with a pair of size twelve shoes (as a gag) have been a riot?

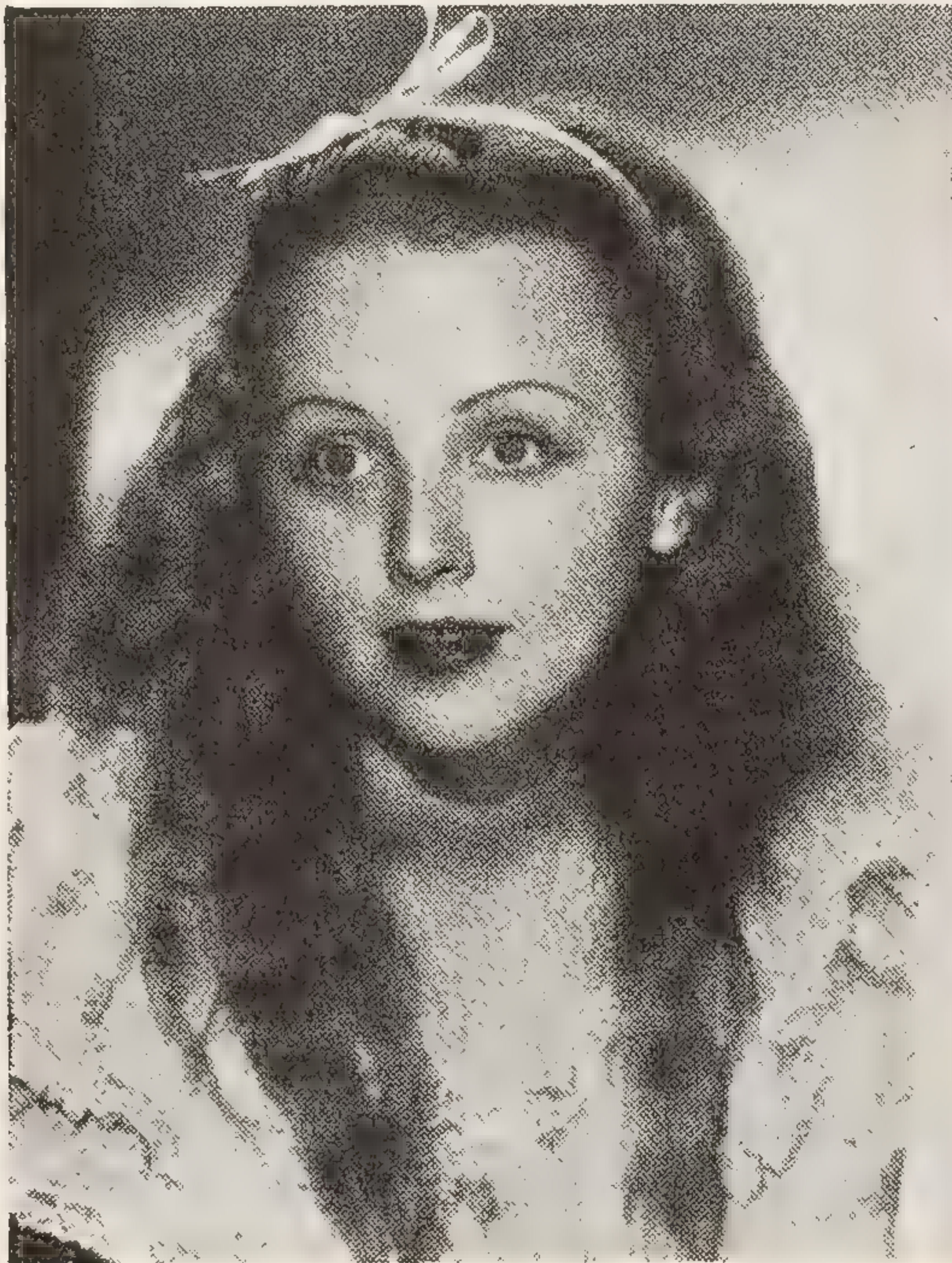
MARRIAGE DEPARTMENT

• Hollywood is turning into a matrimonial center, all right. There’s Mervyn LeRoy and Doris Warner. They’ll get married as soon as Mervyn gets a breathing spell from his directorial jobs. The sudden romance of Lola Lane and Al Hall is so serious that it seems



Acme

William S. Hart took sick and had to go to Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles. Two-Gun Bill is better now, thanks.



Meet Alice in Wonderland. In other words, winsome Charlotte Henry, who won the Paramount role over 7000 other contestants.



The perfect girl—Agnes Craney—and the perfect man—Jack Jenkins, winners over 100,000 in Paramount’s “Search for Beauty.”

WALLY AND CAROL ANN IN LUNNON



Acme

(Above) They both look a little bit dazed, though Wallie is smiling manfully. The big Beery and his adored little daughter, Carol Ann, being welcomed in London. (Right) Contender Max Baer, Spanky ("Left Hook") McFarland of "Our Gang," and Carnera. In "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

bound to end at the marriage bureau. In fact, they as much as admit they're headed that way.

But Genevieve Tobin, according to her Ma, is *not* going to be rushed into matrimony. True, she's engaged, but she wants plenty of time to get acquainted with her man, Felix Chappellet, before she says those important words, "I Do." La Tobin doesn't believe in marrying in haste and repenting at leisure, which seems to be the vogue in Hollywood. She wants her marriage to stick!

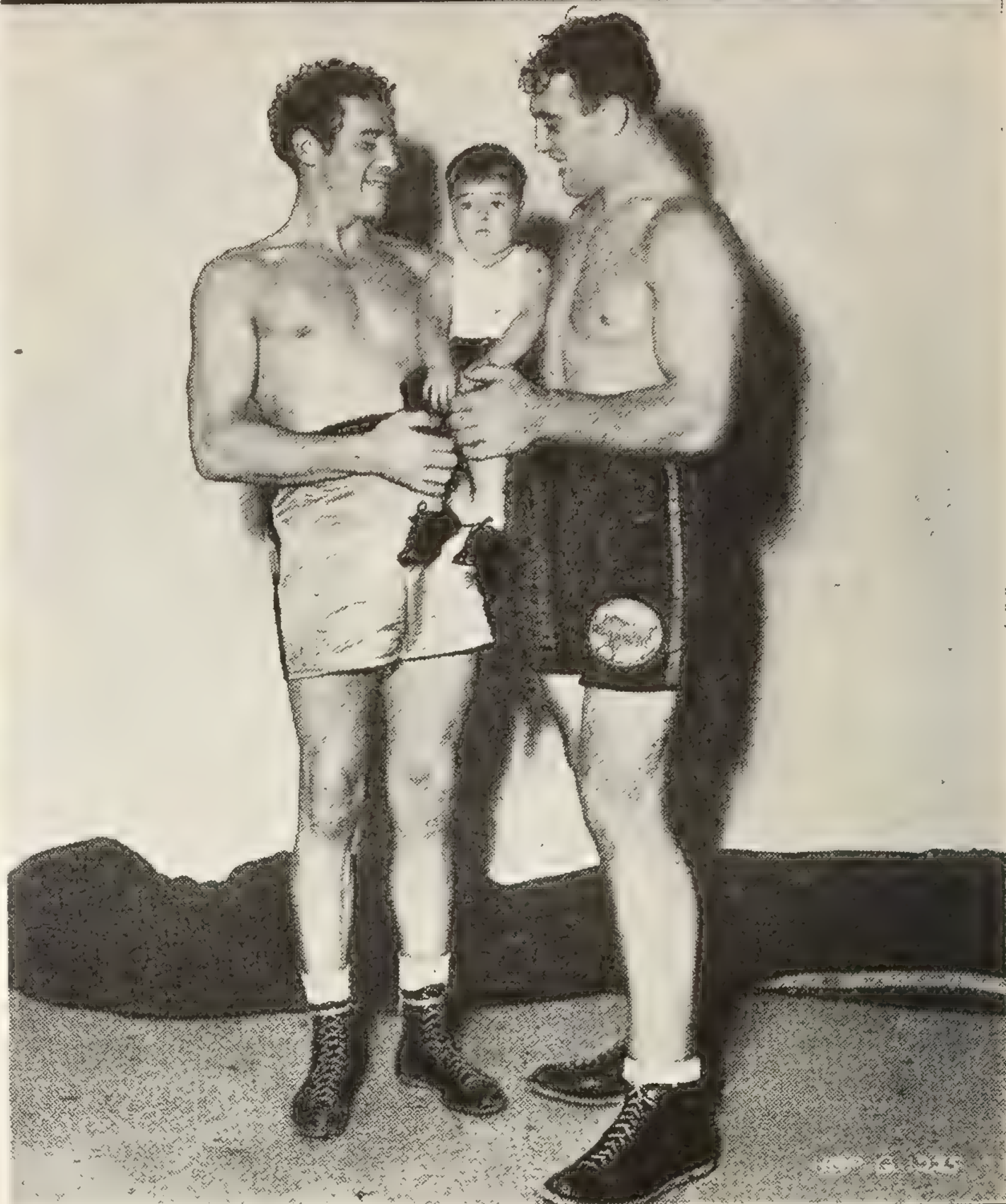
● "And who is Mae West?"

The above question was asked by Marlene Dietrich, creator of "mannish styles for women" . . . but now looking as frilly and feminine and curvy as West herself. This latter fact no doubt motivated the young reporter to ask her how she liked the Mae West styles. In answer to which La Dietrich raised her exotic eyebrows and asked the question that has set the entire film colony a-buzzing.

The battle's on! Marlene has made the first move. Now watch for developments. They should be interesting, inasmuch as both gals are under contract to the same studio—and their meeting is inevitable!

● Greta Garbo is as punctual as George Arliss. At 7:55 to the dot, she checks in at the studio. And at six sharp she drops whatever she's doing and goes home. Arliss has his valet keep his eye on the time-piece and at the appointed hour he steps on the set and reminds his master that it is now exactly six o'clock. But Garbo handles the matter a little differently. She merely instructs her maid to approach her with a glass of water. That's the tell-tale signal. When the boys see that glass of water appear, they know it's a day—even though they be right in the middle of an important scene.

JUST A TRIO OF HUSKY CHAMPIONS



TURF NOTES

● May Robson wandered out to the County Fair at Pomona, California, one Sunday. She was sitting in the grand stand watching the horse races, when the announcer made it known to the crowd that the "Lady for a Day" was in their midst. Fifty thousand people stood up and cheered as May, sporting a very jaunty beret, took a bow.

The same day, over in the stables, Wheeler and Woolsey and Dorothy Lee were spied looking over the livestock. One of the ambitious photographers got the bright idea of having the three of them pose on the back of the prize winning horse. The animal proved to be exceptionally frisky and while the three hung on for dear life, the crowd howled with laughter as Wheeler burst forth with "Who's afraid of the old gray mare?" to the tune of "Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?"

● And while we're on the subject of horse-racing, have you heard the story they're telling on Marie Dressler? It seems that a man in the horse-racing business back in Ohio had been spreading the yarn that he once was Marie's husband. A newspaper man wired Marie, querying her about this. And this is what she wired back:

"Positively untrue but I am getting old and tired and need long rest so if horses running well and he has millions I might consider his proposition at this time."

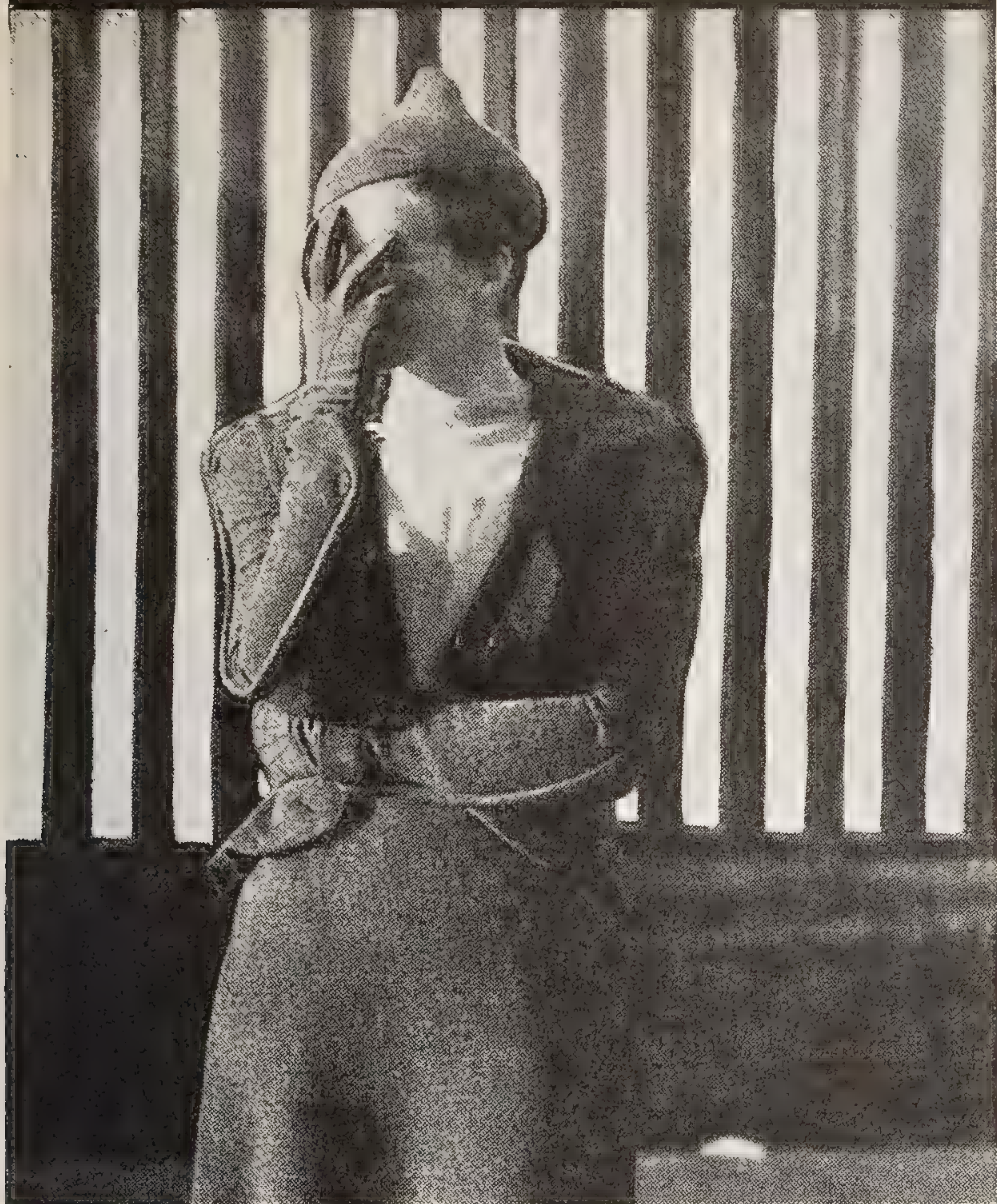
Leave it to Marie to see the humorous side of the thing.

● Lilian Harvey was so worried over how the public would feel about "My Weakness" that she sat home wringing her hands all during the preview. She suffered from such a bad case of nerves that she positively refused to go near the theatre.

However, she was finally persuaded to attend the re-

Miss Dressler's snappy telegram . . . No more Jimmie and Sally? Miss Dietrich, you

KATIE HEPBURN DOES A GARBO



Wide World

ception afterwards. And the greeting she received as she made her appearance was so great that it would have satisfied a queen—or even Pola Negri herself!

DOTS AND DASHES

● Dorothea Wieck celebrated her first wedding anniversary the other day . . . Genevieve Tobin has a handsome new mink coat . . . Donald Cook's ambition is to be a director . . . Jean Harlow has no eyebrows—she paints 'em on . . . Johnny Weissmuller has taken up outboard speed-boating . . . Junior Laemmle gave Eleanor Holm (his former sweetie) a set of silver for a wedding present . . . Garbo personally picked Cora Sue Collins to play herself as a child in "Queen Christina" because little Miss Collins looks so much like Garbo's own baby pictures . . . Ginger Rogers' ambition is to make a million dollars, then marry and have at least five children.

● Sally Eilers had no sooner returned from her elopement than she started raising a big fuss over at Fox studio. She absolutely refused to do "Jimmy and Sally," the picture that was to be another "Bad Girl." She claimed her part was too small and insignificant. When she moved all her furniture out of her dressing room, it was believed that she and Fox had actually parted. But it was later stated that the room was needed for office space. However, to date, she hasn't moved into any other dressing room. So-o-o-o. . . This, coupled with the fact that Sally has intimated that she would like very much to be free to work at Paramount, where her husband is a director, makes it look more than ever as though the rift will not be patched up.

● Jeanette MacDonald and Ramón Novarro are continuing to squabble over on the "Cat and the Fiddle" set.

certainly have started something! And we don't mean a trouser fad by any means!

MEET MISS SUSAN ANN GILBERT



International

(Left) Katie Hepburn went, in one of her smartest suits and nuttiest hats, to the semi-finals of the Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament. Photographers bobbed up. And Katie did them that way. (Above) Six weeks old was Susan Ann Gilbert when this was taken.

Some wit remarked it should be re-titled "Two Cats and a Fiddle"!

● That Kelton kid (Pert's the first name) is getting in bad in Hollywood because she's such a good actress. First, she stole honors from Connie Bennett in "Bed of Roses." Then, secondly, Samuel Goldwyn is practically re-making the entire picture, "Nana." One reason is that Pert outshone the star, Anna Sten. The new version will not include Miss Kelton in its cast! At present, she's doing a comedy with Zasu Pitts but chances are she won't do any stealing there.

● Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy continue to discuss their "business" during cosy intimate luncheons or while dining and dancing at various popular late-spots about town. They seem to have such a grand time together that maybe the business—which concerns a play both hope to appear in some time this season—is just an excuse! Both Mr. and Mrs. Tracy deny that Loretta had anything to do with their separating. But maybe she *will* have something to do with *keeping* them separated.

LOST LOVE NEST

● A few weeks ago Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler took a drive out to Palm Springs and looked rather sadly, but hopefully, at a certain nice sandy lot. Al bought it several years ago and had plans all laid out for a beautiful \$100,000 home to be built on it where he and Ruby could spend their holidays. Then came the stock market crash . . . and all dreams of a home were blasted. But Al and Ruby still have the lot . . . and hopes!

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 78

Joan Crawford Offers you a THRILLING CONTEST

PRIZES:

1st—A free trip to visit Joan Crawford in Hollywood, to go places and see things as this glamorous star's guest, to meet her friends, who will then become your friends.

2nd—A Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator (see picture).

3rd—\$100 in cash.

4th—A Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio (see picture).

5th—Ten prizes of a Max Factor make-up kit (see picture).

6th—Five prizes of \$10 each.

7th—Ten prizes of \$5 each.

Will YOU visit Joan Crawford in Hollywood? Will you win one of these fascinating prizes offered in this exciting contest? Twenty-nine prizes in all—and a lot of fun in the bargain!

HERE you are, boys and girls and ladies and gentlemen! The Joan Crawford contest, which offers more fun than the proverbial barrel of monkeys.

And that's not all it offers, either! Just consider the prizes: first, a free trip to Hollywood, to meet Joan Crawford, to be entertained by her, and taken all manner of exciting places by her. Second, a most modern and efficient Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator to replace that dismal, over-crowded ice-box mother has out in the back pantry. Third, one hundred beautiful dollars in cash. Fourth, a Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio—a good-looking instrument with a peach of a tone. Fifth, ten prizes each (you see, you can't lose) of a Max Factor make-up kit. Sixth, five prizes of \$10 each. And seventh, ten prizes of \$5 each. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Now—where's the little chore you have to do to win one of those elegant prizes? Just turn over the page. There you'll see a number of cut-up pictures. They are four scenes from Joan Crawford's latest picture, "Dancing Lady." You are supposed—nay, commanded!—to put the pictures together again, like Humpty-Dumpty, arrange or number them in the proper order (the order in which the scenes take place in "Dancing Lady". See the synopsis on the next page.) Then—hold those pictures until next month. We'll give you four more to do. Then write a description of Joan Crawford—in ten words or less. Send the eight stills, together with your ten word description of Joan Crawford to the Joan Crawford Contest, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. All entries—remember, the *complete* eight pictures and description—must be mailed before midnight of January 15, 1934.



Here is Joan in a charming corner of her Brentwood Heights home. How would you like to go places with this glamorous star? And by "places," we mean some of the gay spots of Hollywood. It would all be free, remember, to the winner of first prize in this Joan Crawford contest. There's a chair all ready for that person, as you can see below.



FIRST PRIZE:

A free trip to visit Joan Crawford in Hollywood, to go places and see things as this glamorous star's guest.



4th PRIZE:

A Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio



5th PRIZE:

A Max Factor Make-Up Kit

CAN YOU PUT THE PICTURES



THE STORY OF "DANCING LADY"

Tod Vionet (Franchot Tone) liked wine, women and song. What is more, he could afford them. Tod had dedicated his young life to becoming a super-playboy.

When Park Avenue night life palled, there was downtown New York with its hectic side-shows and gaudy burlesques. It was in one of these that Janie (Joan Crawford) appeared, Janie of the twinkling toes and the magnetic personality.

One evening Tod and the police arrived at the notorious girl-show simultaneously. The latter had come to not-too-gently, but firmly, remove the scantily-garbed talent from the entertainment boards. Young Vionet paid Janie's fine at court. Which favor, he considered, entitled him to intimate and exclusive rights on the dancer. However, it did not take her long to change his mind.

After weeks of idleness, Janie finally secured a job with Patch Gallagher, (Clark Gable) director of Bradley's musical shows.

Meanwhile Tod continued to pursue Janie, who consented to marry him if the show should prove a flop. The ingenious youth assures himself of a nice break by buying-out Bradley and closing the show.

At this point, Patch's ire is up. He has worked desperately hard for the show and decides to invest his savings in it and carry on. However, when he learns that it was Tod who queered its chances, he sets out on a spree to forget it all.

Meanwhile, Janie, Tod and their gay gang, just returned from a yachting cruise, are celebrating in a crowded bar. There, they discover a dejected and inebriate Patch, who, believing Janie has known what has happened and deliberately deserted the show to marry money, blurts out his side of the story. Which enlightening yarn promptly secures Tod his walking papers from Janie.

Janie takes Patch to his apartment, sobers him up and makes him promise to teach her the routines of the new show. The pair work like Trojans and finally whip the production into shape. Then, there is the matter of instating Janie in the principal role.

On opening night, Tod arrives laden with promises. Janie shall be his wife, share his millions and continue her career if she chooses. She doesn't. She chooses work, success—and Patch!



IN THE RIGHT ORDER . . . ?

RULES

1. At the bottom of these two pages, there are four stills—cut up in segments—from "Dancing Lady." Next month four more stills—also cut up—will be published. The eight stills (or facsimiles of them) must be put together correctly and neatly and arranged in the order in which the corresponding scenes take place in "Dancing Lady." (Synopsis on the opposite page.) When you have done this, write a description of Joan Crawford, in ten words or less. Submit the eight stills and the description together.

2. The prizes will be awarded to the persons who put together and arrange most correctly and neatly the eight stills submitted and who, in the opinion of the judges, give the best descriptions of Joan Crawford in ten words or less.

3. The first prize is a free trip to Hollywood to visit Joan Crawford; the second prize, a Crosley Shelvador Refrigerator; the third prize, \$100 in cash; the fourth prize, a Crosley Dual Tone Low-Boy Radio; the ten fifth prizes, a Max Factor make-up kit each; the five sixth prizes, \$10 each.

4. The contestants may submit as many entries as they choose.

5. No employees of MODERN SCREEN or members of employees' families are eligible to compete.

6. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. Send all entries to Joan Crawford Contest, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries must be mailed before midnight of January 15, 1934.



HE'S DRESSED THEM ALL



"I've dressed

By HOWARD GREER

Mr. Greer (left) has had opportunities to meet the stars most informally and discloses what happened on these intimate occasions. (Left to right) Ruby Keeler met Garbo at the designer's salon. Zasu Pitts pities the poor working girl. Colleen Moore met her "exclusive" model on another actress. Ethel Barrymore—who said temperament? Helen Hayes is an off-screen ingenue and Ruth Chatterton, a true sophisticate. And Garbo? Well, you'll be surprised!



LOOKS LIKE HER HUSBAND?



MUSSOLINI'S FAVORITE



NOT CLOTHES CONSCIOUS

ONE of the most curious things that ever happened in my shop was the meeting of Greta Garbo and Ruby Keeler. I'll bet it never occurred to you that those two had ever met. But they did, and it is something I have never told before. Here's how it happened.

Ellin Berlin, wife of Irving Berlin, the song-writer, was the one woman who hesitated about signing my autograph book. When I handed it to her, Mrs. Berlin looked at it with a slightly superior air, glancing through the preceding pages to make sure that it would be quite proper for her to lend her name to the collection.

Since such people as Garbo, Marion Davies, Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, Lily Pons, Ethel Barrymore, Rosa Ponselle and countless others have most graciously consented to add their autographs, I never quite understood Mrs. Berlin's hesitation.

On the afternoon that she was brought into the shop

by Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, we also had in various fitting rooms, Lily Damita, Ruby Keeler and Garbo. At that time however, Miss Keeler was not famous as a film star and was known in Hollywood only as Mrs. Al Jolson.

Garbo, frightened as always of people, was doing her utmost to remain hidden in one of the fitting-rooms, but Mrs. Goldwyn, passing the door, saw her.

They exchanged greetings. "Do come down to the end fitting-room and meet Mrs. Jolson," said Mrs. Goldwyn.

Garbo turned quite pale. Meeting anyone is a terrific ordeal for her.

"But why," she asked helplessly, "should I meet Mrs. Jolson?"

Mrs. Goldwyn dashed away and a few minutes later came back with Ruby Keeler, who was quite as shy as Garbo.

The two were introduced and suddenly, hardly believing my ears, I heard Garbo saying to Miss Keeler,

them all . . . "

—which reveals to you Greta Garbo and gives you fascinating glimpses of Ethel Barrymore, Colleen Moore, Zasu Pitts. These are the famous designer's treats for you this month in his series of glamorous Hollywood memoirs



PEOPLE FRIGHTEN HER



"LET HER COME IN!"



LIKES FLUFFY THINGS



HAPPY IN FORMAL ATTIRE

"But you look exactly like your husband!"

To this day I shall never know what she meant. I'm sure she did not intend to be facetious. She was simply ill-at-ease and that was undoubtedly the first thing that popped into her head. But I'll bet that Ruby Keeler still wonders whether she meant in or out of black face. Garbo never mentioned the incident again. Nor have I ever asked her why in the world she said such a thing!

Garbo was first brought to my shop four or five years ago. In those days, she was going to occasional parties and dinners. On this particular occasion she was in need of an evening dress for a soiree being given by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. The invitations were almost royal commands, since the guest of honor was a British Prince.

Miss Pickford's secretary had telephoned the exclusive few invited and asked them to appear at eight forty-five. His Royal Highness was scheduled to arrive at nine

o'clock and she wanted none of her guests found guilty of tardiness.

Garbo must have gone through her wardrobe and decided that, for this important night, she had no gown worthy. She came into the shop unannounced with Mrs. Arthur Hornblow and sat quietly in a corner.

Even before she was seated, the news of her arrival had spread like fire to the mannequins' dressing-room and they were pushing each other aside in a frantic effort to get a look at her.

At this time she had only made four or five pictures and in all of them she had worn exotic clothes. It is usually safe to assume that an actress will reflect, in some degree, the same taste in stage or screen clothes as she prefers in private clothes. Helen Hayes, for instance, prefers the same kind of youthful, bouffant dresses for her own use as you often see her wearing before the camera. Ruth Chatterton's film clothes, when (Continued on page 76)

PICTURE NEWS!

THEY'RE BACK TOGETHER AGAIN!



International News Photos

(Above) James Cagney dining at the Miramar with Cy Bartlett and Alice White, who recently patched up that lovers' quarrel. (Below) And here are Bill Cagney and his bride, Boots Mallory, pleased as punch over their elopement.

A SIZZLING HOLLYWOOD ROMANCE



Acme

(Above) C. B. DeMille's daughter, Katherine, is stepping out with Richard Cromwell and the gossips hear wedding bells. (Below) Mr. and Mrs. Harry Joe Brown (we know you, Sally Eilers), who wed recently while in the Yuma. Ouch!

BILL PRESENTS THE MISSUS!



Wide World

ANOTHER PAIR OF NEWLYWEDS



Wide World

HOW LUPE AND JOHNNY WERE MARRIED

MODERN SCREEN outscops itself! With the exclusive story of a marriage that everyone thought would never happen. But it has!

By RUTH BIERY

GUADALUPE VILLALOBOS and Peter J. Weissmuller took out their wedding license at 3:50 Sunday morning, October 8, in the home of Dorothy V. Keeler, Deputy Clerk of Las Vegas county, Nevada. At four, Justice of the Peace Frank M. Ryan pronounced them man and wife. This writer and her husband acted as matron of honor and best man and as official witnesses.

Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller had become man and wife.

Lupe wore a white silk linen dress that she had bought at a summer sale for \$2.50. She had never worn it before. Johnny was in tweeds. Lupe wore no make-up—at Johnny's request.

Lupe promised to *obey* as well as to love and honor—at her own request. It was a single-ring ceremony, also at her request. A tiny circlet encrusted with beautiful but not-too-big diamonds. Her voice was broken and she stumbled a bit over such words as "hereby" and "lawful." Johnny's voice was firm, strong. When Judge Ryan said, "I pronounce you man and wife," Lupe went into Johnny's arms and sobbed frankly upon his broad shoulder.

This magazine has had this story set up in print since the day it all happened. And thereby hangs a brief story.

I have been a friend of Lupe's since her arrival in this strange country. She lived next door to me. Hollywood was bent on teaching this seventeen-year-old child to swear. She did not know what the bad words meant. They got a kick out of her Mexican imitations of foul language. I was just an older woman who tried to help this little newcomer.

Six months ago, she sent for me. "Ruth, I have found my man. I am going to marry him." I shall never forget the light in her eyes. "You have been my friend. From the first. I want you to have that story—exclusive."

Through a guest in Lupe's home, the original plans leaked out. Each member of the press began calling Lupe and Johnny. And Lupe and Johnny said, "We are going to let a friend handle this for us."

Frankly, Lupe and Johnny were threatened, cajoled,

promised front page space. And yet they did not weaken. They remembered friendship first—and fame and publicity second. They did not even ask me what I was doing with the story. I did not tell them until the day of the wedding.

I thought you might like to know that there is such a thing as Hollywood friendship. The following story is the story of Lupe's romance. She said, "Tell the exact truth, Ruth. Don't hide things. Tell how I loved Gary Cooper and how I love Johnny." I have done it.



THERE was no hint in the simple ceremony that this was the climax of one of the most gossiped-about and written-about love-lives of Hollywood. It was hard for me to realize that this demure, wide-eyed girl was the Mexican spit-fire whose name had been linked with one man after another.

Riding home in the car—dashing through the now-hot day so that the bridegroom might be on the set of "Tarzan and His Mate" by nine o'clock Monday morning—I thought of the Lupe who had arrived, just seven years ago, in the Los Angeles station with one dollar and one tiny dog in her pocket.

Men gravitated to her, from the very beginning. She had been here only a few months, when her engagement was "announced" to E. Richard Jones (now deceased), who was directing her in "The Gaucho." Her name was linked in rapid succession with the names

of Ben Lyon, Nils Asther, Tom Mix, Al Jolson, Victor Fleming and Charles Chaplin. She told me in 1928, "I flirt with men. But I flirt from the outside. Not from the inside. Married? I don't know. I like to wait until I am twenty-five or thirty. Then I like—what you say? Companionate marriage. Not to get so tied down that we get tired of one another!"

And then she met Gary Cooper! Ah—this was a romance that stirred the imagination of the world; that made all of our hearts beat a little more rapidly. This was Love!

And yet, even in its early stages, she knew that this love was doomed. She (Continued on page 96)



THE BURDEN OF WARNER BAXTER

The star who knows that success does not insure happiness

ONE doesn't necessarily have to be a starving Armenian, or a scrub woman with a drunken husband and six children, to understand the meaning of suffering.

One may be, instead, a successful and much-loved movie star, protected by wealth and surrounded by luxury, and yet carry in his soul such a burden of sympathy for human sorrow that it stares out from his tragic eyes and clutches at the hearts of all who know him, either on the screen or in private life.

Picture to yourself a lonely man standing at his window at night, looking out over the sea. A man who believes firmly in metaphysics, or science of the mind, saying over and over to himself, "Warner Baxter—Success! Warner Baxter—Success!"

This is what he does repeatedly, and has done for years, believing that by great concentrations one may wrest from the powers that be, whatever they greatly desire. And he desires and has won success. For this reason—to help others.

For his own sake, I wish he would stand at his window for a while, and call out to the elements a different demand. I wish he would say, over and over, "Warner

Baxter—Happiness! Warner Baxter—Happiness!"

For he is not a happy man. A brave man, a good one, a kind one, but not a happy one. Oh, he will tell you he is happy. He will tell you how very happy he is—and lucky. He told me that. He told me, with a pathetic, twisted smile on his lips and a defiant tilt to his handsome head. But in his eyes lay torture. And he reminded me of nothing so much as a small boy who shouts, "I am not afraid of the dark!" and goes trembling upstairs to bed, and whistles to keep up his courage in the shadows.

There is an air of great strength about Warner Baxter, but also a suggestion of a deep inner sadness. You have all felt it in his screen performances, I know. And the explanation of it is this—the burdens and sorrows of others sit too heavily upon him to allow him personal happiness. He is a battleground. A gypsy at heart, he longs to laugh and play and roam, to be carefree and content. But his too sensitive nature forbids him to take personal pleasure, when anyone near him is miserable. And, of course, there is always someone near him who is miserable. The sad at heart are always with us.

Warner Baxter's mother (small picture, opposite page) has given up her favorite child's sock-darning in favor of supervising his fan mail, while the star and his wife sun themselves on the sands of Malibu, right in their own front yard, too.

By
ESTHER
MEAD



WHEN I asked him what he wanted most in the world, his answer tore at my heart, as I think it will at yours. Another Hollywood man might have said, a trip around the world, or a fortune on which to retire, or something of the sort.

But Warner Baxter answered gravely, "Mastery over my thoughts."

Mastery over his thoughts, so that the things that hurt him will not have the power to sadden him as they do now.

Perhaps that which grieves him most is his wife's inability to enjoy life with him. She is not in good health and nothing he can lavish upon her can restore to him her cheerful companionship. They have no children and he loves children. What a beautiful time he had with the youngsters in "Daddy-Long-Legs."

He owns a lodge in the mountains, but rarely goes there because his wife cannot accompany him. He likes long motor rides and interesting trips, but foregoes whatever she cannot share. While she is not strong and happy, he cannot enjoy life to the full.

His mother is a great comfort to him and lives near, although not with him. For Mother's Day, he gave her

a trip to the Chicago Century of Progress.

"She no longer darns my socks," he explained, "but instead supervises my fan mail."

It is she who accompanies him to the openings of his pictures. And she looks very like him.

They will tell you that he is one of the most generous men in Hollywood. But his generosity goes far beyond the giving of money, although he does that freely, too. His hand is always in his pocket for the benefit of others. He relieves with hard, cold cash the worry and stress of those with whom he comes in contact who deserve it and often, I am afraid, of those who don't.

But he is a true philanthropist in a far deeper sense. He gives of himself. He is never too busy, never too tired, to encourage, to praise, to help, with sympathy and understanding.

He believes in telling "little white lies," he told me. But only when necessary to save others from being hurt. The truth, he says, is often too cruel. And cruelty is not in his nature. There, again, we see the desire to spare others the heartache he himself endures.

I asked him what he felt were the most important qualities to possess, and after careful (Continued on page 109)

ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH



PHONE BILLS IN MAJOR STUDIOS RUN FROM \$7500 TO \$10,000 PER MONTH.



Portraits

Lovely Dorothea Wieck, for her first American picture, "Cradle Song," spent six days in a California convent to study the life of the nuns there. Shortly, Fraulein Wieck will leave for Germany to visit her husband, Baron von Decker. She speaks French, English, German and Swedish. Plays the piano uncommonly well. Seldom uses cosmetics—off screen.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

● The Menjou period of inactivity is over. 'Dolphe is working in "Convention City" for Warners (to whom he is under contract) and in "The Worst Woman in Paris" for Fox. The man hasn't bought a suit for ten years—tailors all

over the country send him raiment in hopes he'll do them a good publicity turn by wearing it. Out at Warners, there's considerable good-natured competition for sartorial honors. Bill Powell and Warren William are giving Menjou a close run.



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

● Ann Harding has completed "Beautiful." H (a Pioneer Picture) will be in Technicolor. title is "The World Outside." Ann has become a Never goes anywhere except on long, solitary moto



BRUCE CABOT

Photograph by John Miehle

BRUCE CABOT is very proud of his mixed ancestry. There's French, Irish and Indian blood coursing through the Cabot veins. Gossipers were nted when he didn't go to Reno while Adrienne Ames e getting her divorce. His next picture (following "Mid-Jack") is "Balloon Buster." Very superstitious lad.



DIXIE FRANCES

Photograph by Otto Dyar



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

THIS is Dixie Frances. Isn't she cute? She has almost-black hair and black eyes. Comes from Kansas City. Lives in Hollywood with her family. Bought a new Ford with her first paycheck, so she could take her folks sight-seeing. She plays the banjo very well. She had a smallish part in Lilian Harvey's "My Weakness."

IN "Tarzan and His Mate"—the second Weissmuller picture—Maureen O'Sullivan wears three pieces of leather for a costume. In "Stage Mother" with Alice Brady she'll wear considerably more. The O'Sullivan lass seems to have settled her affections permanently on Johnnie Farrow. They're seen here, there and everywhere together.



Photograph
by Freulich



MARGARET SULLAVAN would be partying every evening if Carl Laemmle, Jr., had his way. But stepping out bores her—unless it's out-of-doors. Swimming and tennis—well, that's fun! She's an omnivorous reader, too. All of which may sound as if her press agent were working overtime. But it's true. Margaret has a nice elastic contract that permits her to appear on the stage between pictures. She's in "Jezebel" on Broadway now, replacing Tallulah Bankhead, who has been ill. Without fear of consequences, she states that Hollywood is artificial and New York stimulating. It was while playing there in "Dinner at Eight" that John Stahl discovered her for Universal. You'll see her soon with John Boles in "Only Yesterday."



SALLY EILERS surprised everybody. Especially those "in the know," who predicted she'd marry Jimmie Dunn. Well, Harry Joe Brown, director, won the day and the gal! He feels justly proud, too. So do Bebe and Ben Lyon, who flew with the secretive pair to Yuma, Arizona, to witness the wedding. Above, we see Our Sal all set for a spin. And on a speed cop's motorcycle, too! That's to insure protection from the law or sumpin. Or maybe the publicity department thought it up as a stunt. What do you think? (Right) Meet Sally's "stand-in" girl, Dixie Martin. They've been pals since high school days. The cameraman focuses on Dixie while the star makes up. "Walls of Gold" is Sal's latest.



... And why would you like to meet them?
This famous author gives you her list here
—with reasons that are witty as well as wise

By
FAITH
BALDWIN



RALPH BELLAMY
He has a nice face



MADGE EVANS
She's doing so nicely



JIMMIE DUNN
A scamp—but a real guy

I'VE met quite a few Hollywood people, thanks to your editor who kindly indulges my little caprice in that respect. But there are still some left that I'd like to meet. Perhaps you'd like to meet them, too? Well, I'll tell you why *I'd* like to meet certain stars and players and you write and tell the editor whom you would like to meet—and why. Or whom you *wouldn't* like to meet—and why.

Here goes. I'd like to meet:

Joan Crawford—because I admire her as a person, as a performer and as a personality, which is quite different from admiring her as a person, you know.

Katharine Hepburn—because I'd like to find out for myself if she is as strange and variable and gaga as the press would have us believe. Personally, I don't believe it. I think it's an act. I think Katharine is clever enough to put on such an act convincingly. But I also think she's a fine enough actress to discard all that publicity nonsense. Anyway, a relative of Katharine's is a very close friend of

mine and she assures me that the publicity Hepburn is no more like the real Hepburn than chalk's like cheese. But I *would* like to see for myself.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—because I find him very interesting as a human being. And because I like him better and better on the screen. I think the chap's a real actor. His fine, restrained and really moving performance in "Morning Glory" proved it. It was no easy task, remember, to shine when playing opposite Miss Hepburn. She's so vivid a character that it takes a real gift and great strength to keep from being entirely dominated by her.

Una Merkel—because her perky little face and funny

WHAT STARS WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET?

little voice make me laugh. Consistently. I haven't grown tired of her comedy yet—and I don't believe I ever will.

Alice Brady—because I have always admired her on the stage. And because her screen work is as fine as her stage work. It took real genius to play her great role in "Mourning Becomes Electra"—Eugene O'Neill's play which the Theatre Guild produced—and then step into the part of the nit-wit Bridgy in "When Ladies Meet." And from that into the mother role in "Stage Mother." Only a *real* actress could play as many and as diversified roles as Miss Brady has played. And be excellent in all of them.

RUBY KEELER — because, aside from her charm as a player, I find that to me, she has an enormous and wistful appeal as a person. In other words, just as I seriously doubt the Hepburn publicity, I believe—almost one hundred percent—the Keeler publicity. I believe she is sweet and natural and that she honestly adores her husband, Al Jolson, as much as they say she does. And all that is very refreshing, when it's true.

Dick Powell—who wouldn't like to meet him? I have a hunch that Dick is the sort of chap who would be charming to older people—and convincingly so. I'll bet one could turn dear old Aunt Tabitha over to him and he would take her to a matinee and to tea and make the old (Continued on page 105)

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
She has surprised me!



ROLAND YOUNG
We'd talk penguin-shop



KATHARINE HEPBURN
What's she really like?



We're serious about this. You all must want to meet certain Hollywood stars. Miss Baldwin has given her list and her reasons. Send us yours—to 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. —The Editor

FORECASTING YOUR



David O. Selznick, in charge of production at Culver City, continues our series of stories from Hollywood's front offices, outlining "inside" plans for your favorites pictured here

WHEN David O. Selznick arrived at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios to take over the production of this company's big talking picture specials, Hollywood went into a buzzing-bee of curious whispers. After all, Mr. Irving Thalberg, famous as the guiding genius of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio for the past ten years, was in Europe recuperating from an illness.

What would this new regime mean to the studio where there are "More Stars Than There Are In Heaven?"

Would young Selznick, son-in-

law of Louis B. Mayer, bring radical changes into the realm of such gilded stars as Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, the Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Lee Tracy and the host of others who ply their box-office magic under the banner of the three initials?

If a new policy was to be put into effect, what would the outcome be?

For, even to movie-blasé Hollywood, M-G-M has long stood for glamorous personalities, exciting film-fare and glittering Hollywood news, both on and off the screen.



FAVORITES . . . By WALTER RAMSEY



From the enormous, formal executive buildings that face Culver City, back to the ever-crowded commissary where the M-G-M darlings have lunch, the activities of this lot have been of world-wide interest to movie fans. Great romances vie for headline space with great production news at Culver City; or the famous luncheons given by Marion Davies in her Spanish hacienda bungalow (which is the social center of the enormous lot); or the rumored rivalries of the famous stars who dress within a stone's throw of one another. In fact, the most casual comings-and-goings of this star-studded roster have spelled as much news for the gossip hounds as have their latest casting plans for an "epic!"

SOMEONE once said that M-G-M stood for Makers of Glamorous Movies. A flattering remark, but so true that it is only natural that Hollywood should have watched with interest the plans of young David Selznick, and their influence on Cinemaville's favorite

hot bed of cinematic interest.

The first wave of the Selznick wand-of-authority was "Dinner At Eight." The cast read: John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, Billie Burke, Madge Evans, Lee Tracy, Edmund Lowe and the ever-loved Wallace Beery. Not since "Grand Hotel" has the public been treated to such an aggregation of talent in a single film. And the whole town sat back to await temperamental explosions! But, the picture was finished two weeks ahead of schedule without a single technical or temperamental hitch. The more cynical commentators set it down to "beginner's luck" on the part of Mr. Selznick.

But when he waved his wand over his second great experiment, "Night Flight," and cast such stellar darlings as Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, John and Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, William Gargan and Myrna Loy in roles that were little more than glorified "bits," it was high time that even the fans turn their attention to the new (Continued on page 87)





Edmund Lowe as Kringelein



Lionel Barrymore as Kringelein



Florence Eldridge as Skippy



Jackie Cooper is dumbfounded

Gloria Swanson as "The White Sister"

Helen in "The White Sister"



THE STARS DRESS UP AS EACH OTHER

(Top) On the left, Eddie Lowe as Mr. Lionel Barrymore as Kringelein in "Grand Hotel." Personally, we think he looks pretty authentic. On the right is Lionel Barrymore in his Kringelein rig—so you can compare for yourself. Yes, Eddie's wife, Lil Tashman was at the party. She came "as herself." (Middle) Jackie Cooper as "Skippy" played by—you'd never guess—Florence Eldridge March. (Bottom) Gloria Swanson as Helen Hayes in the role of "The White Sister." Husband Michael Farmer turned up as Nils Asther in the Chinese get-up of "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

All pictures in this feature by J. B. Scott, Modern Screen's exclusive cameraman.



John Gilbert as Barrymore's Rasputin



Lionel Barrymore himself as Rasputin

. . . Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart (he's the famous humorist and actor, you know) gave an enormous party at Hollywood's Vendome. The guests were asked to dress up as their favorite stars

(Top) John Gilbert shows Lionel Barrymore how he would interpret Rasputin. (Middle) Mary Pickford popped a black wig over her blond curls and attended the party as Dolores Del Rio in "Bird of Paradise." Quite an easy costume—just a few hibiscus blossoms and a grass skirt. Dolores herself was at the party with her husband, Cedric Gibbons, but no one could quite figure out what they were trying to be, though Dolores looked beautiful, as usual. (Bottom) You'll never guess. You couldn't guess in a hundred years. Yes, it's supposed to be Anna May Wong. But who is it? Polly Moran!



Mary Del Pickford



Dolores Del Rio

Polly Moran Wong

Anna May Wong

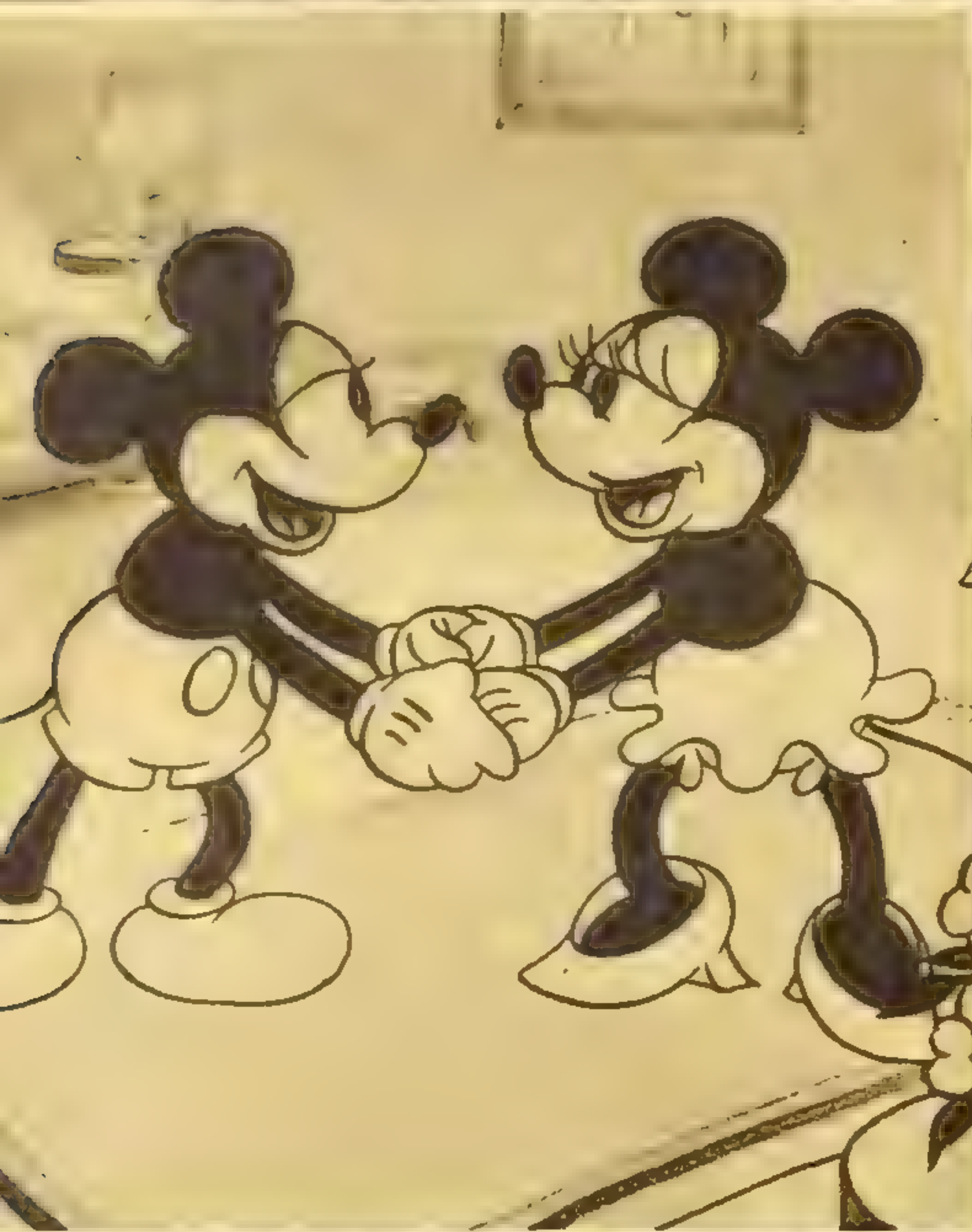




Maurice Chevalier



Chevalier MacKenna



Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse



Buster Collier and Rodney Pantages



Fay Wray and Gary Cooper



Mine host and hostess



(Top) Chevalier. Yes. But who's the chappie imitating him? Well, he's the husband of a lovely lady named Kay Francis. Right you are—Kenneth MacKenna. (Middle) Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse, played respectively, by Buster Collier and Rodney Pantages. (Bottom) Fay Wray as herself in "King Kong." Note "Kong, Jr." in her hand. Gary Cooper came as "six other guys." To their right are the host and hostess. (Center panels) Joan Bennett came as Jean Harlow—and pretty cute, too.





Charles Butterworth Arliss



George Arliss himself



Benchley Hitler



Adolphe Hitler



Du Barry Loy



Clark and McCullough with Sadie

(Top) Charlie Butterworth decided to take it easy. He just added a monocle and came as George Arliss. (Middle) Our choice for first prize—Robert Benchley as Hitler. (Bottom) Isn't she lovely? We mean Myrna Loy in the costume of Du Barry—as interpreted by Pola Negri. That's Arthur Hornblow with her, as Doug Fairbanks, Sr., in "Robin Hood." To their right, Ralph Bellamy and Fredric March as Clark and McCullough with Mrs. Bellamy as Joan Crawford in "Rain."



Joan Bennett all dressed up as Jean Harlow

CAN SHE BEAT THE



... The path from the Great Comedian's studio has always led to disappointment and disaster for his talented leading women. Will the lovely Paulette Goddard prove the exception to the rule and escape the amazing hoodoo revealed in this story?

By
DOROTHY
WOOLDRIDGE



Edna Purviance



Georgia Hale



Lita Grey Chaplin

FROM far behind I heard the put-put-put of a motorcycle and sensed what was about to happen. Broad Ventura Boulevard just out of Los Angeles is well-patrolled and, winding through low hills, beckons speed. I had recognized Charlie Chaplin's car and the young woman at the wheel as Paulette Goddard. In a few moments now, I surmised, the girl, the car and the cop would be in a huddle by the roadside.

A half-mile further on, I overtook them. Motorcycle Officer Ray Walker was getting out his book of tickets.

"Forty-five miles in a 25-mile zone is too fast," he expostulated. "Let's see your driver's license."

"Certainly!" replied the little law-breaker. "Maybe I was stepping on it too hard. But it's such a glorious day to be out."

Paulette exhibited her license card, smiled gloriously, then signed and pocketed the ticket. Presently her road-

ster was in gear again, purring on toward Cahuenga Pass, its driver not one whit disturbed, not at all provoked or annoyed.

"A very unusual girl," remarked Officer Walker. (I had driven up and stopped to see what would transpire.) "She didn't have an alibi or an apology. Just took the ticket and went on."

I mention this incident for one reason: Paulette Goddard is an unusual girl. She is Chaplin's new leading lady in his forthcoming production and, as such, is to buck the biggest jinx which ever has beset a cycle of actresses in Hollywood.

The picture is as yet untitled and, while Miss Goddard's is to be a talking role, the star himself will assume a silent part. When this production has been completed, Chaplin plans to direct a talkie version of "A Woman of Paris." However, Miss Goddard will not play the role created in the silent film by Edna Purviance. Charlie

CHAPLIN

jinx?

Under the tutelage of the gifted Chaplin several girls have made their mark, only to disappear from the cinema horizon when Charlie withdrew his influential interest.



Merna Kennedy



Virginia Cherrill

is quite definite on that point.

"You can't play in a Chaplin comedy and survive," is a legend. "Queen for a day, and then 'Exit!' is the order."

"Is it?" I wondered. I have often wondered.

I have been hearing the legend so long it has become bromidic. "What has the presence of Charlie Chaplin to do with a young woman's screen success?" I pondered. "What could cause a jinx to settle upon an actress just because she played opposite the world's great pantomimist? Surely, nothing!"

Then I began to run over the list of those who had helped Charlie make pictures—Edna Purviance, Georgia Hale, Lita Grey, Merna Kennedy, Virginia Cherrill and I found there was something to think about.

There isn't an actress who played a feminine lead opposite the comedian who ever got anywhere.

THE more I think about it, the more convinced I am that if I were an actress and Sir Charles asked me to appear with him, I would reply: "Kind sir, will you please go jump in the lake! And take your proffered role with you."

For some reason tough breaks have beset Charlie's leading ladies. Disappointments have overwhelmed them. Magnificent picture roles have vanished when seemingly securely in hand. Financial reverses have piled high. Death has hovered near and occasionally reached. Illness has scourged them. Their homes have been robbed, their possessions stolen. And generally speaking, their picture careers have led to the squatty little studios on Poverty Row, from which few ever emerged.

Why is it that Fate is so unkind to those whom Chaplin tries to help?

There is no satisfying answer (*Continued on page 107*)

HOLLYWOOD

merry-go-round

"Neither you, nor Garbo, nor God can make me come back," said the little extra girl. "Atta girl," cried the great Garbo. "Tell him some more."



By
**KATHERINE
ALBERT**

RANKLY, this is the most amazing story I've heard in Hollywood.

It concerns that tragic time in Jack Gilbert's life before Garbo gave him his new chance at film fame by making him her leading man in "Queen Christina."

To tell the story before would have been too cruel. Now that Jack is back in the limelight and happy again, you can know it.

Few people know what Gilbert went through when—with millions of dollars but no work—he sat alone and lonely in his great house. Money does not compensate Jack. He must have the stimulus of work to be happy. He must express himself in order to exist.

Only one other person besides Jack knew, I believe, what was in the actor's heart. And that was the gentle, sympathetic, kindly friend of all Hollywood—Paul Bern.

Paul knew what Jack suffered. He realized to what depths of degradation the human soul may go. Therefore when all the rest had forgotten him, Paul remembered and, when others were telling him he was a failure and not paying any attention to him, Paul was trying

Illustrated by
JACK WELCH



desperately to secure for him the coveted role of the Baron in "Grand Hotel."

One night the telephone rang in Jack's house. It was such an unusual occurrence that Jack sprang to answer it. He heard the voice of Paul Bern over the wire—a voice that was choked with emotion.

"Jack," Paul said to him. "I swear this is one of the happiest moments of my life. You and I have been friends for years. I have known what you have been through during these last many, many months. I know that work is your life and that you must have it to exist. So it is with the greatest joy that I tell you you have been cast to play the role of the Baron in 'Grand Hotel.'"

JACK could not speak. He hung up the telephone, put his head in his hands and sobbed like a child. The dream was realized—the nightmare was ended. Those torturous months were over. He had a place now—a place in the sun. And his friend, Paul Bern, had brought it to pass.

Joy and gratitude flooded his heart. He was back—back in a great picture—back playing opposite Garbo. Instead of slinking to his dressing room as he had once done, he could walk on the lot with his head up. His belief in himself was restored.

Suddenly the realization of it coursed through his veins and tingled in his fingertips. He was a man of importance once more. No longer was he Jack Gilbert, the failure.

And how he could play that part! Why, he would put everything into it. He would create something fine. Already he was working out scenes and bits of business in his mind.

The telephone rang again. People to congratulate him,

... Some amazing tales from an amazing town—garnered by one of MODERN SCREEN'S ace writers, who has been out there for a spell. Some of the stories will amuse you, some will sadden you. Some you wouldn't believe if they hadn't happened in Hollywood

no doubt. Well, he would hold no malice in his heart. Even though they were the very people who had ignored him he would take them back, now, and feel no resentment.

Joyously he answered the telephone. Again he heard the voice of Paul Bern.

But this time there was a different tone in it.

"Jack," the voice said. "I don't know how to tell you this. I have done you a great wrong—a terrific injustice. I spoke too soon. This is what happened.

"This afternoon I went into an executive conference. I heard one of the executives say, 'Well, Jack has the role of the Baron in Grand Hotel.' Since that had been my dream, since I had suggested you and wanted you for the part I thought, of course, they meant Jack Gilbert. Another name did not cross my mind.

"I have just now discovered that they were talking about Jack Barrymore!"

You do understand, don't you, why that could never be told until now, when the story at last has a happy ending?

BUT because that was so nearly a tragic yarn I must tell you the funniest thing I've heard in Hollywood.

Out on Joan Crawford's set there are twenty-five of the cutest, freshest, youngest little chorus girls. I believe there's not a one of them a day over sixteen. The other day the assistant director—a big burly lad—discovered that they weren't "up on their number."

He strode over to them. "You're the rottenest bunch of chorus girls it has ever been my misfortune to know," he shouted. "What do you do all day long? You sit around clowning! You laugh and crack jokes. And what about that number! I want to tell you that if that number isn't absolutely perfect by nine A. M. tomorrow I'm going to fire the damn lot of you!"

With a magnificent gesture he turned away, thinking he had left them cowering. Then, suddenly, somebody gave a cue and twenty-

five shrill little voices piped up with, "Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf, the big, bad wolf, the big, bad wolf!"

If you haven't seen Walt Disney's "The Three Little Pigs," you won't get the joke. And that's one of the reasons I told the story. For whatever you do you musn't miss that most delightful of all films. Somebody suggested that if the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences had a snitch of humor it would give that the award as the best picture of the year.

Joan Crawford has seen it ten times and is seriously considering buying a print of it to run it over and over again.

Speaking of Joan, I'd better clean up a lot of rumors. She isn't seeing Ricardo Cortez. She isn't thinking of going back to Douglas. She and Franchot Tone are still happy with each other's society. And, except for picture worries, Joan, herself, is happier than I've seen her for a long time.

Picture worries she had a-plenty. It seems as if there is some strange jinx upon "Dancing Lady." One of the comedians dropped dead during its making. Jean Malin who was supposed to have (*Continued on page 106*)

be **WARM**
be chic
-and save!

Dorothy Jordan (right) in her gray kidskin jacket, shows what can be done effectively with the short fur jacket. Una Merkel (below, left) wears an evening wrap of white ermine, with scarf collar and wide tiered sleeves, both of which add notes of dressiness to a coat which is handsome in every detail. Also, this same star shows how completely she can change her pattern of allure by dressing in a spotted sport coat of leopard skin (below, right) in three quarter length, made strictly according to the season's demands for outdoor attire.



FUR coats spell romance and luxury. Every girl instinctively knows their flattery—their lure—their charm. But—oh—how to squeeze the budget so that imagination may become possession.

There is more chance for making mistakes in buying a fur coat than in any other dress direction, and the understanding of what is good fur and what is bad is something that only an expert really knows. Therefore, admonition number one must be—go to a recognized, honest dealer when buying one of them.

You want a fur coat this winter? Well, how about it?

If you have a couple of thousand dollars to spend (which you probably have not) it's all very easy to say, "have a mink or an ermine or a galyak or something like that." Mink is the best wearing fur of all. It will last for years on end—will not split apart—will not wear off in patches. Perfect! But if you cannot afford this height of luxuriousness, then what? Most

of us would rather buy a house and lot for those couple of thousand, if we had them.

This is the story of one practical minded female who saved one hundred dollars by scrimping and putting by. She put a thousand dollars' worth of study into the subject of furs until she knew their possible wears and tears inside out, and finally bought a gray kidskin. She calculated thus: "If I can wear this coat for three years, it will cost me only thirty-three dollars and fifty cents a year." (Reasonable enough, too, when you spread it that way.) So she wisely chose a straight swagger cut, the style of which was bound to last. This is an important point, for full skirts, puffed sleeves, tricky collars and cuffs and all other extraneous adornments are doomed to only one season's chic.

By
**MARGERY
WELLS**

WHEN three winters had passed and a fourth approached with chilly tread, she took stock of her precious gray kid. for by this time (Continued on page 89)

Now for the fur-lined coat with collar of natural lynx. Toby Wing (below) shows how ultra smart a tweed coat of this character can be. And is it warm! The tweed is a light beige, flecked with brown. The coat is simply made—only the design of the sleeves showing the least trickiness.

Fur makes the evening ensemble not only a thing of beauty, but one of satisfying warmth. Martha Sleeper (below) wears a three-in-one ensemble of canary yellow suede crepe, trimmed with moonlight gray fox. Her shoulder cape can be easily transformed into a smart muff.

Winter ermine is one of the most precious of furs and most beautiful for either an afternoon or evening coat. Mae Clarke (below) has had hers made after the leading smart model for this winter—an excellent design to follow when buying even less expensive and glamorous furs.



Tricks

FOR WINTER TOGS



Are we coming back to the 1890 era? Well, Mae West, having taken the country, not to say the world, by storm, says certainly we are, as she leads the winter fashions. Here she is wearing (above) one of her broad brimmed hats, in black velvet, with a rhinestone ornament. It is the sort of thing that is particularly good with bridge or restaurant frocks. At the right, Helen Twelvetrees is wearing one of the new flower petal ruffs over the left shoulder of her evening gown. Nothing is better calculated to add romance to evening attire than this sort of boa-ruff affair.



Fur keeps its place as a trimming for evening frocks with the reservation that the fur must be handsome and fluffy and that the dress be kept absolutely plain and straight in line, no matter what the material may be. Margaret Sullivan (above) illustrates this point spectacularly in her silver and white brocade trimmed with wide sleeve bands of precious white fox.



Patterns

The patterns are fifteen cents each. The book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. You may send stamps or coin—coin preferred. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps will be accepted. Orders should be addressed to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. In ordering, be sure to state size wanted.



3034—Kay Francis (in the portrait) wears a formal evening gown of shiny black crinkled satin. You can make it for yourself from the pattern at the right. Long lines make it characteristically smart. Shoulders and belt are clasped with round buckles of brilliants. The back is low. Size 14 to 20, 34 to 40 bust.

2995—Undeniably graceful and slender, too. New drop shoulder attained by well designed yoke that cuts in one with part of the sleeves. Try it in black woolen with shiny black satin for the yoke and sleeve section. Sizes 14 to 20, 36 to 40 bust.

3033—It's young! It's classic, slim, elegantly cut and delightfully sophisticated. Equally lovely in white or pale pink crepe satin, dark grape faille crepe, white, pink, azure-blue or black lace or black silk velvet. The cape is separate. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17.

For back views of patterns,
see page 94



2995



3034



3033

CHARMING, EASY-TO-MAKE GOWNS
FOR BRIDGE, DINNER AND EVENING

(Below) Bette Davis' gloves have huge velvet cuffs which match her brown velvet toque. And (right) Heather Angel's doggy swagger-stick is also an umbrella—when the weather demands. Grand with sportwear.



Hollywood

CHARM GOSSIP

A CASUAL peep-in at some of the favorite haunts about town has convinced us that jewelry is occupying a very prominent place on the fashion horizon this winter.

There was Maureen O'Sullivan, f'instance, flashing two or three diamond clips (one huge one on her belt) and a pair of gorgeous cut-steel buckles. We spied Loretta Young at another popular late-spot wearing a cunning novelty bracelet and corsage made of tiny beads and glass in various colors, strung on wire. And Lupe Velez, at the same place, was simply swamped with bracelets.

How times do change! This time last year, Madame Fashion decreed "no jewels" . . . and now the more one wears the smarter one is.

● Janet Gaynor has a swell new idea for handkerchiefs. She embroiders her name in her own handwriting in the corner of each hanky. Sometimes the name is embroidered in different colors to match her frocks. Always

the handkerchief is of plain white linen. She also has two or three sweaters with "Janet" embroidered across the pocket. This, too, is in her own handwriting.

● Chinese characters are invading our kitchens. We've had them in our living rooms for a long time—in scrolls, silk hangings and pictures—but Joan Bennett has them adorning her kitchenware. All her flour, coffee, tea and sugar tins and cookie jars are labelled in Chinese. Of course, we couldn't make out what they were, but they did look very gay and interesting and different.

● Ginger Rogers has a new bag that has a very practical feature. The coin purse is attached to the bag proper by means of a small, dainty gold chain. Now isn't that something for you gals who have the habit of losing your coin purse? Another thing we noticed about Ginger's bags . . . this purely ornamental . . . is that she always decorates them with a clip that (Continued on page 103)

SMARTEST HINTS FOR HOME AND WARDROBE — FROM FILM TOWN

TWO SKINS!

You have an Outer and an Under Skin

Do you know the Different Care that Each Skin Needs?

This TWO-SKIN TREATMENT Checks Wrinkles, Corrects Dryness

DID YOU KNOW that those little lines and wrinkles you hate so start in your *under* skin? . . . before they show in your *outer* skin? And there's a way to stop them from coming?

Here's how it happens:

You have an *outer* and an *under* skin. When you are young, the under skin fits the outer skin like the flesh of a ripening plum.

Then, soon something goes wrong. The tiny glands that poured out beauty oils and kept the under skin so firm and full, begin to fail. The under skin falls into little creases—those first signs of age that deepen and deepen if left uncorrected.

To *check* this condition, you must help the under skin! That is what Pond's Cold Cream is for.

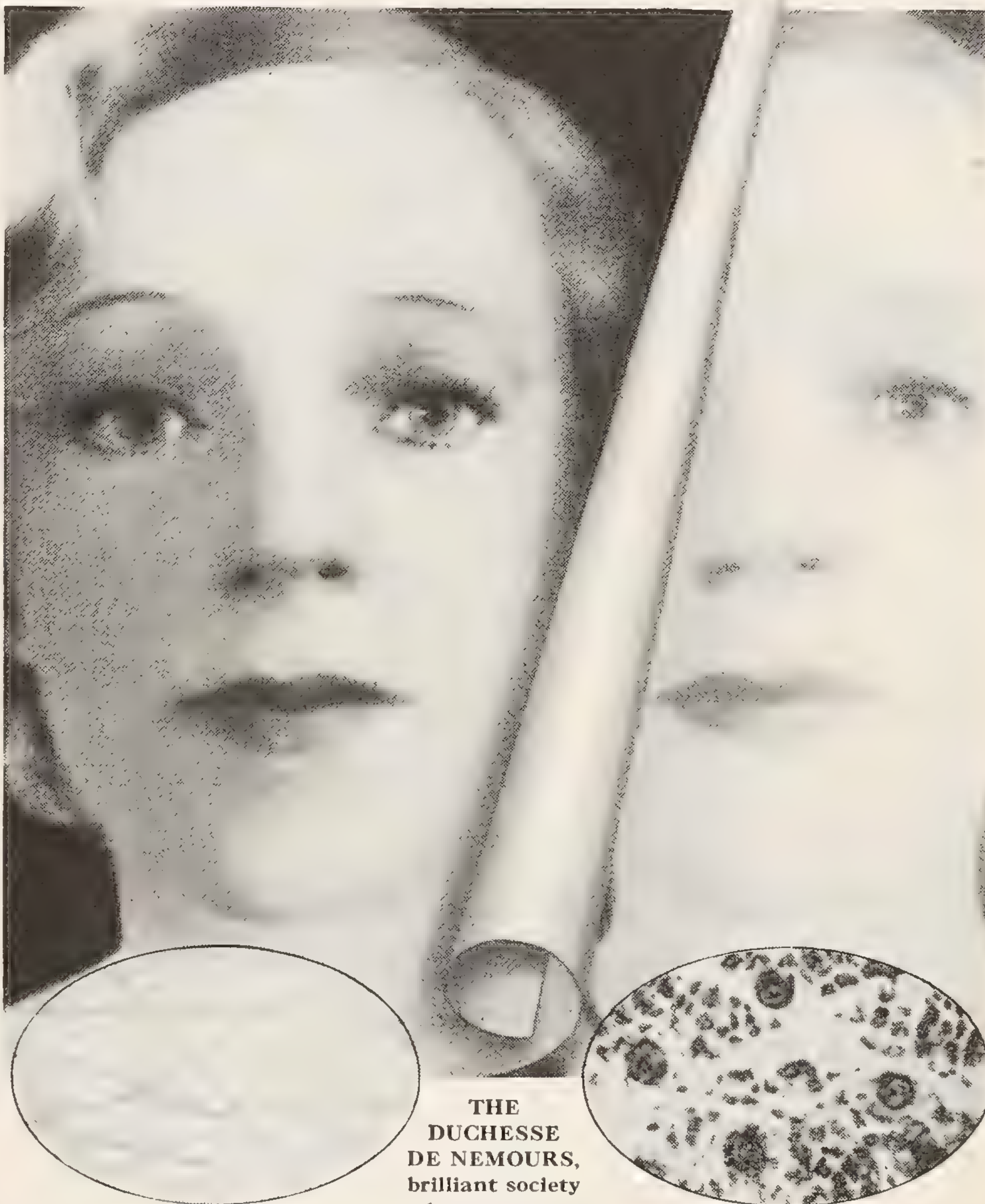
An Oil Cream that Goes Deep

Pond's Cold Cream is a delicious oil-rich cream that penetrates down to the under skin! And brings it just the oils it needs. Pat it on. Your skin feels toned up right away. Because it is so light and its oils go so deep, it is a marvelous cleanser.

For the Outer Skin—a Greaseless Cream

How very different is your outer skin! This skin contains active moisture cells to guard the under skin against sun, wind, cold, dust, the dry heat of modern houses. But these elements are constantly drying out this natural moisture. Dryness, chapping result.

To correct this, use Pond's feather-light Vanishing Cream. Greaseless, this cream. You can have it on during the day. Leave it on all night. It contains a special ingredient that actually *restores* moisture to the outer skin. *One application* will remove roughnesses, relieve chapping!



OUTER SKIN
WHERE DRYNESS STARTS

And Pond's Vanishing Cream makes the most effective powder base.

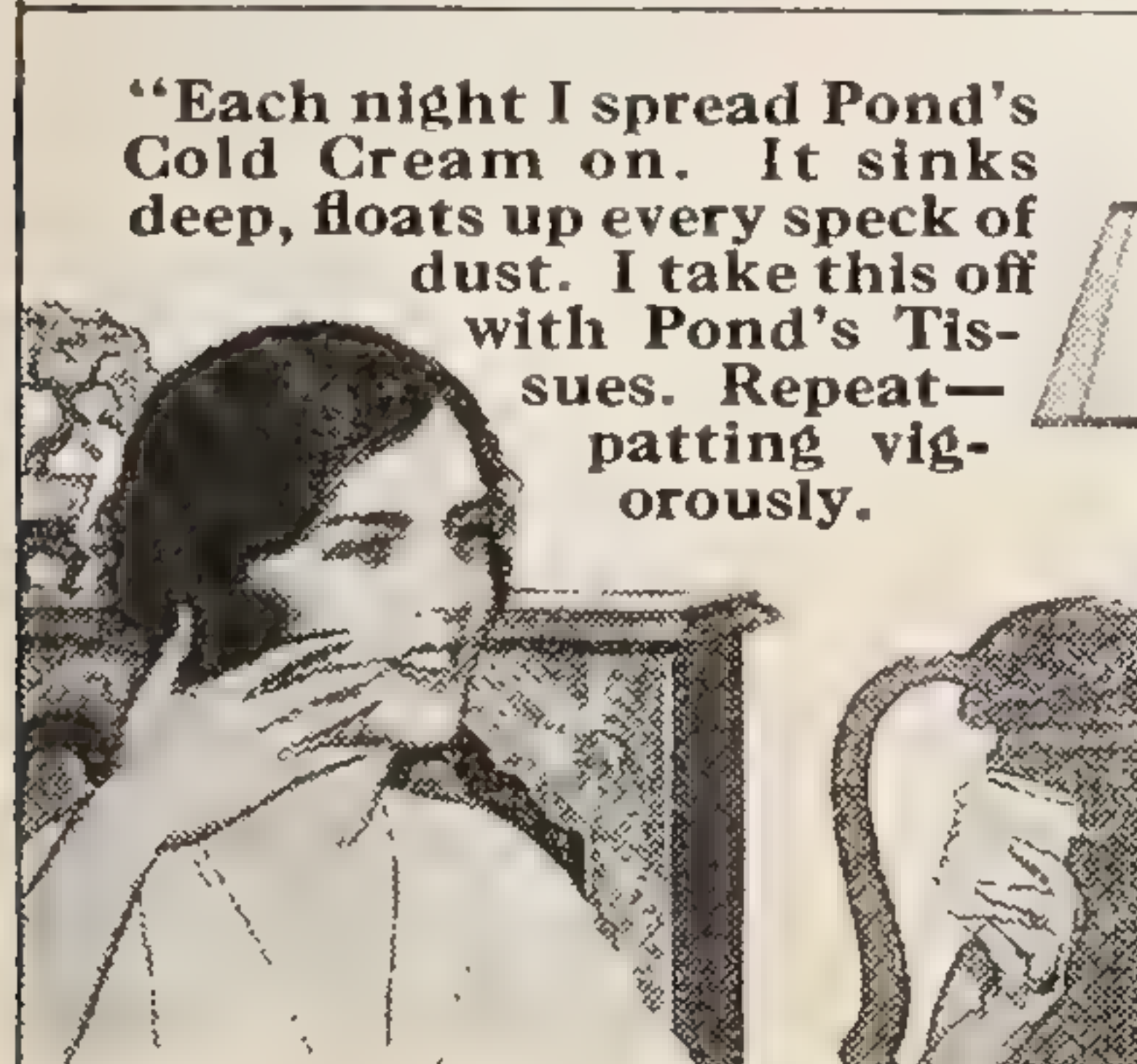
Together these two creams give your skin complete beauty care. They supply everything that *each skin* needs. Fill out the coupon and send for generous samples. In a few days, see your own skin gain in smoothness, firmness. See the little lines fade away, magically!

THE
DUCHESS
DE NEMOURS,
brilliant society
beauty, uses
Pond's Two-
Skin Treatment

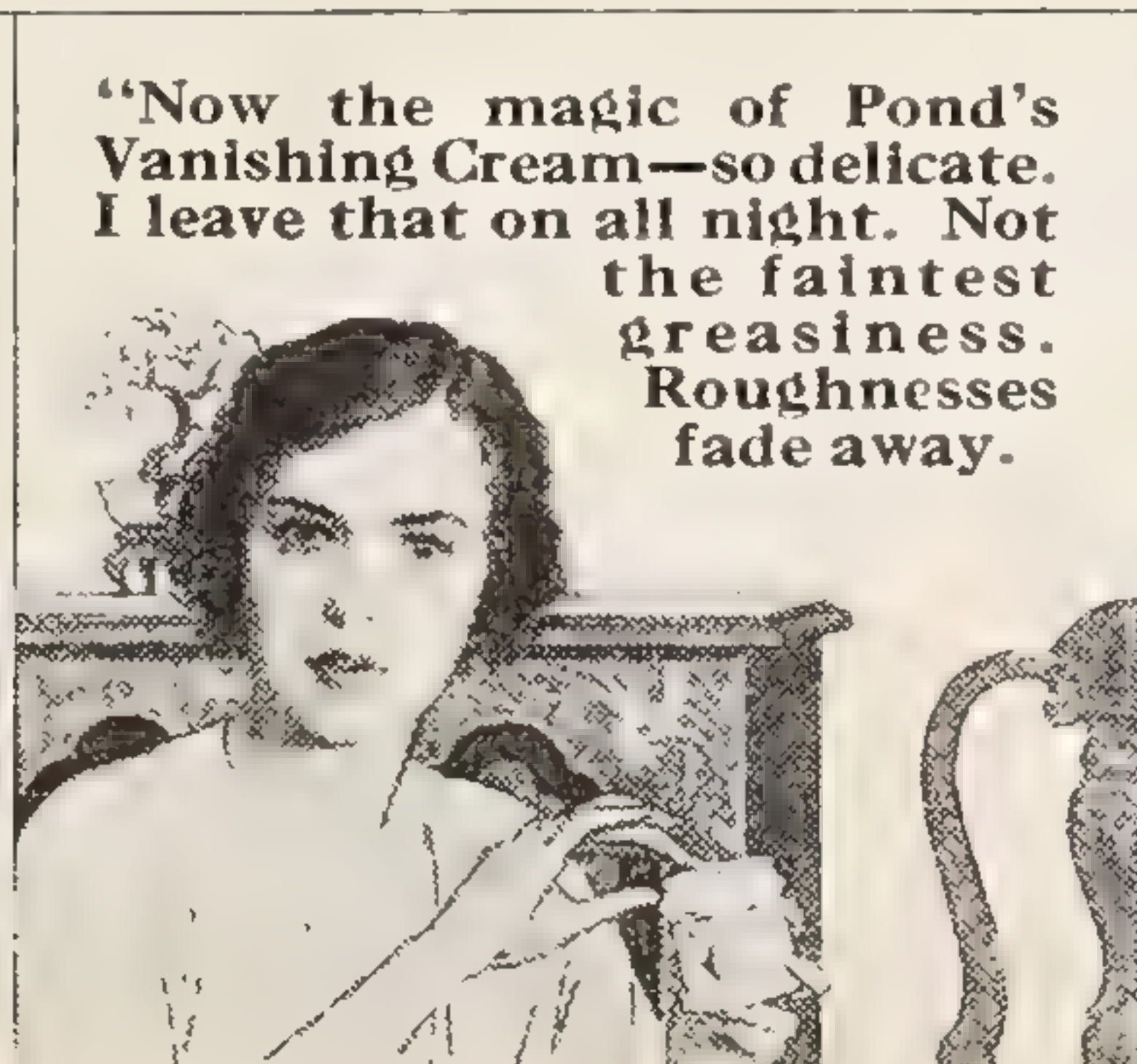
UNDER SKIN
WHERE WRINKLES START



Lovely MRS. MORGAN BELMONT tells how she cares for her skin



"Each night I spread Pond's Cold Cream on. It sinks deep, floats up every speck of dust. I take this off with Pond's Tissues. Repeat—patting vigorously."



"Now the magic of Pond's Vanishing Cream—so delicate. I leave that on all night. Not the faintest greasiness. Roughnesses fade away."



"Morning, and in the day, another Cold Cream cleansing. Vanishing Cream next. How smooth my skin! My make-up perfect!"

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. M
136 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 6¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Two Creams and new Face Powder. (Check shade): Naturelle ☐ Light Cream ☐ Rose Cream ☐ Brunette ☐ Rose Brunette ☐ Dark Brunette ☐.

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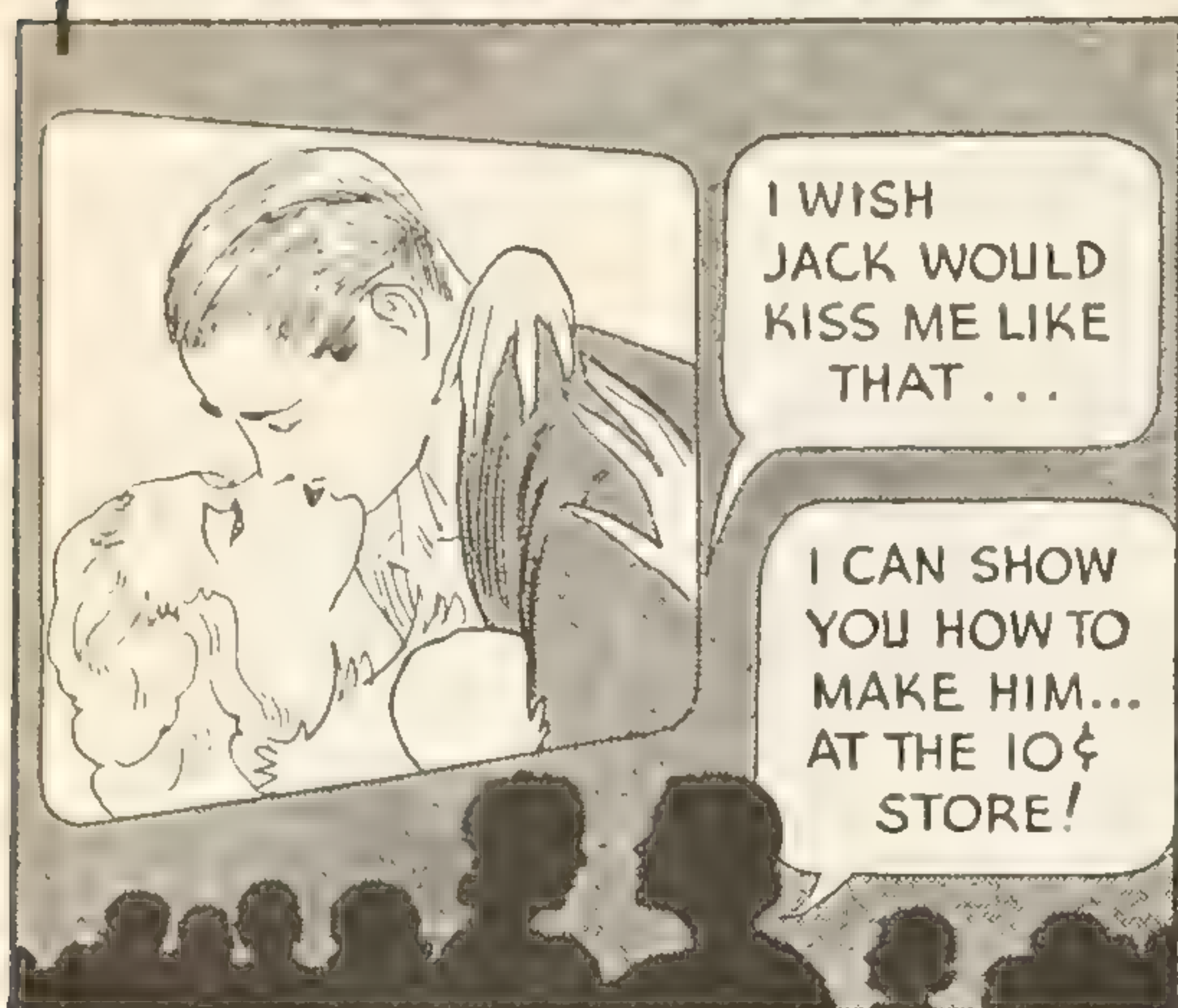
MAIL COUPON

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At last Mary Gets a "MOVIE KISS"



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Now you can give *your* lips the *irresistible appeal* of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows! Just use the same make-up—the new **KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick—Special Theatrical Color**. This lipstick gives an effect so *alluring*, indeed, that it has been placed by the *make-up experts* in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could pay any price—yet, it happens, their matchless make-up costs but a few cents! See what it can do for *you tonight*. You can get **KISSPROOF Lipstick** in all shades—including the *Special Theatrical Color*—at any drug or department store and at the *ten cent stores*.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK

I've Dressed Them All

(Continued from page 45)

she plays the part of a lady, are invariably her own choice. Hence we assumed that Garbo might like the slinky, embroidered, fur-trimmed exaggerations in which she had appeared in her films.

The mannequins went through the wardrobe and chose the most elaborate dresses. The first girl to appear posed before the great Garbo in a gown which had a bodice of sparkling rhinestones and pearls.

Garbo gave it a casual glance, shrugged and said, "But it is not simple enough."

Another mannequin appeared and still another. But all the dresses were too elaborate. We began showing plainer things, but apparently it was impossible to find anything simple enough for Garbo's taste. But we then learned that she needed the dress for that evening and, since our original models are never sold off the backs of the mannequins and we usually require ten days to copy a dress, it would have been impossible to supply her anyhow.

Several months later, she came into the shop again. This time she was prepared to have clothes made for her. She was getting ready for her first trip back to Sweden and wanted to take a complete wardrobe of new clothes with her. She chose evening dresses, street dresses, several suits and coats.

She abhorred embroidery in any form. She disliked lace. She hated, in fact, anything that was *chi-chi*. The things she liked most were tailored swagger coats—the first ones she wore—which were modelled after soldiers' rain-coats, with wide shoulders, big sleeves and high notched collars. We eventually made her a copy of this same tweed sports coat in black broadcloth, which she wore in the evening over severe, black dinner dresses.

It was during the waits between fittings that I talked with her. She fascinated me from the first and I was convinced that the so-called pose of reticence was a serious complex in her nature.

We were talking, one day, of Paris and I was telling her of some of the people I had known there—Sarah Bernhardt, Gaby Deslys, Yvonne Printemps and Cecile Sorel.

Garbo looked at me with wide eyes. "I suppose nearly everybody who is famous comes into this shop," she said.

"Well, a lot of well-known people have been here," I answered.

"Don't they ever frighten you?" she asked.

"They used to frighten me," I replied. "Sometimes they still do—a little bit."

"People always frighten me," she said. And no one was ever more in earnest.

Then she told me something of her experiences and life in Sweden. She had never been a star over there and, like any young girl who goes to pic-

tures, she had her favorites whom she would have liked to see. They moved in another world. They were surrounded with glamor and she admired them just as any fan admires her favorites.

Then, quite without warning, she found herself in America and her first picture was a sensational personal triumph. Before she had learned to speak English with any fluency, before she was in the least acclimated, she found that Fate had played a trick upon her. The tables were completely turned and she was on one of the pedestals to which she used to turn with worship.

It embarrassed her, for she was not prepared for the lionizing she received. A few months before, she could have walked through the streets of Stockholm and no one would even turn to look at her. Now she couldn't leave her hotel without finding excited groups awaiting her. An American girl could have adjusted her life to this mad, merry, overnight success, but Garbo could not. She was not frightened of success—for success never touches a real artist—but she was panicky before the unavoidable things that went with it.

I never read an article about Garbo, accusing her of posing by loving solitude, that I do not think of her confession to me in that fitting-room.

When the play "Once in a Lifetime" came to Los Angeles, Garbo and I decided to attend a matinee and planned our arrival for a few minutes after the rise of the curtain, so that no one would know she was in the house.

When we arrived at the theatre, the lobby was empty. The curtain had gone up, so we entered a darkened auditorium.

There were allusions to actors and actresses which amused everyone in the audience. There was one line in particular which mentioned Garbo. She was very amused and, for the moment, was just any unknown person laughing over a quip about a famous personage. She had succeeded in dissociating herself from the famous woman she could not help being. She was just about to laugh at what had been said on the stage, when she realized that every person in the house was aware that she was there.

They had all laughed at the mention of other actors' and actresses' names. They were now silent—all turning to stare at Garbo to see how she would react to this mention of her own name. I have never experienced such a dreadful moment. I knew how embarrassed and horrified she was. Her afternoon was spoiled, simply because people around refused to let her have one single moment of relaxation.

Between the acts, people walked up and down the aisles to stare at her. Maybe I would have done the same thing myself. Certainly there are two

sides to every question. Any famous person is public property. Some of them revel in the attention, some bear it and a few, like Garbo, resent it, fear it and cannot understand it.

In all the time she has lived in Hollywood, I'm sure not more than ten people have been invited to dine with her. She would tremble if she ever found herself being a hostess. But one evening she came to the shop just before closing time. Usually she drove in and dismissed her chauffeur so that she could walk back to Beverly Hills, a distance of some nine miles.

I put on an old rain coat and walked with her. By the time I arrived my feet felt as if they had been worn down to the ankles, but Garbo, who had walked twice as far, was still fresh and could have gone on tramping for hours. I sank exhausted on the divan and was delighted when I was offered something stronger than water. Then she asked me to stay and share pot-luck with her.

She had two Swedish servants at the time. Garbo spoke to the man in Swedish, apparently telling him that I would remain for dinner. He went white with consternation. A great argument ensued, but eventually a card table was brought in and placed before the fire. Then came an enormous tray with the most amazing collection of Swedish hors-d'oeuvres I have ever seen. With them were little hard-as-nails crackers, which reminded me of compo-board, on which we spread the various appetizers. Following this we had a huge bowl of spaghetti and a green salad. Coffee completed the meal. That was all.

I will never be convinced that Garbo is a happy woman. I doubt that she will ever be. She is so afraid of people that she will never be close to any one person for very long. She would like to travel, dream, live in quiet comfort and I hope some day she may. I am sure that success means nothing to her, that money is only something to insure a future free from worry. She is, to the few who know her, a woman with a delicious sense of humor, an intelligent person and one with a captivating personality. And with it all, she has youth and a rare fresh beauty. I must confess a great fondness and admiration for her.

Here's the signature of the gal with the sad, expressive hands. A strange, nervous, flighty and lovable individual is Zasu Pitts. I've known her often to come into the shop and say, "Show me some clothes." And before the mannequin had a chance to appear in the first dress, Miss Pitts would be wandering restlessly about the showrooms. She might have enough patience to look at two dresses. Then she would say, "But you know what I want, Harold," (she was always confusing me with Harold Grieve, the interior decorator and husband of Jetta Goudal) "don't bother to make the poor gals put the clothes on. Just show them to me."

The one thing I've always refused to do is to show a dress in the hand. It can look like a tired and dejected rag that way. Clothes, like pictures, need

(Continued on page 95)

"Why do my hands get
DRY and CHAPPED?"

Those
strong
suds you
use for dishes
dry out your hands . . .

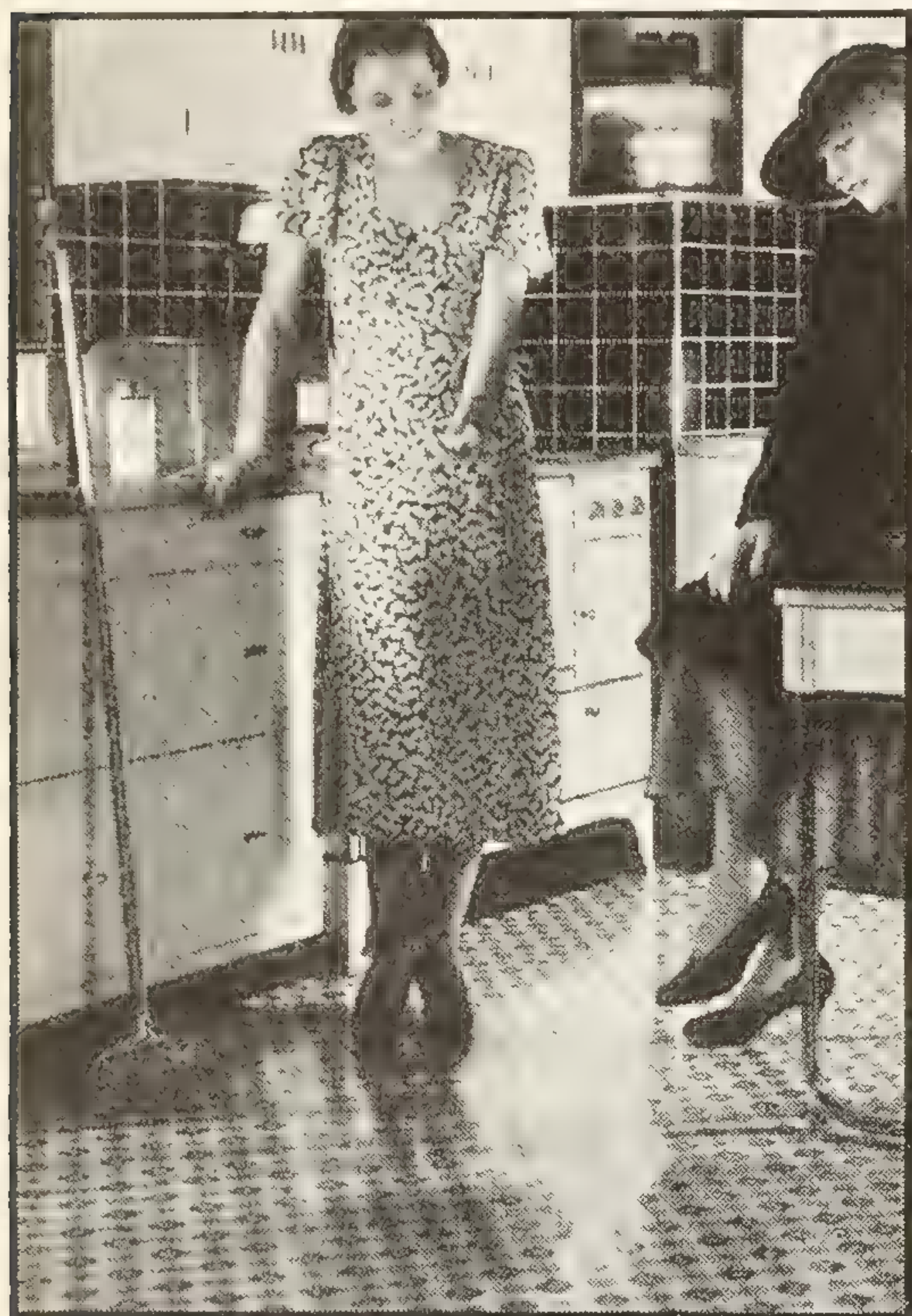
but when
you use Ivory
your hands get
Beauty Baths . . .

Use Ivory for your dishes (and all other soap and water tasks) for a week and watch your hands get smoother and softer. Though Ivory is pure enough for a baby's skin, it is economical to use even for housework . . . 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure.

IVORY SOAP
prevents "Housework Hands"

SEE HOW EASY..

it is to have gleaming floors
with only 10 minutes' work

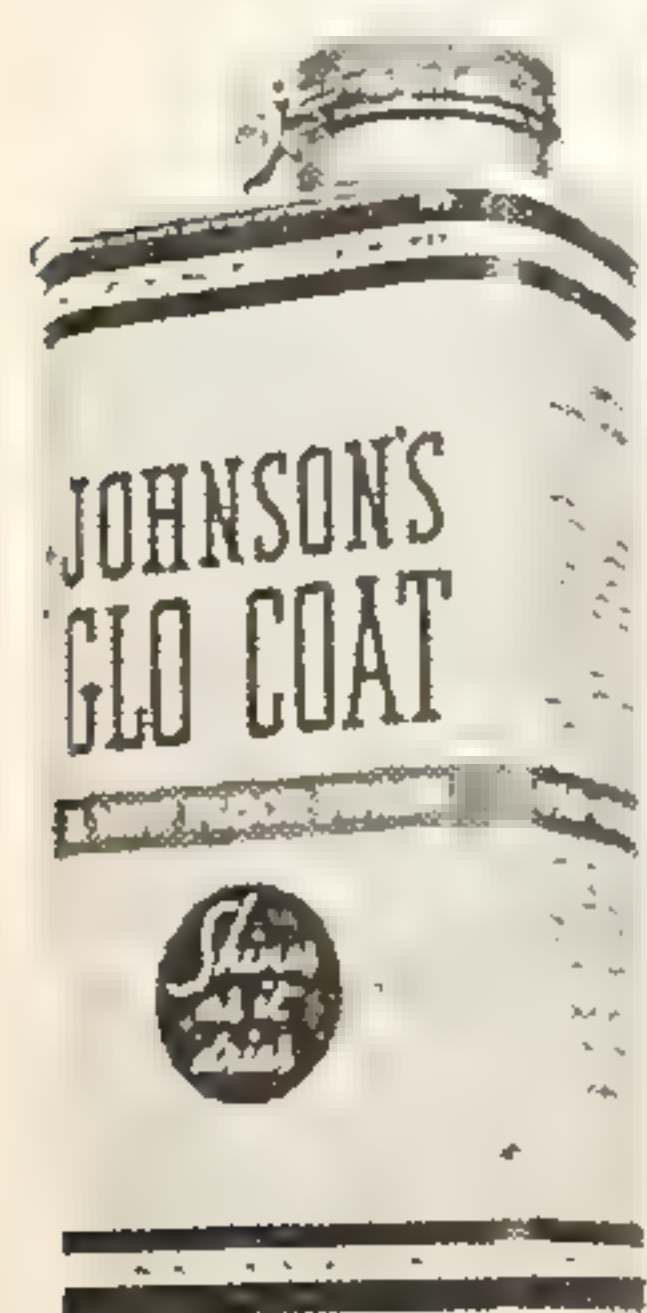


NO RUBBING! NO POLISHING!

● Glo-Coat will change your dull, lifeless floors to beautiful, shining floors right before your eyes. All you do is wipe it over the floor with a cloth or mop, or best of all, the regular Glo-Coat applicator. Dries in 20 minutes or less and shines as it dries without buffing or polishing. Modern women everywhere are adopting this new labor-saving method for keeping linoleum, rubber tile, varnished and painted wood floors in perfect condition.

● Buy a 10c trial size of Glo-Coat from your 10 cent store. If they haven't it, send in coupon below.

BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX



GLO-COAT

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. MS12
Racine, Wisconsin. Enclosed is 10c. Please
send me generous trial can of your new
easy-to-use floor polish, Glo-Coat.

Name _____

Address _____

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Let's Talk About Hollywood

HERE'S SOME MORE CHATTER FROM FILM TOWN

CHECKING up on our stork news, we find that the Johnny Mack Browns have a new baby boy. He weighed seven pounds and five ounces when born—and naturally papa Brown hopes he'll be a football player.

Dorothy Jordan (Mrs. Meriam C. Cooper) is expecting a blessed event sometime next year.

Joan Bennett (Mrs. Gene Markey) will not make another picture until after the heir arrives—also sometime early next year.

Jimmy Cagney and his brother Bill look so much alike that even their mother has a hard time telling them apart sometimes. The other eve Hollywood gossipers thought they had a real scoop! Jimmy Cagney, devoted husband was sighted dining with another gal! Buzz, buzz—the tongues wagged merrily. Suddenly the girl looked up. It was Boots Mallory—so, of course, the gentleman turned out to be her husband, Mr. BILL Cagney.

On another occasion the marked similarity proved to be very lucrative to Bill. He was spending the day visiting over at the Warner lot—Jimmy's hang-out—when a stranger approached him and handed over a ten dollar bill. "That," he said, "is the ten you gave me in New York about a year ago. Thanks for the loan, Jim!"

ALTHOUGH Lola Lane has switched her affections from Lyle Talbot to Al Hall, Lew Ayres remains true to his one love, Ginger Rogers. . . . Frances Dee and Joel McCrea are definitely engaged, with wedding bells "just around the corner"—but they won't talk about it. . . . Dolores Del Rio loves to putter around in her vegetable garden. . . . Jack Holt is planning a South American vacation via tramp steamer. . . . As soon as she finished "Only Yesterday," Margaret Sullavan dashed back to New York to see her sweetie, Jed Harris. . . . Dorothy Wilson finally gets that role in "Eight Girls in a Boat" after two girls did a fade-out. . . . Pola Negri has intimated that she will marry Harold McCormich, sixty-year-old Chicago millionaire. . . . And don't be surprised if Mae Murray and her Prince kiss and make up.

Andy Devine has a new sweetie—but no one seems to be able to find out what her name is. When the question is put to Andy, he hedges with: "She's DEVINE now . . . and will be DEVINE later!"

EVERYONE seems quite pleased with Paramount's choice of "Alice" for "Alice in Wonderland," the film that should be different, to say the least. Out of 7,000 applicants, little Charlotte

Henry, virtually unknown, won the coveted role. Charlotte is just seventeen—small and dainty with long blonde hair (natural) and large wistful blue eyes, and has a sweetness and innocence that is really delightful. When asked if she thought she would be successful in pictures, she replied naively, "I'm afraid not. I'm not sophisticated enough and don't believe I could be."

WE had our suspicions when Bob Armstrong started building that luxurious hacienda out in Cold Water Canyon. Figured there must be a woman in the case. But after seeing the place, we've decided Bob plans to remain a bachelor for some little time yet. The house—a typical Mexican hacienda, is strictly masculine. There's not a feminine thing about the whole place.

Wonder if Ken Murray suffers any pangs of jealousy when his fiancée, Sue Carol, plays heavy love scenes with her ex-husband, Nick Stuart? The love scenes take place in "Ladies of the Follies," the first picture Sue and Nick have made for a long time.

A DECIDED change has come over William Powell since he became a bachelor again. Long regarded as one of Hollywood's best-dressed men, Bill has until recently upheld this title with due dignity. But lately, he has been striking out for more freedom and comfort. He now goes around attired in ducks, sweat shirt and beret.

AFTER that dramatic and very unexpected midnight visit from her husband, Stephen Ames, Adrienne didn't waste any time about setting out for Reno to become a free woman. Of course, we knew all along she'd get a divorce . . . they always do when they announce an "amicable separation." Adrienne said, just before boarding the train, that Ames had made a *very generous* property settlement upon her.

In the meantime, Bruce Cabot is going around with a very forlorn look upon his face. Evidently the separation is hard on him.

Alice White bought herself a spiffy all-white Ford coupé. The day it was delivered, she hopped in and drove proudly down Hollywood Boulevard. She was delighted to notice all the attention it attracted—in fact, people actually stopped and stared. It wasn't until she got home that she found out why. On the back of the car, in bold black letters, someone had written: "Come up and see me sometime!"

IT looks like a romance springing up between Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper. Ditto for William Powell and

the Countess Frasso. It was amusing to find Carole and Gary at a table together at a popular nite-club recently—with Bill and the Countess seated just two tables away from them and Lupe Velez and her Johnny just across from Carole and Gary. Looked like Old Home Week!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT will have no scar to exhibit when her friends start talking about their operations. Although she recently had an appendicitis operation, it happens that through some new scientific discovery, there is no trace of a scar. This is a life-saver to Claudette, who is preparing to play "Cleopatra" before long. Another thing: she has to stay out of the sun. Cleopatra can't afford to have any bathing-suit stencil work embroidered on her back and chest!

A little blonde went into a Hollywood restaurant for a bite.

"Have you any wild duck?" she asked.

"No," replied the waiter, "but we can take a tame one and irritate it for you."

LEAVE it to Lupe to think of this. She has a recording machine installed in her home that records her voice on wax records when she speaks into it. Before going into a picture, she spends hours practicing her lines before this machine. She plays the records over several times, picks out her weak points, and then starts rehearsing all-over again. Her dialogue is pretty near perfect by the time she checks in on the set.

NO doubt there will be many broken hearts when Fifi D'Orsay marries her handsome young doctor, Maurice Hill. The snappy Fifi has been reported engaged several times, but this time she is really serious about getting married. The ceremony is to take place as soon as she finishes her work in Marion Davies' picture, "Going Hollywood." Hill, incidentally, is very good looking, so much so that he once won a contest as the handsomest college student in the Middle West!

PARAMOUNT officials were evidently convinced that Sylvia Sidney really was a very sick girl when she walked out of their picture, "The Way to Love"—or else they're smart enough to realize that Sylvia means plenty of do-roy for them at the box office. Anyway, whatever the reason, they have forgiven if not forgotten. She will have the lead in their "Reunion." Her only punishment is that she will receive no check for the period she was away from the studio.

Joe E. Brown says his life, as a comedian, is full of bumps. In "Son of the Gods," he had to make a parachute jump. According to plan, he was to land safely into a blanket held out by a dozen or more men. However, though Joe landed in the blanket, it was a bit too close to the ground!

P. S.—Joe stood up the rest of the day, including meal-time.

"It's my pet 3 in 1 Costume thanks to **IVORY FLAKES** *"*



Fashions by B. Altman & Company, New York

"To make my 3 in 1 masterpiece, I went in for black with white variations. First, I bought the love of a two-piece frock (center) with the collars and cuffs of white ribbed silk that are Ivory-washable. Now notice to what smart work I've put the skirt! With a lacy white Shetland wool sweater (left) I have my second jaunty set-up. With the suave blouse of white silk Bedford cord (right) I have a third costume that's grand for tea dates. Both sweater and blouse wash beautifully with pure Ivory Flakes."

When you're planning your fall clothes, see how many you can buy that are Ivory-washable. Their upkeep will be next to nil, thanks to the low cost of pure Ivory. And your clothes will keep that sparkling freshness—that counts, oh, how it counts!

Salesgirls will be glad to advise you. They'll perk up with interest when you ask, "Will this wash with Ivory?" For they'll know that the silk, the wool or the color that won't be refreshed by gentle, pure Ivory just won't satisfy you.

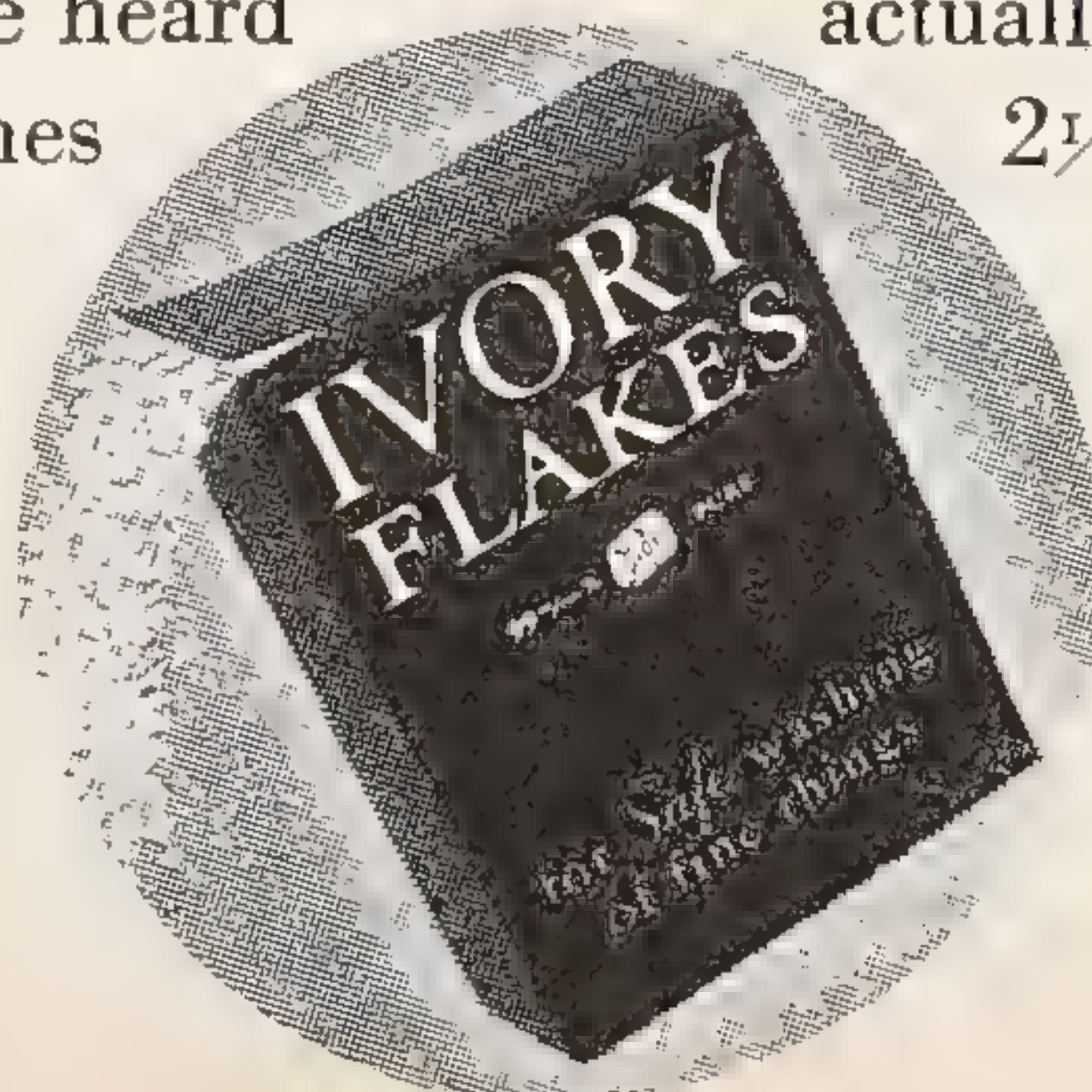
These salespeople have heard sad stories about clothes that weren't washed

with Ivory—they know about those flat flakes that stick so easily to crepey weaves and knitted fabrics—causing ruinous soap spots.

But Ivory Flakes aren't flat flakes. They are snowy little curls of Ivory Soap. They're made for girls who can't wait a minute for suds. They curl and melt up into suds instantly in lukewarm water.

Do "baby" your nice things with Ivory Flakes. Don't trust luck, depend upon Ivory's purity. It won't even cost you more to use Ivory Flakes... it actually costs less! And there's 2½ ounces more soap in that fat Ivory Flakes box!

CURLY...
QUICK-DISSOLVING



99 1/2% PURE

What a difference!

what a truly amazing difference
Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids do make



Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline eye beauty aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet, and Green.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Grower before retiring.

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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

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EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

What a Trio!

(Continued from page 25)

wanted to run away, but before he could turn, Ruby had dashed over to Al and brought him to Dick.

The two shook hands. Somebody called Ruby away and Dick and Al stood there looking at each other.

Al said, "I watched that scene."

Dick just grinned and felt silly.

"It was great," said Al, "and I want to tell you something. You're great for Ruby. You see, she's a funny kid. She's all tied up inside with nervousness. She doesn't think she can act and it's hard for her to unbend, particularly with strangers."

Dick sighed with relief. This was Al Jolson, the showman, talking now. And Dick knew that he meant every word.

"Well, it's great making love to your wife," Dick said. "And you're swell about it."

"Listen," said Al. "I want the kid to make a good picture."

From then on Dick Powell knew that Al Jolson was his friend.

Dick and Ruby made "Golddiggers of 1933" together. Al was in New York and by this time Ruby and Dick had become great friends. They were working on the picture when Al first broadcast and Ruby asked Dick if she might listen in over his radio, for Dick's house is just a couple of blocks from the studio. Ruby brought her sister along and the two sat with their ears glued to the radio.

As Dick watched her sitting there, he realized just how great is her love for Al, for when he spoke her eyes filled with tears and her little hands reached out as if she would carress the cold instrument that brought her her sweetheart's voice.

"You think he's a great guy, don't you?" Dick asked.

Ruby could not even answer.

But in New York, Al was working for Dick as well as broadcasting. In Warners' New York office, Al was going over the publicity campaign for "Golddiggers," and if it had been his own picture he could not have taken more interest in it. But it was not only for Ruby that he wanted publicity. It was for Dick, too. He insisted that Dick should be given credit right along with Ruby, and wherever he was he told what a fine team those two made.

WHEN Al returned to Hollywood and Ruby's third picture was planned, Dick became ill. In the hospital he lay in bed not caring whether he played in a picture or not. He only hoped that he would live.

When the studio realized how long it would take the boy to recover, they cast another player, Stanley Smith, opposite Ruby.

When Al heard about it he went to the office of the biggest executive.

"You're crazy," he told them, "Dick is the only one for Ruby. He understands

her. He knows what she needs. He's a fine showman. They're a real team."

But the executive explained that the release date of the new picture was already set and that it was costly to hold up production.

And then an amazing thing happened. Studio executives suddenly realized, after a week's work, that together the new team didn't click. The studio saw what Al had known all along—that Ruby needed Dick.

So they took Smith out and began testing other leading men for the role.

Here it was that Al leapt in, hammer and tongs. "You've got to wait now!" he said. "You've got to wait for Powell to get well. You put another lad in because you didn't want to hold up production, but production has already been held up. Don't make another mistake. Wait for Dick."

And at last the force of Jolson's personality won, and they said they would wait for Powell.

BUT curiously enough these three—Ruby, Dick and Al—whose lives are so tangled, see comparatively little of each other after working hours. Dick, because he takes Mary Brian and other members of the younger set around to parties and dances, and the Jolsons lead the quiet, simple life they always have.

The point is that when Al fights Dick's battles, when he insists that he have a part, when he carefully goes over publicity campaigns, he is really fighting for Ruby.

He is showman enough to know that Ruby Keeler, sensational as she is on the screen, lacks the quality of glamor. Lacking this, she must have something else to take its place. The buoyant, wholesome quality that Dick Powell has is just what Ruby's screen career needs.

Ruby and Dick are great friends on the set.

One day, Ruby showed Dick a new diamond and emerald bracelet that Al had given her.

"It's okay," said Dick. "It's a pretty little bauble. Too bad it isn't real. Al told me about slipping one over on you and putting paste stones in it."

"Why, Dick," Ruby answered, "you don't really think. . . ."

And then she looked up and saw them all laughing.

But sometimes Ruby does a little kidding herself.

Not long ago Dick was making personal appearances in the east. As master of ceremonies, he was playing at Jamaica, Long Island. In the front row was a girl who kept waving at him, but Dick thought she was just a little fan and was afraid to pay any attention to her, lest she break up his act.

Just as his act was finished she called out, "Oh, sing something from your latest picture, Mr. Powell." And then he looked down and discovered Ruby Keeler.

Al encourages this kidding. He knows that when Ruby is kept laughing, she has no time for self-consciousness, and that is the bugaboo she has to fight constantly. Dick knows it, too. That's why they make such a grand team.

PARALYZED PORES

TRUE CAUSE OF
DRY OR OILY SKIN
ENLARGED PORES
AND BLACKHEADS

HER PORES SAY
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HELP! GIVE ME AIR!
I'M SUFFOCATING!

MAKE THIS TELLING TEST!

RUB YOUR finger tips over your face. Press firmly. Give particular attention to your chin, forehead, around your mouth, and the little crevices beside your nose. Now! Is your skin absolutely smooth? Or do you feel tiny bumps and rough patches? If you do, you have Paralyzed Pores.

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When you massage a heavy, waxy cold cream into your pores you fill them with a sticky mixture of grease and dirt. The mixture hardens in the pores—plugs them up—paralyzes them. Then the skin, unable to breathe, becomes dry, coarse and muddy. The clogged pores become enlarged. Blackheads and heart-breaking blemishes appear.

How to Correct Paralyzed Pores. For Complete Results Just This One Cream is Necessary

The way to banish paralyzed pores is to use a cleansing method that is founded on a scientific knowledge of the skin and its requirements. Such a method is supplied in Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

FIRST: This new cream melts the instant it touches the skin. It penetrates the pores to the bottom without enlarging them, dissolves the waxy accumulations and floats them to the surface where they are easily wiped off.

SECOND: It makes the pores so clean that fresh air rushes in and stimulates your tired skin. Thoroughly cleansed and revived, the pores naturally resume their normal size. Thus this cream corrects enlarged pores. No astringents are necessary.

THIRD: Lady Esther Cream resupplies the skin with a fine oil. That's why it

banishes dryness and the withered look of age. You can forget about your skin foods.

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Mail coupon below to me, and by return mail I will send you a proof tube of my famous Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Use this tube as I direct. Then look in your mirror—you'll see an amazing difference. Your face will be softer and smoother than ever before. Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

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Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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Treat COLDS in the First Stage!

Colds go thru 3 Stages and they're far Easier Relieved in the First than in the Second or Third!...

IT PAYS to know something about colds! They are a great cause of prolonged sickness and financial loss.

A cold ordinarily progresses through three stages. The first—the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second—the Watery Secretion stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third—the Mucous Secretion stage. The time to "nail" a cold is in the first or Dry stage. It is twice as easily relieved then.

The Wise Measure

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and may be freely taken with perfect safety. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world.

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Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine now comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. It pays to buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Look for an ulterior motive when a substitute is offered.

**A Cold is an
Internal Infection
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Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

- ANGEL, HEATHER:** Unmarried. Born in Oxford, England, February 9. Fox player. Featured in "Pilgrimage," "Berkeley Square," "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case."
- ARLEN, RICHARD:** Married to Jobyna Ralston. Born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "College Humor," "Three Corners Moon," "Golden Harvest." Working in "Captain Jericho." Next is "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."
- ARLIS, GEORGE:** Married to Florence Montgomery. Born in London, England, April 10. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "The Working Man," "Voltaire," Warners.
- ARMSTRONG, ROBERT:** Divorced from Jeanne Kent. Born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. RKO player. Featured in "I Love That Man," Paramount; "Blind Adventure," "Above the Clouds," Columbia.
- ASTHER, NILS:** Divorced from Vivian Duncan. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Night Flight," "Storm at Daybreak." Working in "Beautiful" and "Behold We Live," RKO.
- ATWILL, LIONEL:** Married. Born in Croydon, England, March 1. Universal player. Featured in "The Sphinx," Monogram; "Secret of the Blue Room," "Solitaire Man," M-G-M.
- AYRES, LEW:** Divorced from Lola Lane. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Fox star. Starred in "State Fair," "Don't Bet on Love," Universal; "My Weakness."
- BARRYMORE, JOHN:** Married to Dolores Costello. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M and RKO star. Starred in "Reunion in Vienna," "Dinner at Eight," "Night Flight," M-G-M. Next is "Cyrano de Bergerac," RKO and "Counsellor at Law," Universal.
- BARRYMORE, LIONEL:** Married to Irene Fenwick. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M and RKO star. Starred in "Dinner at Eight," "Stranger's Return," M-G-M; "One Man's Journey," RKO; "The Late Christopher Bean," M-G-M. Next is "The Vinegar Tree," M-G-M.
- BARTHELMESS, RICHARD:** Married to Jessica Sergeant. Born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Central Airport," "Heroes for Sale." Next is "Massacre."
- BAXTER, WARNER:** Married to Winifred Bryson. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "I Loved You Wednesday," "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," "Penthouse," M-G-M. Working in "As Husbands Go."
- BEERY, WALLACE:** Married to Rita Gilman. Born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Dinner at Eight," "Tugboat Annie," "The Bowery," 20th Cent. Next is "Soviet."
- BELLAMY, RALPH:** Married to Catherine Willard. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Flying Devils," "Blind Adventure," RKO; "Ever in My Heart," Warner Bros.
- BENNETT, CONSTANCE:** Married to the Marquis de la Falaise. Born in New York City, October 22. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "Our Betters," "Bed of Roses," RKO. Working in "The Woman Spy." Next is "Moulin Rouge."
- BENNETT, JOAN:** Married to Gene Markey. Born in Palisades, N. Y., February 27. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "From Arizona to Broadway," Fox; "Little Women," RKO.
- BICKFORD, CHARLES:** Married. Born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Song of the Eagle," "This Day and Age," Paramount. Working in "White Woman," Paramount.
- BLONDELL, JOAN:** Married to George Barnes. Born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Goodbye Again," "Footlight Parade," "Havana Widows." Next is "Convention City."
- BOLES, JOHN:** Married to Marcellite Dobbis. Born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray," "Only Yesterday," Universal.
- BOW, CLARA:** Married to Rex Bell. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage." Working in "Hoopla."
- BOYD, BILL:** Married to Dorothy Sebastian. Born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. RKO player. Featured in "Lucky Devils," "Emergency Call," "Flaming Gold."
- BRADY, ALICE:** Divorced. Born in New York City, November 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "When Ladies Meet," "Show World," "Stage Mother." Next is "The Vinegar Tree."
- BRENDEL, EL:** Married to Flo Bert. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray," "The Last Trail."
- BRENT, GEORGE:** Married to Ruth Chatterton. Born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Baby Face," "Lilly Turner," "Female." Working in "From Headquarters."
- BRIAN, MARY:** Unmarried. Born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "The Song of the Eagle," Paramount; "Moonlight and Pretzels," Universal.
- BROOK, CLIVE:** Married to Faith Evelyn. Born in London, England, June 1. RKO player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox; "Midnight Club," Paramount. Working in "Behold We Live."
- BROWN, JOE E.:** Married to Kathryn McGraw. Born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "Elmer the Great," "How to Break Ninety." Working in "Son of the Gobs." Next is "The Crowned Head."
- BROWN, TOM:** Unmarried. Born in New York City, January 6. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Central Airport," Warner Bros; "Hell's Highway," Universal; "Three Corners Moon," Paramount.
- BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES:** Married to Ethel Sutherland. Born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. M-G-M player. Featured in "Penthouse," "The Hollywood Party." Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle."
- CABOT, BRUCE:** Unmarried. Born in New Mexico, April 20. RKO player. Featured in "Bird of Prey," "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," "Ann Vickers." Next is "Hide in the Dark."
- CAGNEY, JAMES:** Married to Frances Vernon. Born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Picture Snatcher," "The Mayor of Hell," "Footlight Parade." Working in "The Finger Man."
- CANTOR, EDDIE:** Married to Ida Tobias. Born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "The Kid From Spain." Working in "Roman Scandals."
- CARRILLO, LEO:** Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Exile Express," "Moonlight and Pretzels," Universal. Working in "Four Frightened People," Paramount.
- CARROLL, NANCY:** Married to Francis Bolton Malloy. Born in New York City, November 19. Paramount star. Starred in "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal; "I Love That Man."
- CHAPLIN, CHARLES:** Divorced from Lita Gray. Born in London, England, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights."
- CHATTERTON, RUTH:** Married to George Brent. Born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Frisco Jenny," "Lilly Turner," "Female." Next is "Mandalay."
- CHEVALIER, MAURICE:** Divorced from Yvonne Vallee. Born in Paris, France, September 22. M-G-M star. Starred in "A Bedtime Story," "The Way to Love," Paramount. Next is "The Merry Widow."
- CLARKE, MAE:** Divorced from Lew Perry. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Turn Back the Clock," "Penthouse." Working in "The Finger Man," Warner Bros.
- COLBERT, CLAUDETTE:** Married to Norman Foster. Born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "I Cover the Waterfront," "United Artists," "Three Corners Moon," "Torch Singer." Working in "Four Frightened People."
- COLLINS, CORA SUE:** Child actress. Born in Beckley, W. Va., April 19. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Jennie Gerhardt," "Torch Singer," Paramount.
- COLMAN, RONALD:** Divorced from Thelma Ray. Born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Cynara," "The Masquerader."
- COOK, DONALD:** Divorced. Born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Columbia player. Featured in "Jenny Gerhardt," Paramount; "Brief Moment." Working in "The World Changes," Warner Bros.
- COOPER, GARY:** Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Starred in "Today We Live," M-G-M; "One Sunday Afternoon." Working in "Design for Living." Next is "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."
- COOPER, JACKIE:** Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Show World," "The Bowery," 20th Cent. Working in "One Cowboy," Paramount.
- CORTEZ, RICARDO:** Widower of Alma Rubens. Born in New York City, July 7. Paramount star. Starred

in "Midnight Mary," M-G-M; "Bix Executive," "Torch Singer," "The House on 56th Street," Warner Bros. Working in "The Shakedown," Warner Bros.

CRABBE, BUSTER: Married to Virginia Held. Born in Oakland, Calif., February 7. Paramount player. Featured in "Tarzan the Fearless," Sol Lesser; "To the Last Man." Next is "Search for Beauty."

CRAWFORD, JOAN: Divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Today We Live," "Hollywood Party." Working in "Dancing Lady." Next is "Always Tomorrow" and "Merry Widow."

CROMWELL, RICHARD: Unmarried. Born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "This Day and Age," Paramount; "Above the Clouds." Working in "Hoopla," Fox.

CROSBY, BING: Married to Dixie Lee. Born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Paramount player. Featured in "College Humor," "Just An Echo," "Too Much Harmony." Working in "Going Hollywood," M-G-M.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: Married to Benn W. Levy. Born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Twentieth Century player. Featured in "The Mind Reader," Warner Bros. Working in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," 20th Cent.

DANIELS, BEBE: Married to Ben Lyon. Born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Forty-Second Street," "Cocktail Hour," Columbia. Next is "Counsellor at Law," Universal.

DAVIES, MARION: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Peg O' My Heart." Working in "Going Hollywood." Next is "Operator 13."

DAVIS, BETTE: Married to Harmon O. Nelson. Born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Ex-Lady," "The Working Man," "Bureau of Missing Persons." Working in "The Shakedown."

DEE, FRANCES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 26. RKO player. Featured in "One Man's Journey," "Little Women." Working in "Blood Money," 20th Cent. Next are "Rodney" and "Success Story."

DEL RIO, DOLORES: Married to Cedric Gibbons. Born in Mexico City, August 3. RKO star. Starred in "Bird of Paradise." Working in "Flying Down to Rio."

DEVINE, ANDY: Unmarried. Born in Flagstaff, Ariz., October 6. Universal player. Featured in "Disgraced," Paramount; "Doctor Bull," "A Chance at Heaven," Fox. Working in "Tin Pants."

DIETRICH, MARLENE: Married to Rudolph Seiber. Born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Song of Songs." Next is "Her Regiment of Lovers."

DIX, RICHARD: Separated from Winifred Coe. Born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. RKO star. Starred in "The Great Jasper," "No Marriage Ties," "Bird of Prey." Next is "Forever Faithful," M-G-M.

DRESSLER, MARIE: Unmarried. Born in Colburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Dinner at Eight," "Tugboat Annie," "Hollywood Party," "The Late Christopher Bean." Next is "Living in a Big Way."

DUNN, JAMES: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "The Girl in 419," Paramount; "From Arizona to Broadway." Working in "Take a Chance," Paramount.

DUNNE, IRENE: Married to Dr. E. F. Griffin. Born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. RKO star. Starred in "The Silver Cord," "Ann Vickers." Working in "Behold We Live." Next is "My Gal Sal."

DURANTE, JIMMIE: Married. Born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hell Below," "Show World," "A Hollywood Party," "What a Liar." Working in "Meet the Baron."

DVORAK, ANN: Married to Leslie Fenton. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Way to Love," Paramount. Working in "College Coach."

EILERS, SALLY: Married to Harry Joe Brown. Born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Made On Broadway," M-G-M. Working in "Walls of Gold."

ELLIS, PATRICIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, May 20. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Picture Snatcher," "Narrow Corner," "The World Changes." Next is "Broadway and Back."

ERWIN, STUART: Married to June Collyer. Born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hold Your Man," "Stranger's Return," "What a Liar." Working in "Going Hollywood," M-G-M, and "Broadway Through a Keyhole," 20th Cent.

EVANS, MADGE: Unmarried. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Dinner at Eight," "Show World," "Beauty for Sale." Next is "Forever Faithful."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR: Divorced from Joan Crawford. Born in New York City, December 9. Free lance. Starred in "Narrow Corner," "Captured," Warner Bros.; "Morning Glory," RKO.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR: Separated from Mary Pickford. Born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe."

FARRELL, CHARLES: Married to Virginia Valli. Born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," RKO. Working in "The Shakedown," Warner Bros.

FARRELL, GLENDA: Divorced. Born in Enid, Oklahoma. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Lady For a Day," Columbia; "Bureau of Missing Persons," "Havana Widows," "A Man's Castle," Columbia. Working in "The Shakedown" and "Dark Hazard."

FORD, WALLACE: Married to Martha Halworth. Born in England. M-G-M player. Featured in "Goodbye Again," Warner Bros.; "Three Corners Moon," Paramount; "My Woman," Columbia. Working in "The Lost Patrol," RKO and "East of 5th Avenue," Columbia.

FOSTER, NORMAN: Married to Claudette Colbert. Born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Fox player. Featured in "Pilgrimage," "Professional Sweetheart," "Rafter Romance," RKO. Working in "Walls of Gold."

FOSTER, PRESTON: Married. Born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. Write him at Fox. Free lance.

(Continued on page 113)



This Little Twin used Tooth Paste "D." Stains remain, lustre dull, inflammation only slightly improved.

But this Little Twin used Pebecco. . . . Got whiter teeth, brilliant lustre, firmer and harder gums.

Twins, Muriel and Charlotte Denenfeld, age 18, residing at 615 West 164th Street, New York

Twins test six leading Tooth Pastes

PEBECO PROVES BEST

"Why not test Pebecco against the five other leading tooth pastes on twins?" we said.

"Fine!" said Dr. David B. Freundlich, leading dental authority of New York. "Twins provide the most impartial possible testing ground for tooth paste merit. Same environment. Same heredity. Hence their tooth and mouth structure is apt to be alike."

So that's what he did. Tested Pebecco and the five other leading nationally advertised tooth pastes on twins—for thirty days. One twin in each pair used Pebecco twice daily. The other used tooth paste A, B, C, D or E, (well-known brands).

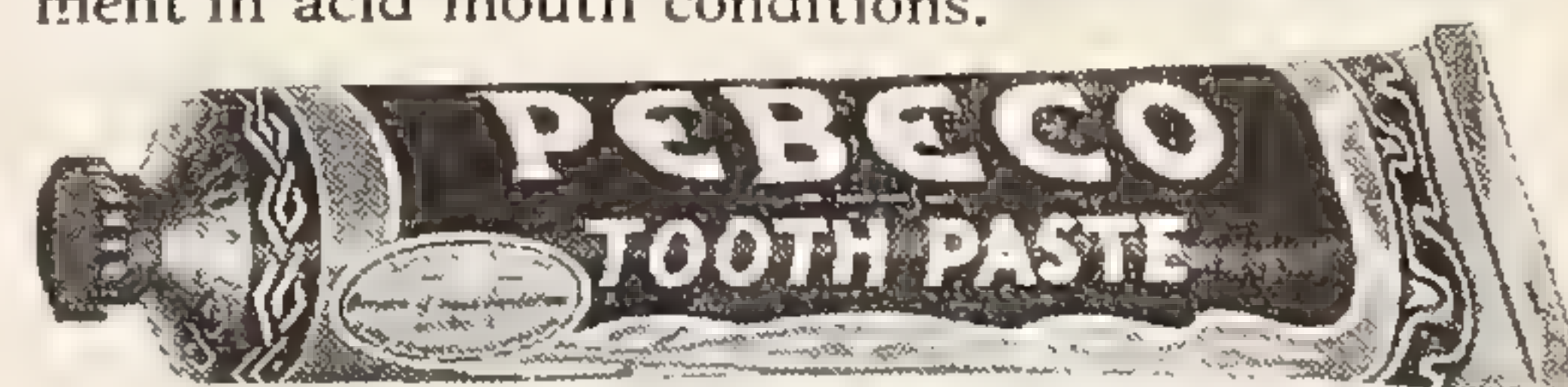
Read at the right what Pebecco did in comparison with the five other tooth pastes!

Pebecco was more than twice as effective because of its basic ingredient, Potassium Chlorate. This substance is an active agent in assisting nature to correct acid mouth, helping to check mouth acids which cause tooth decay. It stimulates the flow of saliva, nature's own process for keeping the teeth sound, gums and mouth vigorous and healthy.

You can prove it, too. Try Pebecco—10-cent or 50-cent size—in your own mouth. You will feel it working for the good of your mouth and gums. And just see what it does for your teeth! Buy a tube of Pebecco today!

On These Five Vital Points Pebecco Wins!

- 1. WHITENESS . . .** Pebecco whitened the teeth in 98% of the cases—the five other tooth pastes in only 56%, proving Pebecco's superiority in cleaning and removing stains and discoloration.
- 2. LUSTRE . . .** Pebecco improved the lustre in 94% of the cases—the others in only 40%. Pebecco, in no case, made the slightest scratch upon the enamel.
- 3. FILM . . .** Pebecco removed mucin plaques (film) from teeth of 88% of the users—others from only 32%.
- 4. GUMS . . .** Pebecco checked inflammation and bleeding, toned and hardened the gums of 97% of the users, other tooth pastes of only 57%.
- 5. ACID MOUTH . . .** Pebecco alone—of all the well-known tooth pastes tested—actually assisted in stimulating the natural flow of helpful saliva which combats the acids that start decay. Other tooth pastes brought only slight or temporary improvement in acid mouth conditions.



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Why Twins and What They Proved

I chose groups of twins because their mouth conditions are apt to be identical. One twin used Pebecco twice daily for 30 days. The other, tooth paste A, B, C, D or E—one of the five other leading brands. I examined each pair weekly. At the end of 30 days, I submitted my reports, and the statements in this advertisement are in accordance with the facts. For professional information on these tests, write me at 101 Central Park West, New York.

(Signed) DAVID B. FREUNDLICH, D.D.S.

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DIRECTORY of PICTURES

● RECOMMENDED.

● ● SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.



SISTERS?
it's her Mother!

THEY'RE great friends, these two—doing everything, going everywhere together. People think they're sisters—for mother has wisely safeguarded her youth. She has never let gray hair set her apart from her daughter—make her a member of the "older generation."

Today there's no need to tolerate gray hair, that makes you old and faded before your time. Notox, the new scientific hair coloring protects you from dreaded Heartbreak Age. Notox is undetectable—totally different from those antiquated "hair dyes" that were rightly considered objectionable.

Instead of crusting the hair with a surface plate of dye, Notox gently penetrates the hair and colors it inside the shaft where nature colors hair. Your hair remains beautifully soft, fine and lustrous. Wash it, wave it, expose it to the sun all you like—Notox hair retains its natural, even shade as permanently as nature's own color!

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. *Resent a substitute*—a like product does not exist. Buy it at smart shops everywhere.

● ● Send for free copy of the Inecto Rapid Notox Beauty Analysis. We will give you, too, the address of a conveniently located beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Dept. 86, Sales Affiliates, Inc., 33 W. 46th St., New York.

Inecto Rapid
NOTOX

Colors hair inside
where nature does

● **ANOTHER LANGUAGE** (M-G-M)—How a domineering mother can almost wreck a marriage, a husband and a wife. The late Louise Closser Hale is the mother. Robert Montgomery is somewhat miscast as the husband. Helen Hayes is superb as the wife. See it—youngsters under 16 won't care for it.

● **BEAUTY FOR SALE** (M-G-M)—Faith Baldwin's novel transferred to the screen. The action centers around a beauty parlor. Madge Evans, Alice Brady and Otto Kruger are the principals. They are good and so is the large supporting cast. Good—not much in it for young children.

● **BED OF ROSES** (RKO)—Connie Bennett stops being grand and plays a tough little alley-cat. And she's superb! However, Perk Kelton almost steals the show from her at that. Don't miss it—but send the tots to a Western.

● **BERKELEY SQUARE** (Fox)—A highly imaginative kind of love story. Leslie Howard, who gives a beautifully sensitive performance, finds himself transferred to the 18th century. He falls in love with an 18th century lady—Heather Angel. Excellent and different—but children under sixteen wouldn't understand it.

● **THE BEST OF ENEMIES** (Fox)—Hilarious beer comedy. Frank Morgan, Joe Cawthorne, Buddy Rogers, Marian Nixon and Greta Nissen. Take the kids along.

● **BITTER SWEET** (United Artists)—Weak romance. All about a wealthy and beautiful English girl who elopes with her music teacher. Not a rave—and of no interest for children.

● **THE BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS** (Warners)—An unusual police story, dealing with one of the law's departments about which little is known. Bette Davis, Pat O'Brien, Lewis Stone and Glenda Farrell are in it. Interesting and frequently exciting—a bit too advanced for very young children.

● **CAPTURED** (Warners)—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Paul Lukas and Margaret Lindsay in a gripping war story. Most of the action centers around life in a German prison camp. Good—too heavy for young children.

● **THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER** (Columbia)—Murder mystery under the big top. All right of its kind—not for children under 16.

● **THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS IN TROUBLE** (Universal)—Another of the familiar series of Charlie Murray and George Sidney. Okay if you like Murray and Sidney—the kids will enjoy it.

● **COLLEGE HUMOR** (Paramount)—Lots of laughs taking place on a college campus. Bing Crosby furnishes the crooning. Dick Arlen, Jack Oakie and Mary Carlisle are in it too. Good—children will like it, too.

● **THE DEVIL'S IN LOVE** (Fox)—Love triangle in the Foreign Legion. Victor Jory, David Manners and Loretta Young. Rather slow and the story is a little too familiar, though the principals are good. Only fair—nothing in it for children.

● **DINNER AT EIGHT** (M-G-M)—A fashionable hostess plans a dinner party. And we see what happens to her guests, before the party and during it. Many stories woven into one—and superbly presented by a cast which has been enumerated so many times that you must know it by heart. Well, there are John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Billie Burke, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Madge Evans and at least six other famous names that we can think of off hand. Excellent—but too advanced for young children.

● **DON'T BET ON LOVE** (Universal)—Horse-racing and romance. Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers. Only fair—and dull for youngsters.

● **DOUBLE HARNESS** (RKO)—Ann Harding—a very nice, well brought up girl—decides that marriage is a woman's business and so why shouldn't a woman be as unsentimental about it as men are about their businesses? The only trouble is that she makes the mistake of falling in love with her "business associate." William Powell. Sophisticated, adult entertainment—not for young children.

● **DOCTOR BULL** (Fox)—Will Rogers as an old-fashioned and much criticized doctor in a gossip Connecticut gown. His outspoken manner and disregard of mean little conventions get him into trouble—but he wins out in the end. A bit slow—children may enjoy parts of it.

● **THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK** (Paramount)—Fredric March, Cary Grant, Jack Oakie and Carole Lombard in a story of the brutality of war. An excellent picture—not for very young folks.

● **ELMER THE GREAT** (Warners)—Joe E. Brown at his best in a baseball yarn. Good—splendid for kids of all ages.

● **EMERGENCY CALL** (RKO)—An exposé of hospitals. Bill Gargan, Bill Boyd, Myrna Kennedy and Betty Furness. Worth seeing—youngsters under 16 better go another day.

● **F. P. 1** (Fox-Gaumont)—Unusual. A floating platform, built in mid-ocean, is used as an airport. A mysterious menace hovers over the airport. An exciting and different picture. Leslie Fenton, Conrad Veidt and Jill Esmond. You will probably enjoy it—not for young children.

● **THE FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO** (Maynard-Universal)—Excitement and packs of trouble when a government agent joins up with a pack of thieves for certain reasons. Ken Maynard, Gloria Shea—and don't forget Tarzan, Ken's horse. A good Western—fine for kids.

● **FOOTLIGHT PARADE** (Warners)—A still bigger and better musical. This has a better story than even "42nd Street" or "Gold Diggers." Keeler and Powell, Blondell and Cagney. And some stupendous dance numbers. Excellent—take the whole family.

● **FROM ARIZONA TO BROADWAY** (Fox)—Joan Bennett and Jimmie Dunn in a poor crook story. Children won't care for it, either.

● **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN** (Paramount)—Race track yarn with Carole Lombard, Jack Oakie, David Manners and Adrienne Ames. Entertainment that everyone will enjoy.

● ● **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933** (Warners)—Swell music, swell dancing, swell cast. Keeler and Powell, Blondell and Warren William, Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee. Excellent—for everybody.

● **GOODBYE AGAIN** (Warners)—The amusing stage play about the author, his secretary and the author's former—and now forgotten—sweetheart who is convinced that she is real "inspiration." Very good—not very suitable for children.

● **HEADLINE SHOOTER** (RKO)—Earthquakes, fires, floods—and love. All in the life of a newsreel man. Bill Gargan, Frances Dee and Ralph Bellamy. Good of its kind. Children will like it.

● **HER BODYGUARD** (Paramount)—A snappy little entertainer about a sugar daddy employing a bodyguard (Eddie Lowe) to keep his gal (Wynne Gibson) friend out of mischief. Peppy and funny—take the kids.

● **HER FIRST MATE** (Universal)—His dream of seas and ships becomes a regular nightmare when his wife sinks the family bank account in an old ferry. ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville. A laugh from start to finish for everybody.

● **HEROES FOR SALE** (Warners)—A post war depression story about a war veteran. Dick Barthelmess' acting and Aline MacMahon are all that recommend this picture—not for children.

● **HOLD YOUR MAN** (M-G-M)—Jean Harlow and Clark Gable loving and fighting their way through a story that suits them to a T. Good—not for movie-goers under 16.

● **I LOVE THAT MAN** (Paramount)—Story of a swell gal who falls for a breezy racketeer. He never does go straight but she loves him just the same. Nancy Carroll and Eddie Lowe. Good—not for youngsters under 16.

● **I LOVED A WOMAN** (Warners)—Drama of an idealistic business man who becomes a ruthless business baron through the influence of his opera singing mistress. The dynamic Edward G. Robinson, Kay Francis as the mistress, and Genevieve Tobin as his mean-spirited wife are all good. Excellent—not for children under 16.

● ● **I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY** (Fox)—Elissa Landi, Victor Jory, Miriam Jordan and Warner Baxter in a very smart and sophisticated little drama. Very, very good but not for young folks under 16.

● **THE KING OF THE ARENA** (Maynard-Universal)—Ken Maynard as a cowboy sleuth. A good western—send the youngsters.

● ● **LADY FOR A DAY** (Columbia)—What a jam Apple Annie (May Robson) gets herself into by deluding her daughter, far away in Spain, about their social standing. And when that daughter decides to come home, things happen. Jean Parker, Warren William, Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks and Guy Kibbee are also in it. One swell picture—take the kids.

● **MAMA LOVES PAPA** (Paramount)—Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles in a comedy that is very funny—and somehow very touching, too. Good—older children will like it.

● **MAN OF THE FOREST** (Paramount)—Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Buster Crabbe, Noah Beery, Harry Carey, Vince Barnett and a family of mountain lions in an amusing fight over water rights. Good Western for tots and grownups.

● **THE MAN WHO DARED** (Fox)—A biographical picture based on the life of Anton Cermak, late mayor of Chicago. Deals with the earnest striving of his immigrant parents, the rise of the son and his assassination. Preston Foster is the son, Zita Johann his wife. A very good picture if you are interested—not for children under 14.

● **MARY STEVENS, M.D.** (Warners)—Another love triangle, this time dealing with two struggling young doctors. Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot. Near tragedy that finally ends in true love. Fair—nothing in it for any of the youngsters.

● **THE MASQUERADER** (United Artists)—Exciting political and love romance. Ronald Colman takes his dope-addict cousin's place in politics—and love. Entertaining—not for children under 16.

● **THE MAYOR OF HELL** (Warners)—Yarn of a reform school that got reformed. James Cagney and Frankie Darro. Good—kids will like the excitement.

● **MIDNIGHT MARY** (M-G-M)—Loretta Young, Ricardo Cortez and Franchot Tone in a not quite believable gangster story. Fair—not the type of picture for the young folks.

● **THE MIDNIGHT CLUB** (Paramount)—A crook comedy, all about some London jewel thieves. Clive Brook, Helen Vinson, Alan Mowbray, Alison Skipworth and George Raft. Fairly amusing—not for children under 16.

● ● **MORNING GLORY** (RKO)—A grand little drama of backstage and private life of an odd little country girl. Katharine Hepburn does some vital and remarkable acting. Adolphe Menjou, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Duncan complete the cast. Go see this one—no interest for children under 16.

● ● **NO MARRIAGE TIES** (RKO)—All about the advertising racket, with Richard Dix as the cagey ad man with plenty of gags and catchy smart lines. The gals are Elizabeth Allan and Doris Kenyon. Very good—not for young folks under 16.

● ● **ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON** (Paramount)—Gary Cooper and Neil Hamilton love Fay Wray. Neil gets her—and Gary takes Frances Fuller as second choice. But his defeat rankles, for years and years. One Sunday afternoon, he has the chance to murder Neil—no one would ever suspect. He doesn't do it. Why? A splendid drama—not for young children.

● **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY** (RKO)—Lionel Barrymore in an excellent characterization of a doctor who sacrifices a brilliant surgical career to be a plain country doctor. But his skill surpasses even the specialists' in a crisis involving the life of Dorothy Jordan. Joel McCrea is his son. May Robson the faithful housekeeper. Very good drama—young children will be bored, though.

● **PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING** (Fox)—Janet Gaynor as a romping young hoyden who saves her sister from the marriage her spendthrift old dad is arranging. Janet marries the wealthy man (Warner Baxter) herself. Margaret Lindsay and Walter Connolly complete the cast. **Good entertainment—take the young folks.**

● **PILGRIMAGE** (Fox)—All about a mother's remorse for separating her son from the girl he loves. Norman Foster, Marion Nixon and Henrietta Crossman. **A very weepy woman's picture.**

● ● **THE POWER AND THE GLORY** (Fox)—Story of hatred, cruelty and greed in the career of a railroad man. Unusual picture, beginning with the man's suicide and then telling the story of his life in flashbacks. Spencer Tracy with Colleen Moore opposite. **Excellent—no interest for tots.**

PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners)—Yarn of crooks, detectives and love. William Powell does some excellent acting in an only fair picture. **Children will be bored.**

● **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** (RKO)—Comedy of a bad little gal who has to be good. And then really wants to be good when the country hick swain comes along. **An entertainer—youngsters will think so, too.**

● **RAFTER ROMANCE** (RKO)—An obliging landlord rents the same room to a chap who works at night and a gal who works all day. George Sidney is the landlord and Norman Foster and Marian Nixon are the renters. **The whole family will go for this one.**

● ● **REUNION IN VIENNA** (M-G-M)—John Barrymore and Diana Wynward in a smart and sophisticated comedy of exiled royalty and love. **Superb—but send the youngsters to a Western.**

ROME EXPRESS (Universal)—Conrad Veidt and Esther Ralston in a melodrama of love while traveling. **Kids will go for it.**

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM (Universal)—Yarn about a mysterious murder room in an old castle. Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas and Gloria Stuart. **You'll never guess the guilty person in this mystery drama—exciting for all but very young youngsters.**

● ● **SECRETS** (United Artists)—Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard in a love story of old frontier days. **Splendid—okay for young folks.**

SHANGHAI MADNESS (Fox)—When they don't obey orders in the United States Army they get kicked out. Spencer Tracy got kicked out. He landed in China, war and love. **You might like it—children over 14 will enjoy the excitement.**

● ● **SHE DONE HIM WRONG** (Paramount)—It's Mae West in a Mae West role of those warm old days in the nineties. **Everything you expect—send the kids to some other comedy, though.**

● ● **THE SILVER CORD** (RKO)—Emotional drama of a selfish, dominating mother, her two sons and the courageous young wife of one of them. Irene Dunne and Laura Hope Crewes are splendid. **Superb acting—children under 16 will not like it.**

● **SONG OF SONGS** (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich with Brian Aherne in a very emotional love drama. **Good—not for youngsters under 18, though.**

THE SONG OF THE EAGLE (Paramount)—A so-so beer story. Dick Arlen and the cast are all that recommend this picture—the kids will be bored.

THE SPHINX (Monogram)—Lionel Atwill as a phoney deaf and dumb philanthropist who spends his spare time murdering. **A good enough mystery—children under 16 won't be interested.**

● **STORM AT DAYBREAK** (M-G-M)—A vigorous drama and love triangle with the World War as background. Walter Huston, Kay Francis and Nils Asther. **Very good—young folks under 16 will not like it.**

● **SUNSET PASS** (Paramount)—A Western with plenty of action and excitement. **Good—kids always go for these.**

● ● **THIS DAY AND AGE** (Paramount)—A moving drama of high school kids and their interpretation of the courts and the laws. Charles Bickford, Richard Cromwell and Judith Allen are included in a splendid cast. **Excellent—for young and old.**

● ● **THREE CORNERED MOON** (Paramount)—When a scatter-brained mama loses the family fortune there is plenty of life and excitement for the whole raft of spoiled offspring. Claudette Colbert and Richard Arlen are the love interest. Tom Brown, William Bakewell, and Wallace Ford are the sonnies. **Uproarious—for the whole family.**

● **TOO MUCH HARMONY** (Paramount)—A peppy, zippy, wisecracking pix with plenty of tunes. Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen, Lil Tashman and Ned Sparks. **Good—kids will enjoy it.**

● ● **TURN BACK THE CLOCK** (M-G-M)—An absorbing story of a man who wishes he had his life to live over. His desire is suddenly granted. But he finds it is far from what he had planned and expected. Lee Tracy does some excellent acting. Peggy Shannon, Otto Krueger and Mae Clarke support him. **Very good—pretty dull for children under 16.**

● ● **VOLTAIRE** (Warners)—George Arliss in a splendid characterization of that 18th century cynic and wit. Reginald Owen, Allan Mowbray, Doris Kenyon and Margaret Lindsay are also in it. **Excellent—take the young folks.**

● ● **WHEN LADIES MEET** (M-G-M)—Ann Harding, Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery—with Frank Morgan and Alice Brady—in one of the most intelligently sophisticated triangle dramas you have ever seen. **Very, very good—children under 16 wouldn't understand it.**

● **WHEN STRANGERS MARRY** (Columbia)—Jack Holt in a story of Paris night life and African jungle life. **Good—not for young children.**



Mother, never give children a grown-up's laxative



THE welfare of your children is your first thought at waking. It is your last thought at night.

And yet, you may be doing them harm by giving them laxatives intended for adult use... laxatives often too strong for children.

Constipation affects 90% of all children
No child is immune from constipation, for one of the causes of constipation, mother, is beyond your control—the tendency to neglect nature's urgings for extra minutes of play.

The tell-tale symptoms

When your child is sallow, finicky—probably his elimination is not thorough. Give him a safe laxative—*Fletcher's Castoria*.

Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria is a simple vegetable preparation made especially for children... Contains no harmful drugs—NO NARCOTICS. It is gentle. It does not gripe. Children love the taste of it! Purchase a bottle at your druggist's. And be sure that the signature Chas. H. Fletcher is on the carton.

Hear ALBERT SPALDING—eminent violinist, Don Voorhees and his Orchestra, Conrad Thibault, baritone, supported by a mixed octet.

Fletcher's Castoria presents these radio artists every Wednesday evening. Columbia network—8:30 to 9:00 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
for
constipation
in children



from babyhood to 11 years

Jean Harlow Answers Your Questions

(Continued from page 29)



It's Your Lead — and Everybody's Watching

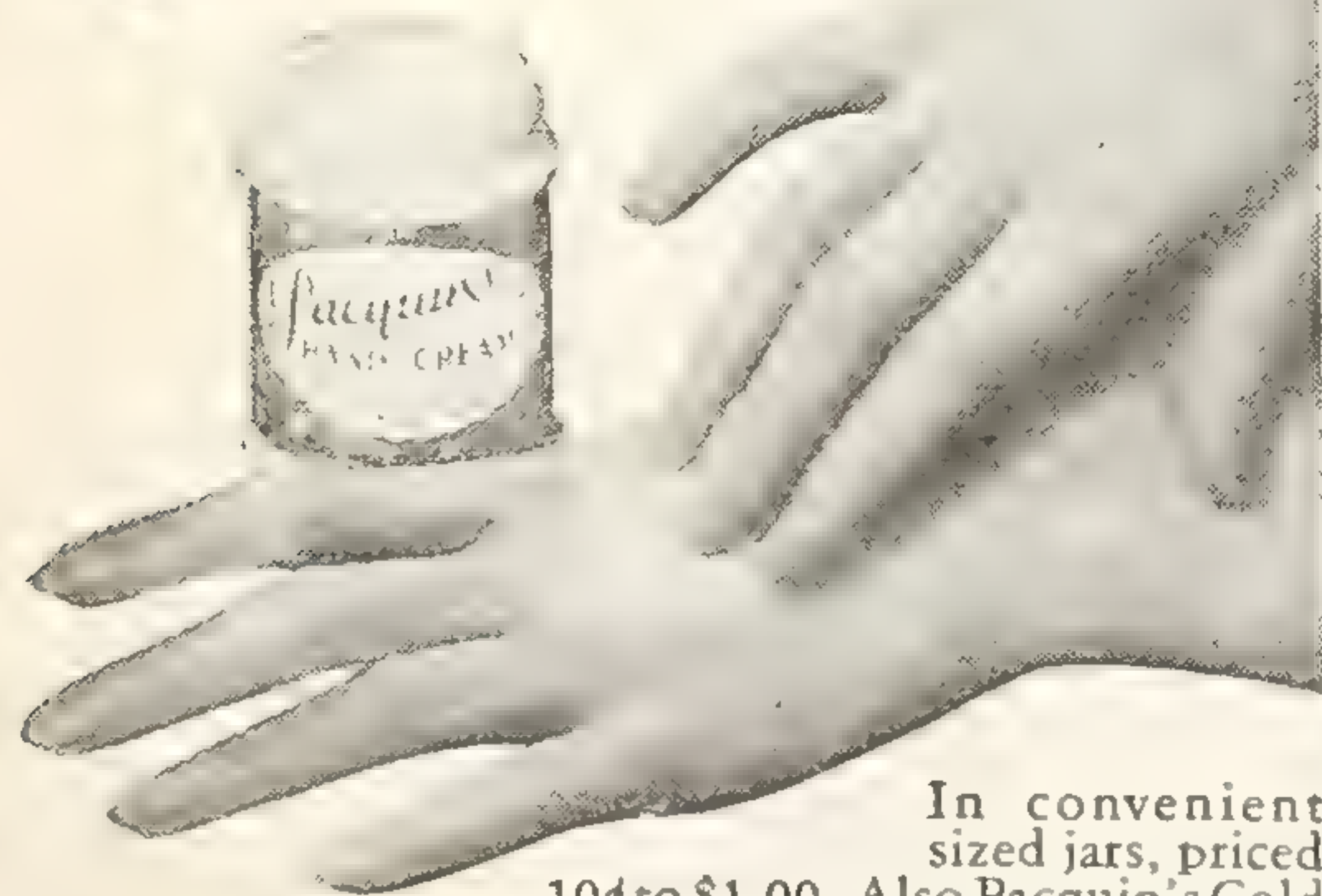
All men are susceptible to smooth white hands with an alluring feminine texture. Your hands may be short or long, thin or broad, even masculine in shape—as long as they have a clear white complexion, comparable to that of your face.

Pacquin's Hand Cream has been specially prepared to do right by your hands. More than an ordinary vanishing cream, Pacquin's contains the beneficial properties which prevent dryness and chapping. It was originally created for doctors and nurses, to counteract the effect of so much soap and water. Today, smart women everywhere use it.

Pacquin's is not an oily cream. It leaves no sticky, greasy residue on your hands. The skin absorbs it quickly and completely.

*don't try to hide
your hands—use*

Pacquin's



In convenient sized jars, priced 10¢ to \$1.00. Also Pacquin's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Lemon Cream, and Cleansing Cream.

Pacquin Laboratories Corporation, New York

only one ulterior motive. Eloping was the one sure way of dodging interference with our plans. I don't mean paternal interference, either. My mother and step-father knew of our plans and helped us carry them through. But I mean the outside interference of friends and business associates telling us that we should be married here or there on a Tuesday or a Wednesday or a Friday.

"And there would have always been those who would have advised us that it would be detrimental to our careers to marry at all. It boils down to this; we eloped to save ourselves the pressure of other people's advice! Of course we knew there would be plenty said after the marriage, but what difference could it possibly make then? No, far from being a publicity move, it was for privacy. Even the publicity department of our studio did not know we were in Yuma until four hours after the marriage.

THE minute the news was out, the fireworks started. We arrived by plane from Yuma at nine in the morning and at eleven, twenty-two newspaper writers were here. I was not long in sensing that one of the questions they would very much have liked to ask was: 'Why has she twice married a man so much older than herself?' Paul, you know, was twenty-one years older than I. Hal is sixteen years my senior.

"My only answer to that is, with me, age is merely a state of mental attitude. There is nothing I admire in a man as much as a seasoned, experienced, outlook on life. A man who is sympathetic and kind and understanding is the only type of man I could love. These qualities are not often to be found in younger men, because they are acquired only through the process of living Life! I have always wanted to find in marriage, security and safety and peace of mind as well as love. Hal can give me all these things to a greater extent than any younger man could, unless he was one of those rare exceptions. And I did not meet an 'exception' I could love."

I said, "Jean, a great many people think there is a strong physical resemblance between Hal Rosson and Paul Bern. Many of the newspaper stories commented on the similarity."

"Really?" said Jean. "I do not see this marked resemblance at all. Perhaps it is because I see and know people more clearly as personalities than as faces and hands and expressions and clothes."

"One of the most amusing of the things I have heard is that I married Hal out of gratitude because he is a wonderful cameraman who makes me look my best on the screen. We roared when we heard of it. This should be too silly for even Hollywood to believe. If I had had merely gratitude in my heart, it would have been very difficult to choose between Hal, two or three of the direc-

tors who have made my 'best' pictures, a group of writers who have done excellent scripts and any number of leading men who have certainly aided my career by giving such swell support in the love scenes. But, believe it or not, a magazine writer actually phoned the other day to ask if I would give a story titled: *I Always Marry for Gratitude!* Believe me when I saw that this is the only gossip angle I have heard that really angered me."

Jean ran a hand impatiently through a platinum wave—as I gathered courage to repeat a question asked me *via* mail by a little fan in Chicago. For sometime this young lady has been corresponding with me on the subject of Jean Harlow. Three days after Jean's marriage she wrote me special delivery:

"Can you imagine it? I had always thought that if Jean married again the lucky man would probably be a millionaire, some dashing young blade just out of Princeton with family tree a mile long and so much money he wouldn't know what to do with it—except spend it on the one and only Harlow! Does Hal Rosson make a lot of money? I never thought that cameramen were rich."

When I repeated the gist of this communication to Jean, she merely laughed again and said:

"Yes, I've heard all that, too, and from sources nearer than Chicago. That picture about the rich young collegian is grand and romantic and I'm sure it would be very nice for anyone except me. Such a marriage would bore me to death. As for Hal's financial standing; well, all I can say is that if the day should come when everybody grew very tired of 'the platinum blonde' and decided not to go to see any more of her movies, I'm very sure I wouldn't miss any of the bread and butter or even the latest Paris models as Mrs. Hal Rosson."

NATURALLY, Jean did not go into the tactless subject of her husband's salary. But it is common knowledge that, as one of M-G-M's ace cameramen, Hal Rosson draws a weekly stipend of so close to one thousand dollars that the difference wouldn't matter one way or the other. And this may surprise you; before Jean got her new contract with an increase in salary, Hal Rosson made more money every seven days than the star he photographed. And now let us hear no more about such matters from "Little Chicago," or elsewhere.

"The latest question that seems to be intriguing Hollywood," continued the girl who knows her fame as few stars do, "is the important subject of where we are going to live. They appear to be wondering if I am going to cast my mother and Bello out in the cold, cold world and remain in this house we have just completed. Or, if I am moving out

to Hal's lovely home in Brentwood. Or, if we are going to all live together, or what!

"That's one I can't answer now, as our plans are very indefinite. But until we do make up our minds, we are temporarily installed in an apartment, and I love it. I think it will eventually simmer itself down to this: We will have three homes and live where we please when we please.

"I wonder," she mused wistfully, "if anyone has sought the answer to our elopement in the simple little idea that I love Hal and that I want the security and happiness of a normal married life? To me, this is more important than anything else Hollywood can give. I truly and deeply love the man I have married—there aren't any other reasons."

Forecasting Your Favorites

(Continued from page 61)

guiding genius of M-G-M studios.

For, as a matter of fact, even though David Selznick is a newcomer to authority at M-G-M, he is a pioneer in the making of motion pictures. Thirty-one years of age, he represents, along with Junior Laemmle, the second generation of production chiefs in the movies. At the time of David Selznick's birth, his father, the late Lewis J. Selznick, had already established his "Quality Mark" on the then-flickering films.

While still attending classes at Columbia University, David Selznick turned his attention to his father's productions and stepped almost immediately into the advertising and publicity departments of Selznick and Select Pictures. To still further acquaint himself with the complete workings of the industry, he later stepped into the position of theater manager, just to get "the other fellow's reaction." Returning to the production end, he served as scenario editor, cutter and was finally appointed as assistant to his brother, Myron Selznick, in the production of such pictures as "The Common Law" and "Rupert of Hentzau."

FROM this point, Selznick's career continued in Front Office Authority. As assistant to B. P. Schulberg at Paramount, he supervised such successes as "Street of Chance" and "Fast Company." Later, he resigned this post to become the executive vice-president in charge of production at RKO-Pathé. Here, he merged these two producing companies into one huge studio and produced such hits as "The Lost Squadron," "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Animal Kingdom."

These last two pictures were sensation-ally successful, and particularly gratifying to Selznick, who had tried for years to get other producing companies to film these plays. He always met with the same answer: "Too high-brow." We have to play down to our audience."

"That theory has always irritated me tremendously," said Mr. Selznick, who



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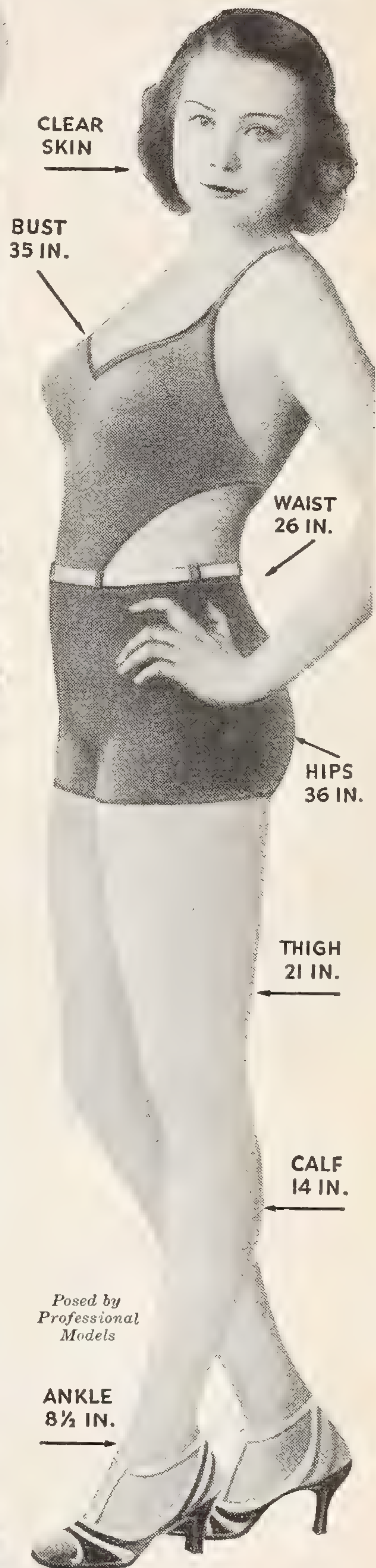
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is a dark, unexcitable gentleman who carries that air of doing things quickly and well. "The day has long since passed when the motion pictures have to play down to any audience. In fact, the average audience now attending the picture theatre is anxious for something better. This was brought home to me in even more glowing form than I had ever dared hope for in the success of 'Bill of Divorcement,' which is a play that I've tried to have produced for ten years without success. To prove that it is what the audiences really want, Katharine Hepburn was made a star by the 'Bill of Divorcement'—her first picture. I call this proof because stars are not made through pictures that fail to have wide audience appeal."

You will notice that the list of successful motion pictures with which Mr. Selznick has been identified includes a majority of stage plays, even high-brow plays. He thoroughly believes that the story is the thing, whether it be in the form of a play, a novel or an original for pictures. To see how closely the studio agrees with his judgment, you have but to look at the contract list of M-G-M which includes twenty contracted stars, forty directors and seventy-five writers. In other words, it considers the story so important that it has hired almost four times as many writers as it has stars.

But a great number of people have been of the opinion that M-G-M, in particular, clung to the belief that the star is the important factor. I asked Mr. Selznick how it was possible to reconcile these two production theories.

BY getting, first, a good vehicle," he replied promptly, "and then casting that story, from the largest to the smallest role, with fine actors—stars if necessary."

"The main reason for our being able to finish 'Dinner At Eight' two weeks before schedule is that every role in the picture was filled by an excellent actor. There were no long delays, no tedious rehearsals by way of getting an inexperienced player up in his lines. When John or Lionel Barrymore stepped before the camera with Billie Burke or Lee Tracy; when Marie Dressler and Jean Harlow were sharing a scene, it went along with clock-like precision because these fine actors know their business as well as their art.

"As for stars not being able to work successfully together, that is sheer gossip. John Barrymore once explained it when he said: 'Doing a scene with an inexperienced player is far more difficult than doing the same scene with a potential scene stealer.' In other words, John Barrymore's scenes with Lee Tracy are much greater scenes for John Barrymore than they would be if he were forced to play opposite a novice.

"But 'Night Flight' is an even greater experiment with an all star cast because the acting roles, while intense and dramatic, are forced to take second place to the thrilling drama of airships in South America. Robert Montgomery, for instance, has approximate-

ly two or three scenes before the camera. Clark Gable is never seen except in the cockpit of his plane. Myrna Loy appears in but one sequence. Yet, I claim that 'Night Flight' would never have been the screen entertainment that it is had it been played by lesser actors.

"By this I do not mean that big names will hereafter be played in all star casts merely because those big names will have drawing power at the box-office. That is not the idea at all. For instance, it would have been possible to have cast Clark Gable as the Doctor in 'Dinner at Eight.' His personality would have fit the role perfectly. But on second thought we decided that the role would do nothing particularly effective for Clark. He had nothing to gain by playing it. So, in spite of the fact that *we* might have gained by his name, we re-cast his part.

"On the other hand, Robert Montgomery has very little footage in 'Night Flight,' and yet I think the audience will carry a very definite impression of Montgomery away with them. Thus, if there be such a thing as a 'definite policy' with regard to our all star casts, it might be worded: 'Star personalities in roles which only they can play.'"

AS for our further policies, I doubt if the fans will find any deviation from our set rules, with the possible exception of Joan Crawford. We have in mind the re-establishing of Joan in the type of parts that she made famous (and that, in turn, made her famous). I mean in pictures such as 'Our Modern Maidens' and 'Our Dancing Daughters.' In her present picture, 'Dancing Lady,' Joan will return to her fans of old. We hope that they will be glad to have her back.

"We may make a change in the type of roles handled by Jean Harlow, at least temporarily, in that she will play a less sensational and unsympathetic part in her next picture. We have also concluded that Jean will always have a maximum of comedy in each of her pictures, such as she had in 'Red Dust,' a type of comedy that does not distract from the drama in the least.

"But as far as such stars as Lee Tracy, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Helen Hayes, the Barrymores and Clark Gable, we are sure that if we should attempt to change their *own* characterizations we should soon be deluged with a flood of protests from their fans. Of course, it is almost needless to say that Garbo will continue to give her public that same incomparable woman-of-mystery that has endeared her to millions.

"I am not at all sure that we shall be able to supply the great demand for pictures starring Marie Dressler, since her health only allows her to work four hours a day, but we shall try to make her pictures, while fewer in number, of greater quality, if such a thing is possible. Marie will be teamed with Jean Harlow in 'Living in a Big Way' for her next, and I am sure this new 'team' will be a great success and provide a lot of entertainment to the audiences throughout the country.

"At the present moment, two rather

important things are holding the fore here at M-G-M. One, the teaming of Greta Garbo with John Gilbert. This was the combined results of Miss Garbo's insistence and the demand by theatre-owners of the country. I think it will make for a greater success than these two artists ever enjoyed in the past. Two, Clark Gable's illness continues to hold up production on 'Dancing Lady.' We are bound to have Clark in this picture, however, and have decided to await his recuperation before going ahead with this picture in which he will co-star with Joan Crawford. We are quite sure that, as far as M-G-M is concerned, this year (1933-34) is going to bring you even greater pictures than ever before."

Be Chic—and Save!

(Continued from page 71)

she had grown to love the animal. It had done so much for her looks and her presence. The back was a bit fuzzy where it had been sat upon too often and long. The cuffs and front edges were mangey looking, but on the whole she had to admit the fur was in good shape. It was nothing to be handed thoughtlessly to the rummage sale, especially when no further savings were forthcoming for a new one. Well, this clever one carried her possession to a little furrier who cut off the coat to an ample hip length—just enough to lose the crushed place in the rear. He bound the worn edges with an inch wide binding of gray leather, added a gray leather belt, and here was, to all intents and purposes, a new coat with another three years of life ahead of it. Divide the original expenditure of one hundred dollars—plus twenty-five for alteration—by six and was this an economical young lady or was she not?

That is the way to wangle and plan when fur is the subject of the day. And in no other way can you beat the game.

Don't do as another young person did—spend sixty-seven fifty on a poor imitation sealskin, which petered out pathetically after one year's wear. The coat looked all right, shiny and slick, hanging on the rack when she bought it, but the fact of the matter was that the skins, thin and irregular enough to begin, had been stretched beyond their slender capacity and could not stand the gaff of even one hard winter's wear. That's why I say, "Go to an honorable dealer, when you are buying furs."

If you have from one hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars to spend on a coat, select it from these furs: natural muskrat, Hudson seal, which is dyed muskrat, pony skin or natural colored kidskin. The latter fur, when dyed, fades easily and becomes battered looking.

If you can spend as much as two hundred or two hundred and fifty, go in for caracul, or buy a better quality of Hudson seal. You can find some leopard skin coats for this price, or a

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nutria—sometimes even a squirrel. Up to three, four and five hundred dollars, there are beaver, caracul, Persian lamb and Alaska seal, which is very smart this year and lasts forever.

A fur coat in the lower price ranges is always what is called "a better buy" when it is not trimmed with a contrasting fur—that is, when the collar and cuffs are made from the same fur as the coat. Fur trimming, unless it is quite handsome, ruins the style of the coat, and a handsome fur trimming runs up the price astoundingly.

No wool in the world can keep you so warm as fur, for the hide of the animal is air proof and cool breezes cannot get through. So, if you must have warmth and cannot go as high as a hundred dollars, then consider the fur lined coats. They can be most awfully good looking when smart tweeds are used for the outside portion. Again, don't have fur collars. Simple scarfs

or collars of the tweed are better style. And these coats—very good looking ones—can be had for as low as twenty-five dollars. (On Toby Wing's coat on page 71, there is fur, to be sure. But it is a much too expensive fur for the girl who cannot spend much more than that \$25.)

A fur which looks like seal is dyed rabbit. This is a fairly good wearing fur, and sometimes a coat of this sort can be found for as low as fifty dollars. I have seen awfully good looking ones, which could hardly be detected from the real thing. But here again, fur judgment is needed. Watch your step, when buying in this class. It is bad economy to buy too cheap, unless you are sure that the fur will have some lasting qualities.

Write to me, if you wish, asking information about your particular fur problem. Remember that you, too, can look gorgeous in furs, if you only take care to spend your money wisely.

If He Had It To Do Again—

(Continued from page 34)

over. But scarcely had he moaned his moan into my sympathetic ear when—everything was patched up, the engagement was announced, the two were married and about to live happily ever after.

Richard Dix had married his Home Girl.

Now, the first little indication of misunderstanding came almost immediately after the wedding. They had flown down to Yuma to be married, with a whole airplane load of miscellaneous and assorted relatives. They had eluded reporters and photographers at the brief ceremony and they eluded them again, by accident, when they returned to Palm Springs, whence the newlyweds would proceed to Richard's ranch for a short honeymoon.

The plane had to make a forced landing, by night. A dangerous landing and an inconvenient one. But the unexpected circumstance resulted in their missing the reception committee of newspaper people who had assembled at the Springs.

The new Mrs. Dix considered that a small triumph, a happy accident which added to the felicity and privacy of the honeymoon. When they returned, after a few weeks, to Hollywood, the papers were still clamoring for pictures. Of course! Richard explained to her that they must go to the studio to be photographed together and separately, to satisfy those demands. She was bewildered.

Patently Richard explained to her that his life was not his own at all. He lived by belonging to the public, and the public was reached and satisfied through the press. He had obligations not only to the people who paid to see him on the screen, but also to the studio which employed him and to the papers which helped to build his reputation.

She did not understand. Her pre-

vious experience, all her standards, had included no such invasions of her privacy. But she acquiesced amiably because he asked her to. She was extremely gracious about it.

Then Richard went to work on a picture.

"It would be grand," Richard commented, reminiscing about those first days of readjustment, "to be the sort of man who goes to work at eight or nine or ten, depending upon his power and importance. A man who eats a leisurely lunch, attends to the matters of the afternoon, stops at his club for a highball and then drifts home to dress for a punctual seven-thirty dinner during which he may consider, with his family, the plans for the evening. Personally, I should *love* a life like that! But the exigencies of picture acting do not permit any such procedure.

WHEN I am working, I arise at five or six, depending whether I have location shots or studio shots that day. I have a glass of fruit juice or a cup of black coffee. I come to the studio, have a work-out and a rub-down. Then I put on make-up which may take anywhere from half an hour to an hour and a half, depending upon whether I have to get any special effects. The one I have on now was a lengthy one to apply. I am supposed to be ill, but not as ill as I was in the shots we made yesterday. I have to consider exactly what my condition is supposed to be at this point of the story—how many close-ups there are—a dozen things which go with the job of acting.

"I work all day. I go to the projection room and look at the rushes. I confer with the director and the supervisor. Perhaps something has gone wrong and there are things to be ironed out. Plans for the next day's shooting to be made.

"At last I go home. This may hap-

pen at any time between seven and midnight. Sometimes, of course, I work all night. When I do reach home, I am exhausted. I want a mild highball, some dinner, a book and a pipe for a little while—and bed. You see, schedules have been tightened so in the past year or two. We are allowed much less time on pictures than we used to have.

SOMETIMES when I am between pictures, I have a few weeks to relax and enjoy myself. But it hasn't happened like that very often in the past year or two.

"You see, it isn't much fun, waiting for that sort of husband, for a young woman, full of life and interest in things and a desire for social contacts, and so on! I simply could not give Winifred what she was entitled to have of my time and attention. You can't blame her for developing a certain amount of discontent."

All through this recital, Rich was concerned with seeing to it that Winifred was not blamed in any way for anything that had happened. Nor did he reproach himself. He had done his best. Circumstances had simply been too much for them.

A year or so ago there were rumors of a rift in the Dix family, rumors of an impending separation and divorce. But Mary Ellen Dix was on her way. The Dixes were reunited and Richard bought a new home. For the baby's sake, they would try once more to readjust themselves to one another.

More and more, as it became apparent to Winifred that her husband's inexplicable profession made him different from other husbands, she depended upon her own family for amusement, companionship, sympathy.

"I am fond of my family, too," Richard told me, ruefully. "I like to have dinner with them once a week, to be in touch with them every day. But I did not, after I had my own home, want my family with me every single minute!"

RICH said, "If you are going to have this sort of career, then you must make up your mind to these things. You must learn to fulfill your obligations and try not to emphasize them."

But the person who shares your life has none of the compensations, and shares most of the penalties. If you are not the sort of person to whom applause and limelight are meat and drink, then you suffer. Do you begin to understand the handicaps which this young couple had to face?

Yet, Richard would not have missed this experience for anything in the world.

"Marriage," he said, "taught me things. It enlightened me. I hope it mellowed me. Any bachelor who reaches the age of thirty-five and does not try it, if he can find someone to try it with him, is a plain fool. He simply does not understand what he is missing."

"Now, if you have lived alone, had your own man-servant, had your house run for your specific convenience, you are going to run into snarls when you

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try to live with someone else. It's good for you. I was a selfish so-and-so and I know it. If you are single and you have asked a girl to go with you to the theatre and it happens that you are held up at the studio, you may call her and say, 'Look! I am tied up. Do you mind terribly if we go on Saturday instead of tonight?' The chances are that she doesn't mind in the least. If she does, you can send her flowers or something. She won't hold it against you, really, for long. She will say, 'Oh, it's just an actor,' and let it go at that.

"That is one of the reasons that I would not have missed this experience for anything. It is one of the reasons why I shall try it again, if this marriage ends in a divorce."

I ASKED Richard if there was anything at all about this marriage thing that he regretted. Did he wish he had not married until later? Did he think it would have been better if he had married a girl who was in the profession? Could anything have contributed to a more successful culmination?

His answer was "No!" to all my questions.

"I always said that I should wait to marry until I knew exactly what I wanted, and I did. I was as sure of myself and my choice as I could be."

I recalled that there had been another time in Richard's past, when he wanted terribly to marry. He tried to

safeguard happiness ahead of time by establishing mutual interests and understanding. It had not worked, and he was pretty lacerated then. That was a long time ago. This time, he was so *sure*.

"Please believe me when I tell you," he urged me. "There is no other woman—there is no other man—involved in this break. There has not even been a real break, in the sense of dramatic scenes, accusations, resentments, wounded feelings. We have talked it over in as sensible and adult fashion as we could, and have concluded that Winifred will be happier, for the time being at least, at home with that family to which she is so devoted. Things will be easier and less trying for me if I am allowed to conduct my life to fit my work.

"We are still friends. I call her each evening when I come home from the studio. On Sunday I shall go to take Winifred and our baby for a drive. I want to do these things.

"We were such grand friends before we tried to be married to one another. It would be really a great loss to me if we could not be grand friends and enjoy each other from now on. And we have Mary Ellen.

"I don't regret one moment of this. It has done tremendous things for me. Even a brief experience of perfect companionship is a precious thing to have had in one's life.

"If I had it all to do over, I should do it in exactly this fashion!"

Kay Francis' Style Secrets

(Continued from page 28)

season like this. With a black velvet skirt, for instance, styled in the new tubular way and having fullness at the bottom, you can change from a lime green satin afternoon blouse to an écru lace one for formal dining. And that lace blouse might be trimmed with rhinestone buttons and have a cape that swings over the shoulders. Then if you're going on to a dance, slip a matching black velvet top on—one with plenty of back interest and cut out a bit under the arms. Tuck it *under* your skirt and hide the joining with a wide girdle of tiny mirrors.

"Your coat? A double-breasted Prince Albert, by all means, with a severe high neck. And of the black velvet of course. If you own a fox skin, wear it—only drape it in *back* instead of front because even fur is doing a reverse on us this winter!"

Those agate green eyes of Kay's were agleam now as ideas came to her. It occurred to me suddenly that dress luxuries in themselves mean nothing to her. She has done without them once; she could do without them again—and still be superbly smart. I've seen her in slacks on her boat looking as coolly groomed as she does in an Orry-Kelly creation.

Did you ever consider her height? Did you know that she is just about

the tallest woman star in pictures? Five feet, seven and a quarter inches. It came as a shock to me. I'd never thought of Kay as being tall. Very few people do. She gave the answer to that herself. "Possibly it's because I never do, either. It is silly to be conscious of your height. To try to make yourself look shorter by slouching. That simply makes the clothes hang badly and you're really conspicuous then. Tall girls should dare to be pictorial; that is their special forte. And what a winter it is for them—sartorially speaking! Or rather for *us* I should say. Long-haired furs being worn with a stand-up gesture that 'cuts' the figure beautifully; capes, broad collars—and even berthas; interesting belts—how I love 'em! And *tunics*. I suppose that's the reason I always have suits with three-quarter length coats, just to give that tunic effect. It's so good on a person with inches to spare."

WHICH brings us right to the topic of Kay's newest suit. (See page 30.) The kind of suit which takes full responsibility for any number of things. Shopping, lunching, office-ing. It's a navy blue mixture of wool and silk, proof against wear and weather. Notice the wide wale in the material. And don't be fooled by that white waffle crêpe collar and plaited cravat. They're not

part of the blouse. They are sewn right on the jacket, if you please, and clasped by a pearl and lapis brooch—the feminine touch supreme. The long fitted coat is fastened with bone buttons, cylindrical in shape, and has padded, squared shoulders but long tight sleeves edged with the white crêpe. Kay's accessories to it include black kid pumps and a purse piped with white. Again the white motif in the gloves.

"Have a theme to every costume," is the Francis prescription. This "theme" consists of peaks—those on the shoulders and the one on that hat. It's probably the most waggish hat in existence. Same fabric as the suit. And a bewitchingly mad design.

As a matter of fact, all Kay's hats are mad. They're little "nifties" such as you'd expect a short, cute person to wear. That is where she has the courage to be different—with very delightful results. Tall women, as a rule, speak of large picture hats in endearing terms. Presumably they make you look shorter. Kay detests them. You can't inveigle her into wearing one unless a screen production definitely demands it.

"We have to be dignified often enough," she declares. "Give me tiny, crazy hats for lively moments."

ANOTHER tradition of tall girls she rebels at—low heels. Kay's are high. Incidentally, she has the smallest foot—takes a size four. And she says the trick is to select vamps that make your feet look small. There's a good sample of such a vamp on page 30 where you see her new pair of brown kid and suede oxfords demonstrating that very thing.

"Gentlemen," mused Kay, "prefer variety. They love it. Try giving your husband a steady diet of seeing you in one type of dress and he's apt to grow pretty restless! I wonder if my little friend in Middletown, for example, has a romantic robe for those evenings à deux.

"Now by 'romantic robe,' I don't mean an expensive, luxurious garment. I mean something clingy and very long and traily. Something definitely picturesque. Something easy to slip into when you leave the kitchen to its own devices.

And how better can you go picturesque than in black velvet—made similar to that devastating dinner gown of Kay's on page 29? Mystery? Allure? My dears, a husband would have to have a heart of stone to walk out on a wife in a dress like this!

The highlights, of course, are those "cut-outs" on the shoulders and in front. The long tight sleeves with the slightly pointed cuffs. Not a jewel. Just a thread of gold stitching picking out the line of the neck and the cuffs.

There should, naturally, be variety in head-dress too. Kay has two pet methods of arranging her hair. One she calls "for sophisticated and business hours." She wears her long bob straight back with only a suggestion of a wave in front but curled up tightly in back. It has a neat, "finished" look under hats.

Then with formal attire, she has her hair parted in the middle, brought back and waved diagonally with rolled curls



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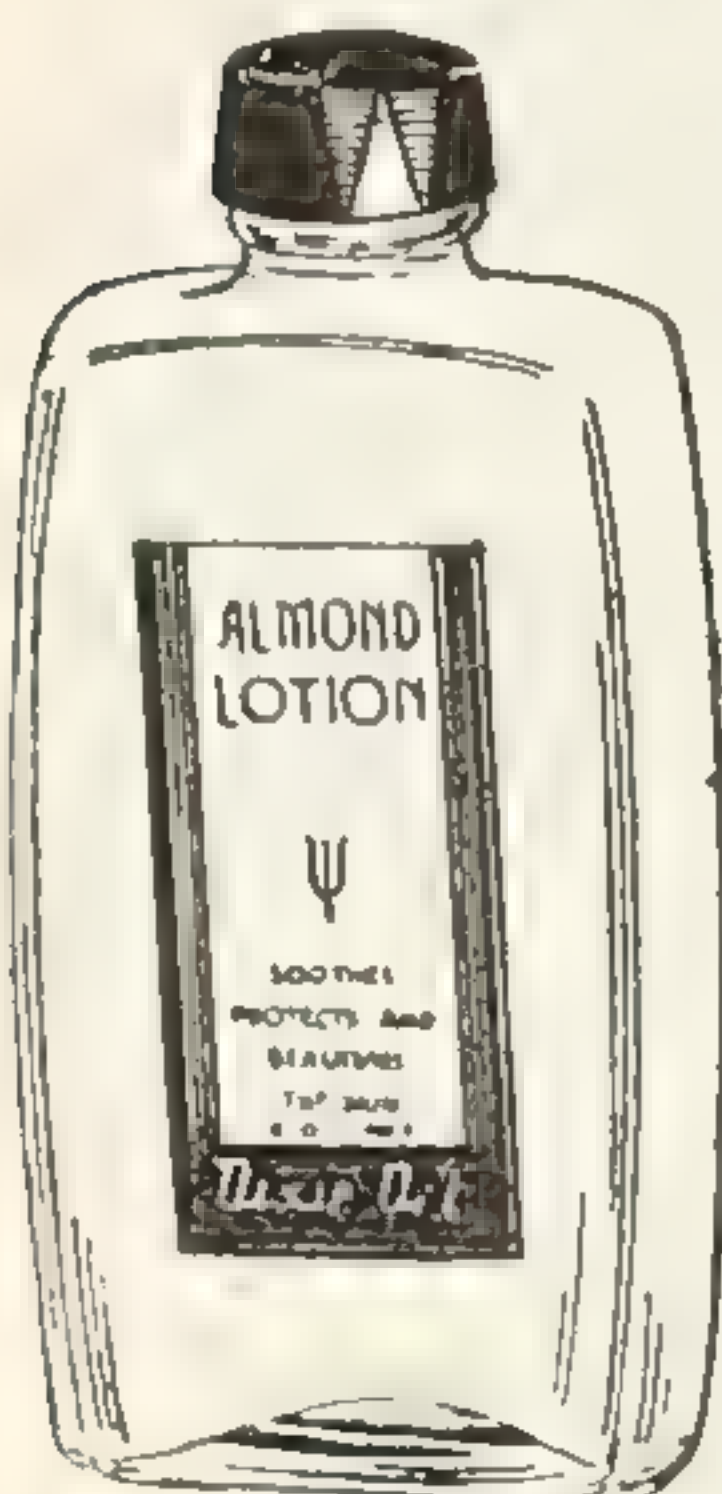


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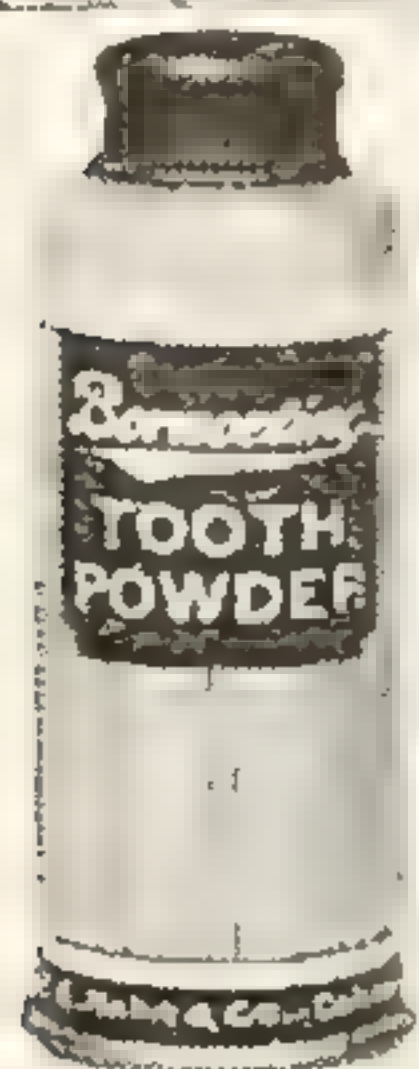
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at the nape of the neck. This is the way Kay dresses her hair in the majority of her screen roles.

Every successful structure starts with a good foundation. Why shouldn't a woman? Kay's choice is that new all-in-one garment that smooths you out in the—er—right places and permits you to curve in accordance with the latest mode.

Even ultra-slim people like Kay need a good foundation garment for this year's styles. So much emphasis, you see, is put on the *backs* of dresses. Everything is smoothed out skin-tight in front so that the slightest bulge is as obvious as can be. And when you buy a foundation garment, do buy a good one. It will pay in the long run.

Observe how perfectly her moulded evening gowns fit over it. That white crepe roma on page 29 which she chose from one of her productions for her personal wardrobe. Doesn't it seem to indicate glorious times ahead? Irridescent white bugle beads embroider the bodice; they're worked over a flesh colored soufflé yoke that gives a startlingly bare effect.

And when the lady wishes to don a wrap—black velvet, it is, the last word in evening coats. Toe length, long snug sleeves, fitted, high neckline. And let me tell you about that ermine and fox cape swinging over it—which could easily be copied in white lapin. It isn't attached to the coat at all! What's more, Kay is wearing it upside down! When she wants it to go with the black velvet, it is joined simply by two large pleats in back. At other times, those pleats are let out, the cape turned around and she has another wrap.

THE perfect complement to a shiny black crepe dress, for instance. (The dress is shown on page 73—our regular pattern page—and a pattern of it has been made for you.) It's the heavy blistered kind of crepe that's so highly important at present. And the things it does for the figure—oh, my dear! Kay considers it as enticing as satin and she lets it "speak for itself." No elaboration of any sort other than those buckles of brilliants which clasp the shoulders—novel new manner of doing it—and hold the belt in place. A small, rounded waist, slinky lines that are eminently suitable to such slithery material—and you have

a dress that Hollywood calls "divine." The one spot of color is the flash of rubies in Kay's bracelets.

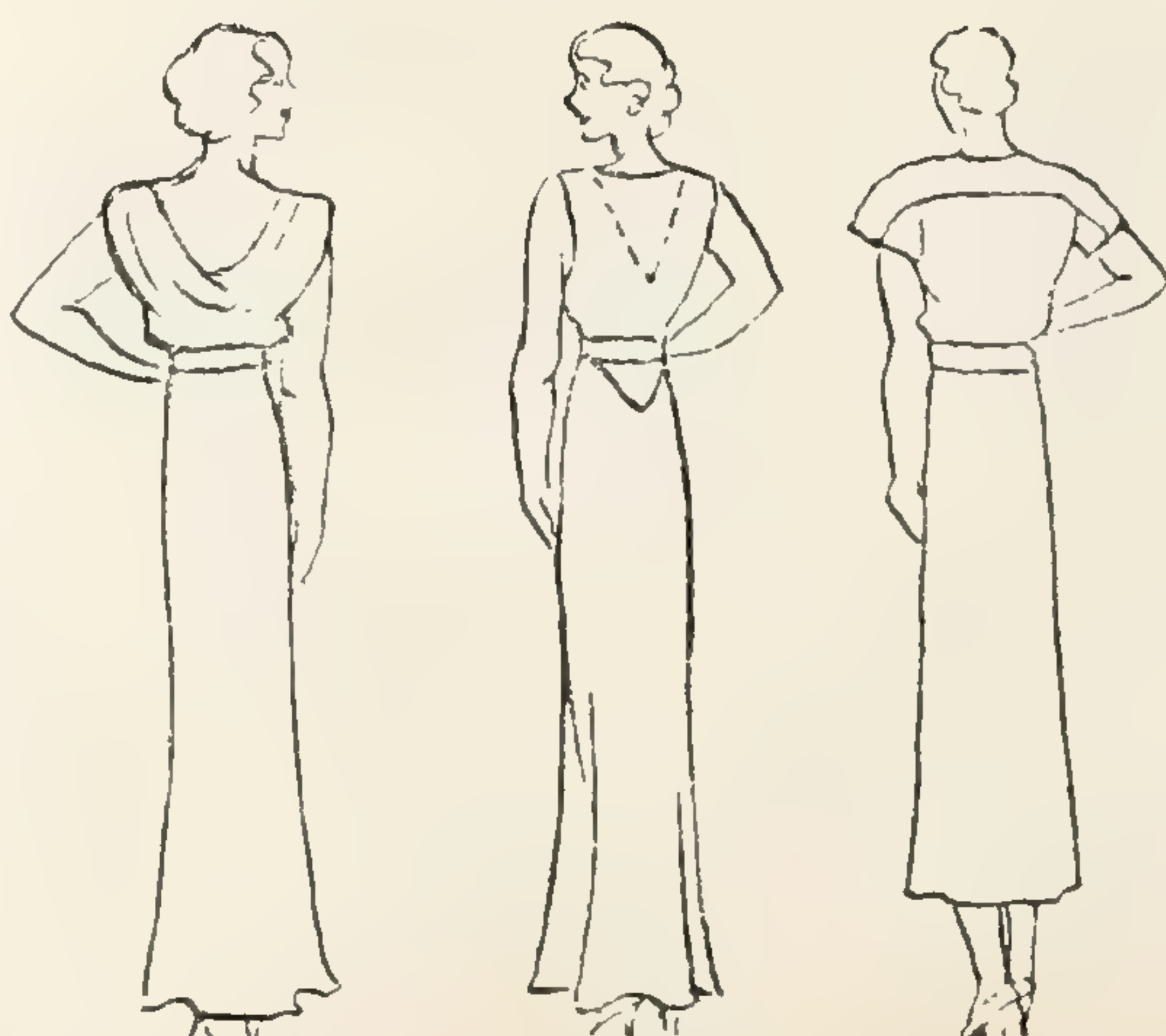
The Persian lamb coat she occasionally wears with it gives evidence of the latest trend fur coats are taking—a tubular effect, close-fitting sleeves and with the neck line accented. (See page 29.)

Of course, for sheer unadulterated drama there isn't anything in the world quite like flesh-tinted satin and black velvet. Especially if you want your drama colored with memorable moon-lit moments! Look what that combination does for Kay—on page 28. The satin is strictly on the bias so that she has that delicious poured-into-a-mould appearance. A train—"mais oui!" And that startling décolletage made even more effective by the black velvet straps which end in a glorious bow. The bodice in front has an accidentally draped look that to me is most intriguing. And a single soft rose on a tailored loop of black velvet—romantic days are here again. Cheerio! The flesh-pink and black velvet combination can be worked out in a number of ways to suit almost every type except the terribly athletic girl.

But don't think Kay's wardrobe is entirely the "glory" kind. There are plenty of "substantial" clothes to give it balance that are every bit as interesting. By way of contrast her house things are severely plain. Not a flimsy negligée anywhere. She has one very similar to a man's. Dull-finished black satin with green trimmings and a trick "K" embroidered on the pocket. Her pajamas, too, have a masculine cut. There's a dark blue corduroy pair with red pipings, and some of heavy black crepe, creased, with a short jacket and a white vest.

Kay gets a complete change from very feminine things that way. There must be variety, you remember! Some of her chic street togs have vests also. Like a four-piece suit of beige and blue checked woolen that sports a blue velvet waistcoat.

Now—do you think you can utilize the lessons Kay has taught you to make life a happier and more romantic affair? Of course you can! Even if your funds are so limited that the \$25-a-week salary Kay used to live on—and dress well on, too—looks like untold wealth to you . . . Even if, I say, do not be discouraged.



3034

3033

2995

The back views of the patterns shown on page 73. Kay Francis' lovely evening gown (3034) is so simple to make that you really must try it. 3031—shown here without the cape—is very youthful. 2995—you can make it with short sleeves—works out well in two materials.

I've Dressed Them All

(Continued from page 77)

frames to give them character.

The last time she was in was the day that the newspapers published an interview with a visiting Italian Countess who said that Mussolini's favorite actress was Zasu Pitts. We asked her if she had read the article. She was like a child receiving a compliment upon her first piano recital. The nervous, bird-like hands fluttered in front of her. Nothing in the world had ever pleased her quite so much.

Here is a name which thrills me. It is that of Ethel Barrymore.

The first time she came into the shop she was playing at one of the theatres in Los Angeles. It was an off-season and few people were there. Miss Barrymore came alone, took a seat in a corner and asked to be shown some dinner gowns.

We were all delighted to have her there and turned handsprings to please her, which really wasn't necessary for she is extremely easy to get on with.

Several days later she returned. As she walked through the showroom on her way back for fittings, she passed a famous star trying on hats.

"Wasn't that Ethel Barrymore?" the star asked breathlessly. "Do ask her if I may say 'hello' to her. I met her in New York once. I'm sure she will remember."

One of the saleswomen carried the message to the Great Ethel.

"Let her come in," she said in a tired voice. "I haven't the vaguest idea who she is, but I don't want to hurt her feelings."

When the name of Colleen Moore was placed in my book she made an enormous salary. Her fame was world-wide. The same saleswoman who had embarrassed me by not knowing who Norma Talmadge was came rushing into my office quivering with excitement and said, "Colleen Moore's upstairs!"

I went into the showroom and found an unassuming young lady, walking nervously about.

Since that time, I have made many clothes for Colleen Moore, but I'm sure that she likes clothes much less than does the average girl. She seems much more at ease in sports clothes than in so-called "proper" attire. However, upon those rare occasions when she does feel like dressing up, she can be as smart as the next one.

Fitting her evening dresses was always a bit of a disappointment because she was forever arriving for fittings wearing flat-heeled shoes and rolled socks. Nothing in the world is more ludicrous than a girl in a long white satin evening dress with brown brogues peeping out beneath the hem.

This is the third installment in Howard Greer's fascinating memories from his life. In forthcoming articles you'll find dozens of hitherto unpublished stories of your favorites.



ROBERT YOUNG and LEILA HYAMS in a scene from the Universal picture, "Saturday's Millions"

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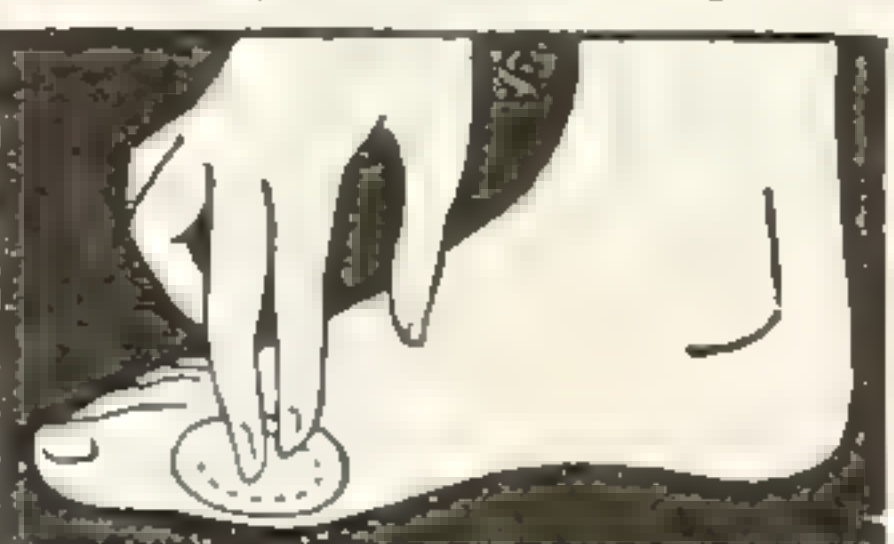
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Lupe and Johnnie Were Married

(Continued from page 47)

discovered, during those two years of hectic, wild, uncontrolled emotionalism that love was burning away all that was within her. She was becoming a by-product of love rather than making love just a by-product of life. No actress can do it. Even the terrific, impelling energy of Lupe Velez could not serve two masters. Her acting became more and more secondary to her love-making.

Lupe could have married Gary Cooper. No mothers, no fathers, no gossips—nothing or no one but Lupe and Gary themselves, could have prevented that ceremony. I was a matron-of-honor at Lupe's wedding to Johnny because I am a friend and as a friend had been with her through the hectic drama of that other love. I had walked the floor with Lupe Velez until after three o'clock one morning when she was burning with the white heat that a misunderstanding with Gary had lit within her. And yet, at eight o'clock she had been on a motion picture set working. She looked—as any woman would look who had walked the floor for eight hours crying and tearing her hair and screeching and praying. Yes, praying.

People have said that Lupe Velez takes marriage lightly. They have pointed to the number of "fiancés" to prove it. They do not understand that the reason she has not married before is because she does not take marriage lightly. We never recover entirely from our childhood beliefs; our inherent religions. Lupe is Mexican. Marriage is to her a holy sacrament to last forever—if it is at all possible to forearm oneself so it may be everlasting. Not like a Hollywood marriage.

None of us will ever be able to set upon paper the true picture of the sacrifice made by Lupe when she put Gary Cooper upon a train which would head him toward the African desert. Lupe *knew* this was farewell—forever. Gary didn't. Her great love did not tell him. It shielded him even until the last moment. Gary has told me of the shock, the terrible shock, when her letters dwindled; of the even greater shock when he returned to New York and found her flitting from one gay night club to another with one escort after another. When he heard the stories about her gaiety, her wild abandon, her many so-called "love affairs." He could not believe these stories were true.

I shall never forget one evening in her home, *two years* after she had sent Gary into Africa—alone. She sat on a stool, at my feet, in that softly shadowed living room which Gary had helped her to buy and to furnish. She allowed the tears to weave their unmolested ways down her cheeks. Her eyes were deep pools of black. Their

blackness had been lightened, once, by the light of excitement which flickered in them. There were no lights on this evening.

"Love is the only thing on earth which pays you regular interest. I may lose all of my diamonds and fur coats and money. Who can tell? The only thing I can never lose is the memory of love. It, alone, pays me rich dividends upon what I have invested."

"The beautiful thing about your first love is: you are ignorant. When one is ignorant, she can be happy. A woman in love the first time is like a woman about to have her first baby. She is ignorant of the responsibilities, the worries, the unhappiness which it may bring her. She does not look forward to the fact that it may have measles, whooping cough or even, some day, go to prison. To her, this first baby is going to be the President of its country. No second baby can be exactly like the first because a mother can be absolutely ignorant only once."

For two years, nearly three, Lupe thought that she could never love again!

WHEN Lupe Velez first arrived in this country—a wistful child of seventeen who could speak no English, she told me, "I am vat you calls zee flirts. I wiggles my eyes at all mens." She followed this philosophy until she met Gary Cooper. After she and Gary had separated, she returned to it. She became, again, the flirt; a woman who wiggled her eyes at all men. But her heart remained the ashes of a single fire.

Johnny Weissmuller was just one more man to be smiled at and flirted with when she met him. A big, handsome, wistful lad who reminded her in many ways of Gary when she had first known him. When the rumors about her and Johnny began, Lupe was amused. She knew—and I knew—that he meant no more to her than had Nils Asther, Tom Mix, Al Jolson, Victor Fleming *before* Gary; than had Jack Gilbert and others *since* Gary. Johnny was just another man. Someone to go places with. To have a good time with. To flirt with.

And then he became—a pal. The first she had ever had.

Lupe did not know about pals. She did not understand that there are men who can be friends to a woman. She did not realize that such a friendship might pave the way for an affection that does not burn at white-heat, always. A white-heat is too hot to be comfortable. But a steady, firm fire that flashes up occasionally when extra fuel is added: a fire that never dies completely because it is a well-banked fire.

She did not know. She learned.

Johnny Weissmuller had been in love before. He had been married. Although he had not been as famous as Gary, he had had more experience. He knew more about women. He knew that women like to be managed as well as loved.

Johnny's love was no less to him than Gary's had been to him. Only he understood better. When Lupe's love flared too high and threatened emotional tempests, Johnny shrugged and kept silent or forgot to call her up for several days. For example. Lupe loves excitement. She likes to play in the evenings when she is not working. Theaters; dinner parties; prize fights. But Johnny is a swimmer. Too much bright-life is not for athletes. "I will take you twice a week," he told her.

And somehow, this big man who said, "We'll go out twice a week," and stuck to it—this giant who did not buy her expensive gifts as had all others but who bought her a little Ford car which he ordered her to drive herself because he thought it was good for her—the big boy who got her roller skates and insisted that she use them—this lover who bought her a tiny love ring and presented it with a bashful grin and "This doesn't mean money but love, dear"—this Johnny Weissmuller brought forth still another side of Lupe.

I DROPPED into her home for dinner, one evening. She was cooking it, herself. She was frying the potatoes with grease that spluttered up every few seconds to scald her briefly; she was baking chicken as it is baked in Mexico. "I'm cooking Johnny's dinner with my own hands. He likes me to."

When they first talked about marriage, Lupe was frightened. "Marriage cannot change human nature. I will not marry unless I feel it will last. I have suffered much but at least I have not suffered from divorce. I have been saved from that. I do not know—marriage seems to act like windows on a jail. You want to break them down. Even though you love, something inside you says, 'I am in jail.' I have seen that from other men and women. I could not have that."

So Lupe and Johnny sat down and tried to figure a way not to feel as though they were in jail. When they are both in Hollywood, they are not to go out with anyone else. That is because they feel certain they will not



Lupe and Johnnie at the recent Tennis Matches at the Los Angeles Tennis Club.

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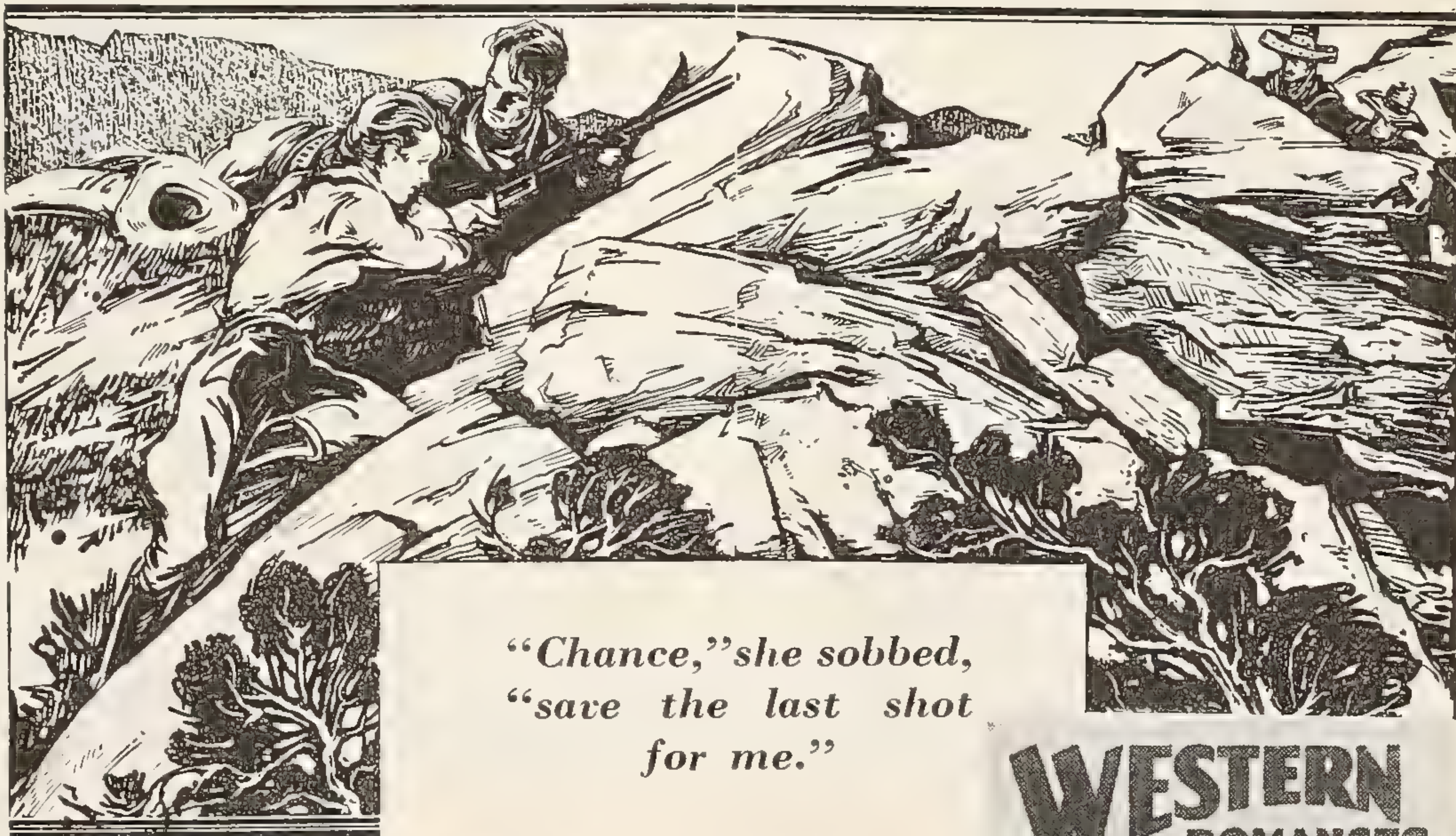
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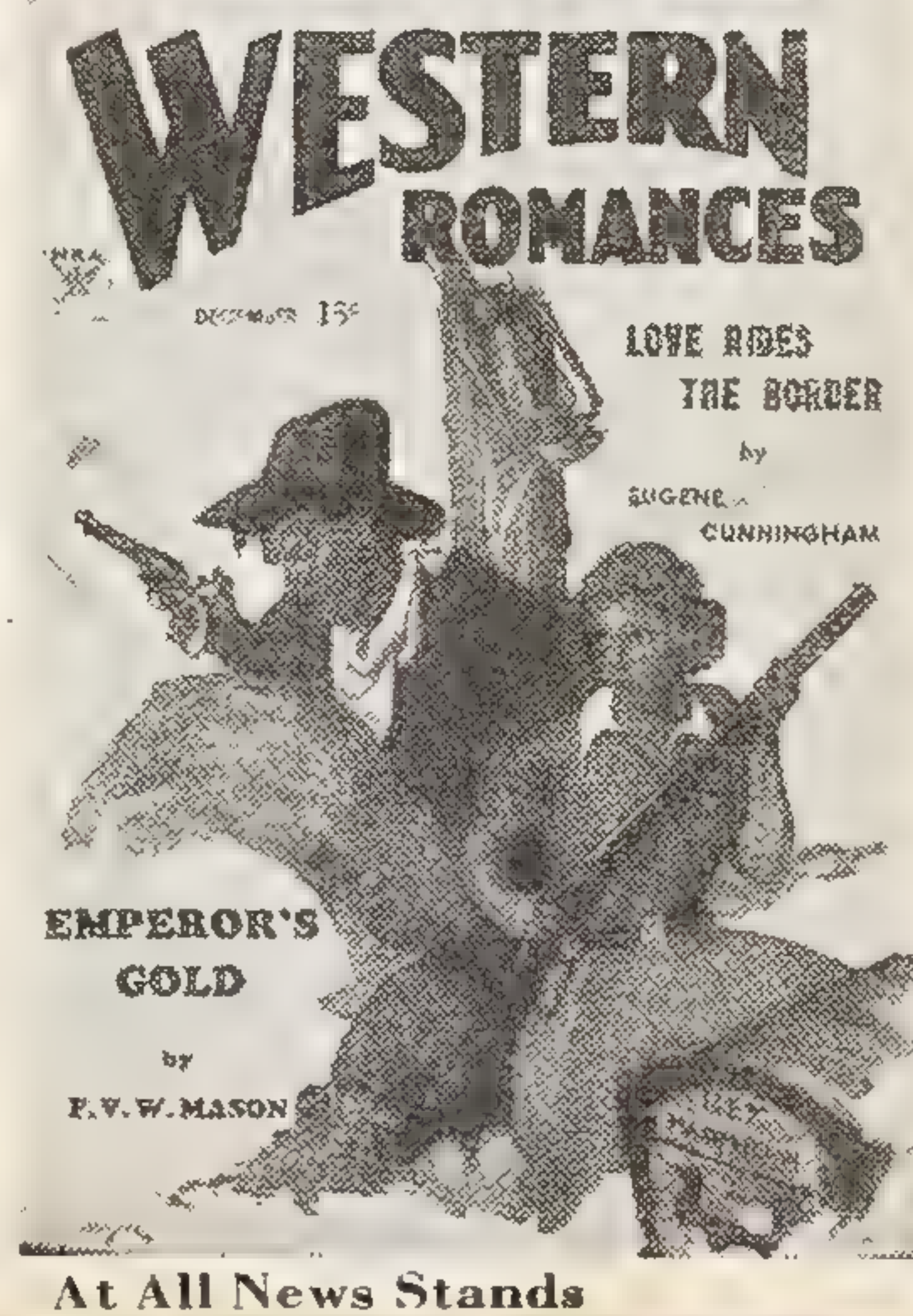
"Chance," she sobbed,
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I NEVER dreamed that *any* shades could set off the furnishings of my rooms so well. My Clopay Shades were truly marvelous—their creped surface looked so much smarter than the hard, shiny surface of cloth shades that used to cost me 50c each. And the beautiful chintz patterns I got in Clopay at 10c I really never could find before in *any* shades! . . . Millions of women already approve Clopay—the new kind of shade that won't crack, pinhole, fray or curl . . . yet sells for 10c. Available in soft, plain colors and latest chintz effects no other shade has. Easy to put up, too . . . no tacks or tools. For a real thrilling experience see Clopay Shades today. Send 3c stamp for color samples. Clopay Corporation, 1220 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

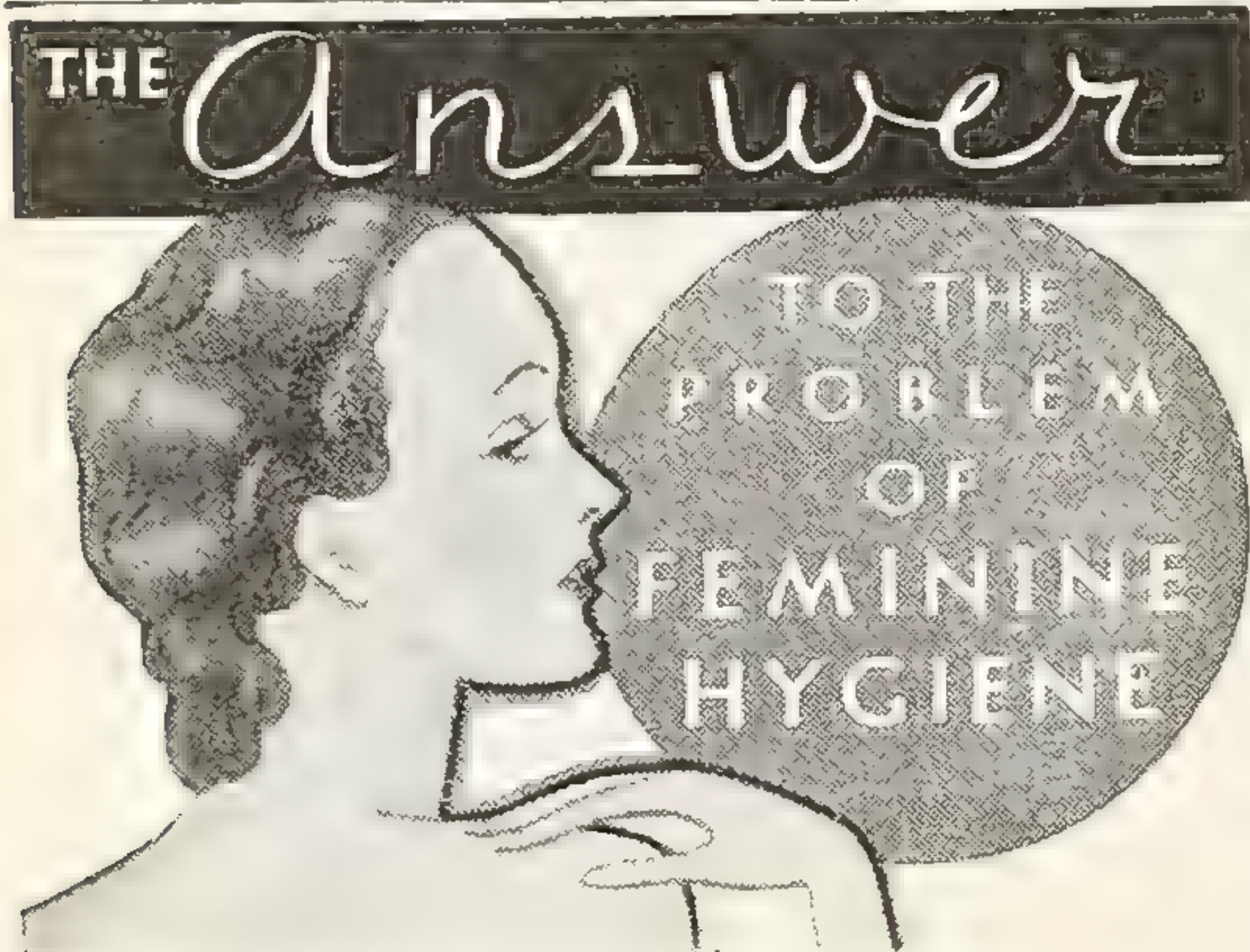
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● Try it now. Just send 10c and coupon for generous Trial Package.

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. N-16
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your Trial Package of BORO-PHENO-FORM, Directions and Enlightening Booklet. I enclose 10c.

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want to. But if they are in separate cities, they are to be on marital vacations. Johnny is to see other women; Lupe other men. If either should make mistakes that might hurt the other—they are to say nothing. "What we don't know can never hurt us," they have decided.

They wanted to keep their marriage a secret until they can get used to being married. "It's the first days that will be a little hard. We want to get used to the feeling—"

For weeks before they were married, Johnny had promised, "I'm going to punch you in the jaw, Lupe, the moment it is over, so you'll know for sure that you are married to me."

But he took her into his arms, instead. They kissed as man and woman have kissed following that beautiful ceremony since it was created. And then, he took her chin in his huge fist,

"This is the punch in the jaw, dear—"

"I know we are married, dear. I know. I'm glad. But Johnny, you haven't had breakfast. Oh, please let's hurry and get Johnny something to eat. He has to eat regular meals, you know. He has to be at work tomorrow morning."

Johnny slipped his arm around her and winked at us. "All women are alike. They're always worrying about feeding their husbands. Lupe's just like any other bride, isn't she?"

She was. Only Lupe Velez had waited enough years; had experienced enough of love to know that the marriage that has an opportunity to bring contentment is often more successful and lasting than the one which may bring only excitement. And a man can keep contented only when he is given his breakfast on time.

How Columbo Discovered America

(Continued from page 31)

Conrad's glib enthusiasm and his gaudy word pictures of a tomorrow crammed with riches, Russ might have returned home.

For six weeks, nothing happened. Finally, Conrad got a radio executive up to his apartment. Russ sang to Con's accompaniment, and the executive turned cartwheels in his enthusiasm. "Why," he demanded, "haven't we heard him at NBC? Bring him over tomorrow."

After he had gone, Con said, "This calls for a celebration."

The Nut Club is New York's maddest night club. In Greenwich Village, it attracts the town's most sophisticated crowd. This night, Con and Russ ran into another celebrating party. Harry Richman was the host, and one of his guests was a beautiful girl named Dorothy Dell who had been Miss Universe of 1931. Now she was in Ziegfeld's Follies. This night, Russ Columbo met her, lost his heart.

Russ' first network broadcast was on a Tuesday night at eleven-thirty. At first, the late-hour assignment seemed like a death sentence. No one listened so late at night. It was agreed that a soloist wouldn't have a chance. But Russ changed all that, for something in his voice appealed.

HE might have been singing yet, if it hadn't been for Bing Crosby. Bing was a West Coast sensation. His fame, sweeping eastward, caused NBC and CBS to bid for his services. "Get Crosby," was the order of the day. Apparently, everyone else on the air was forgotten. Especially Columbo, who, because his style so closely paralleled Bing's, was released by NBC.

This is just one of the shocking things that happened to this twenty-three-year-old kid.

At the end of the fight to hire Crosby, the Columbia Broadcasting System had won. Conrad looked at the situation like a general surveying a battle-

field. To Russ he said, "Kid, we've got one chance." It was Con Conrad who sold the National Broadcasting Company on the "battle of the baritones" idea. Going back to NBC, he sold them Russ Columbo all over again, persuaded them to give Russ such a "build-up" that it would take the edge off Crosby's appearance over a rival network.

These next weeks were mad and as full of success as Russ was to know in those days. His new salary was at first \$150 a week. Soon, Con promoted a new Lincoln car. Newspapers began to talk about Russ Columbo, NBC's sensational baritone. Maxwell House Coffee signed him for three weeks work at \$3,000. Listerine came next, paying \$2,500 a week.

At this point in most stories of sudden wealth, one meets a boy's swelling conceit or arrogance and ingratitude. Russ kept his feet on the ground. So far as I know, he has made but one serious mistake in his career. It came later on.

NOW, he was in love with Dorothy Dell. Nightly, she was seen with him.

It was a line of type that blasted his romantic house of cards. Walter Winchell, New York's gossip columnist, reported in his daily column, "Dorothy Dell, the Follies dolly, and Russ Columbo, NBC's Romeo of Song, plan to middle-aisle it shortly."

And Colombo's employers, hearing of this rumored marriage, told him flatly that he could not get wed; to do so would diminish his popularity.

For those of you who read the announcements of engagements of movie and radio stars, engagements that never come off and marriages that are annulled, here is a glimpse behind the scenes. To Con Conrad, Russ' manager and best friend, was handed the task of breaking up the romance with Dorothy Dell. A very nasty job.

Con broke it up, all right. He went straight to Dorothy and told her what this marriage would do to Russ. I am not sure how much she loved Russ, but this I do know. When she heard that she might stand between him and success, she stepped aside with a valorous smile and promised never to see him again.

At first, Russ was stunned in a desperate school-boyish way. And then frantic. She returned his letters, refused to answer her phone, avoided him. In desperation, Columbo finally bared his heart to Con Conrad. And Con, full of honest love for this kid he had built into a star, broke down and told him what he had done.

When he had finished his story, Russ was white and shaken. And then righteously furious. That night, he walked out of the apartment that he shared with Con, swearing never to return.

For three days, they met only at the broadcasting studio where no word passed between them. Con did all he could to win back Russ' respect. On the fourth day, Russ returned to his apartment, but an unbridgable gulf yawned between him and his manager. He felt he had been wronged, and the hurt of it lingered. Later, he was to retaliate.

Now, however, working together did much to smooth out their disagreement. In 1932, Russ was atop the tremendous wave of popularity which Conrad and NBC had fashioned for him. Publicity "stunts" to keep his name ever before the public were once-a-week affairs. The most famous of all—and the greatest hoax—fooled every city editor in New York, and connected Russ' name with that of Greta Garbo.

LET'S examine it briefly and observe how these millstones of fame grind. You may have read, in 1932, that Greta Garbo was engaged to marry Columbo. A thousand papers printed it. Here is the story.

Greta Garbo was visiting New York, hiding herself as usual, and reporters were frantic to get news of her. Winchell scooped the town one morning by publishing that she was at the St. Moritz Hotel. Twenty-four hours later, Con Conrad gave a party for newspapermen in his apartment ostensibly in honor of Columbo's successful engagement at the Waldorf-Astoria. During the party, the telephone rang. It rang twice. And a third time. When the continued noise had attracted everyone's attention, Conrad lifted the receiver.

"Hello," he said loudly enough for all in the room to hear. "No, this is his manager. Call what room? Suite 2231 at the St. Moritz. Whom should he ask for?"

Apparently puzzled, he replaced the receiver, saying, "That's a funny one. When I ask who's calling, they hang up. Hey, Sammy!" (Sammy is one of the conspirators planted across the room so all can hear), "You live at the St. Moritz. Do you know anyone in room 2231?"

"Room 2231," Sammy sang back. "Why, that's Garbo's room. I live on

Mother!

Here's the A.B.C. of COLDS - CONTROL



A To AVOID Many Colds

At that first sneeze, snuffle or nasal irritation, apply Vicks Nose & Throat Drops, the new aid in *preventing* colds. The drops are especially designed to stop colds *where 3 out of 4 colds start*—in nose and upper throat. Used in time, these unique drops help to avoid many colds *entirely*.

B To SHORTEN a Cold

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C To Build RESISTANCE to Colds

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You'll read your own story when you read Joanna Parker's confession. + + + Hers is every woman's story because she found every woman's love. . . .

THREE KINDS OF LOVE

The book-length true novel complete in the January MODERN ROMANCES
on sale December First

New Discovery Takes Out Color Like Magic!

Harmless as Boiling Water

Fast colors—even jet black—can now be removed like magic, without harming fabrics in the slightest! And all through the use of an amazing product available for home use everywhere! It is known as White RIT.



You can easily take out all the old color... even black... with White RIT. It never harms the fabric. Also removes those stubborn spots and stains!

Simply drop a White RIT wafer in boiling water, put in the goods from which you want to remove the color, stir, and in a jiffy all color will disappear. Even the water stays colorless!

Also Takes Out Spots and Stains

It's marvelous for removing mildew, yellowness caused by washing, ink spots, grass stains, rust... never harms the fabric. Diapers come out soft and snowy white, too.



Now rinse your dress in a bright shade of New INSTANT RIT. Not a soap any more... but a new powder wafer that dyes in the rinse!

Use White RIT to take old, faded color out of dresses, hosiery, underthings, curtains, draperies—any article unevenly faded, or sun-streaked.



Look how RIT dyes every thread, even the seams through and through. And a special patented ingredient prevents streaking... gives you beautiful, even color.

After the color has been removed it is easy to put in any fashionable new color you like with Instant RIT.

See RIT color card with its 33 smart colors at your dealer's. White RIT and Instant RIT are on sale everywhere.

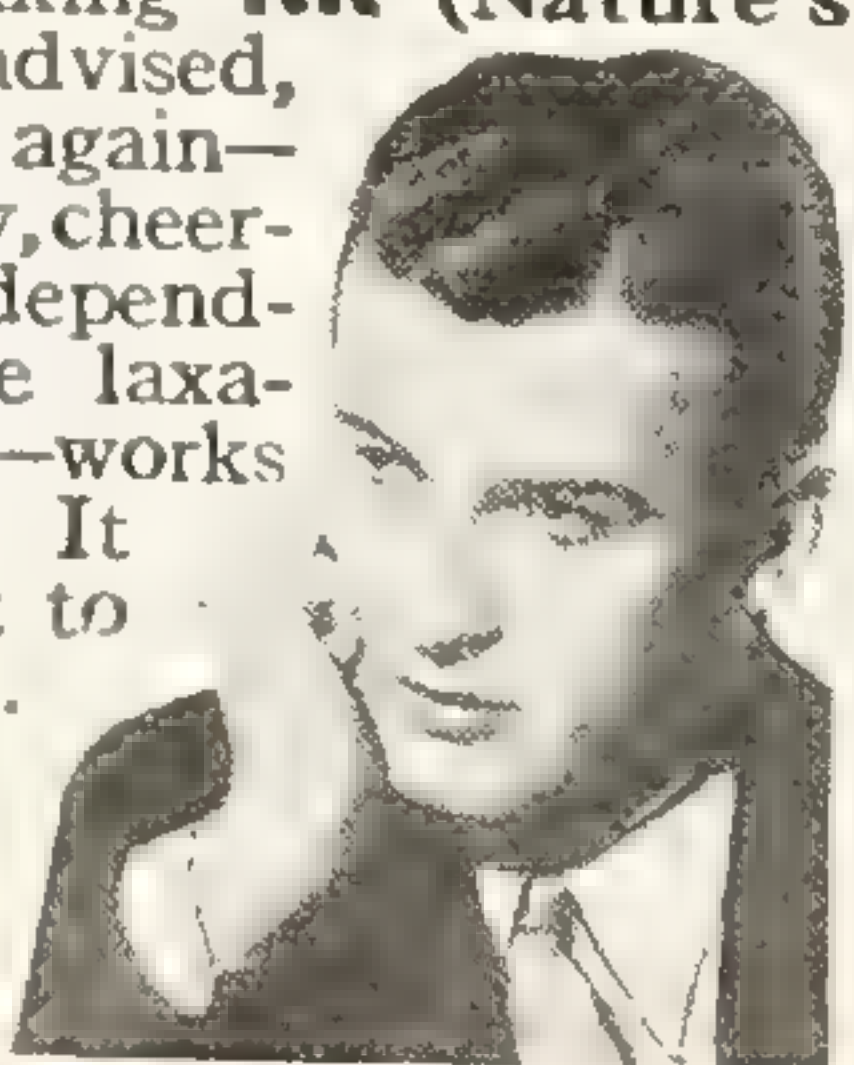
WHITE RIT

**Removes All Colors
— HARMLESSLY**

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND



SHE could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his “all in” complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his “fagged out,” “on edge” condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists.



FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer—samples **NR** and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to **A. H. LEWIS CO.** Desk TK-77 St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

“TUMS” Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

the same floor. I know.”

The newspapermen present smiled wisely and said nothing. They knew Conrad and his “stunts.” Con turned back to the phone.

“Get me the St. Moritz,” he directed. Within a minute he had found that the occupant of 2231 was a Miss Gustafsen. And everyone knew that Miss Gustafsen was Garbo's real name.

Still, the newspapermen were very suspicious. So Conrad let the whole thing drop... for the moment. Next day, into a St. Moritz lobby that was crowded with reporters and photographers trying to see Garbo, there walked two page boys carrying a giant basket of flowers. A tag bore the name Greta Garbo. A smart newshawk delayed the pages, extracted the white card faintly visible among the blooms, and read the name on it. Russ Columbo.

Again, smart city editors refused the story. It seemed too much like publicity. So Conrad went to work on Walter Winchell, insisting that the story was on the square, showing him telegrams signed “G.G.” Russ had received. Against his better judgment, Winchell ran an item. He said Garbo and Columbo were stepping out nights.

That item was the hole in the newspaper dam. Next day, the flood for which Conrad had worked and prayed, broke over the town and country; a flood of printer's ink that placed radio's Romeo and the glamorous Garbo on the verge of marriage, and tilted Russ' destiny even higher in the sky. When you read those stories, mind you, Russ hadn't even met Garbo.

At that time, even Bing Crosby did not represent a serious menace. To Russ and Con in those merry days, life must have been something seen through a rosy haze. All that they asked was granted them. Of course, it was too fantastic to last. Everyone told them that, but they laughed off the warnings. Now, like a rocket that has spent its flaming, flashing trail in the sky, Columbo began to fall. Conrad took him out of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel so he might find more time for theatrical engagements. Next day, the Brooklyn Paramount asked Con to cut \$800 off Russ' \$3,000 weekly salary. Con refused, and took him out of the theatre, figuring they would come around in a week, begging. Well, they didn't. The final numbing blow fell when the Listerine firm decided to suspend its broadcasting program.

Can you imagine such a paralyzing descent? One week, they were earning \$7,000 and living like princes. Seven days later, their income was exactly nothing. I rather imagine Russ began, for the first time, to sense that his rise had been too meteoric and not solidly enough ballasted to last. I don't think, though, that he realized this was the beginning of the end.

It was, undoubtedly. We are a nation of hero worshippers and romance-seekers who forget with mordant swiftness. When Russ left the air, he walked out of our lives—and most of us turned to the baritone promises in Bing Crosby's voice.

And, just as everything that Con Con-

rad had done had been quite all right for a time, now it was the wrong thing. Presently, discouraged and ill, he renounced his rights as Russ' manager. Other managers put Columbo into this theatre and that, but the fire had gone out of the singer's personality. Young as he was, it is understandable, isn't it?

For the first time, too, Russ was thinking for himself. Always, Con Conrad had been his brains, a leader and patron to be obeyed unswervingly. Now, groping like an inexperienced child, Russ sought to get his life back to its old level. Many things interfered, among them a childish resentment at being Fate's plaything, and a false notion that he had to present the same front he had shown in his \$7,000-a-week days.

Presently, it seemed that the same malady of “wrongness” gripped him as it had gripped Conrad. Nothing he did was right.

And then Conrad came back. Away vacationing, resting, his brain had conceived a score of fresh ideas. He returned with new enthusiasm. Russ was delighted to see him. I'm not sure of their relations this time, whether Con became his manager anew or merely helped him as a friend. I do know that the reunion started Columbo's comeback toward those radio heights that he was destined never to gain again, but on which his heart was set.

With Con directing, he turned from this engagement to that, growing again, adding fresh friends. One job was at New York's swanky Woodmansten Inn. The opening was a gala, glittering occasion with Eddie Cantor, Harry Richman, Ruth Etting, Bert Lahr, Pola Negri, Guy and Carmen Lombardo and many others present.

Among those many others were Jack Dempsey and Dorothy Dell.

FRIENDS who were there have told me that Russ' face turned white when he saw Dorothy. Nor will they soon forget his voice as he sang that night. Dorothy and Jack danced by his place as he led the band. Momentarily, she stopped, saying, “Jack and I came down to wish you loads of luck, Russ.” Before he could answer, they were gone. When he turned to sing with the orchestra, Fate's amazing way had chosen the song...

“I can't forget the night I met you
That's all I'm thinking of;
Though you call it madness,
Ah, but I call it love...”

I don't think he ever saw Dorothy again. Within a few months, he didn't care to see her. For soon he met another girl who fascinated him. This time, he was playing at the Coconut Grove in Manhattan's Park Central Hotel. Among the artists who were part of the entertainment were Hannah Williams (newly separated from Roger Wolfe Kahn), the late Roscoe Arbuckle, and Queenie Smith.

During the first part of that engagement, it seemed he was firmly planted on the highroad back to fame. Surely nothing could stop him now. But something did. He fell in love, unreasonably, with Hannah Williams.

Dress up your Dress up dinners

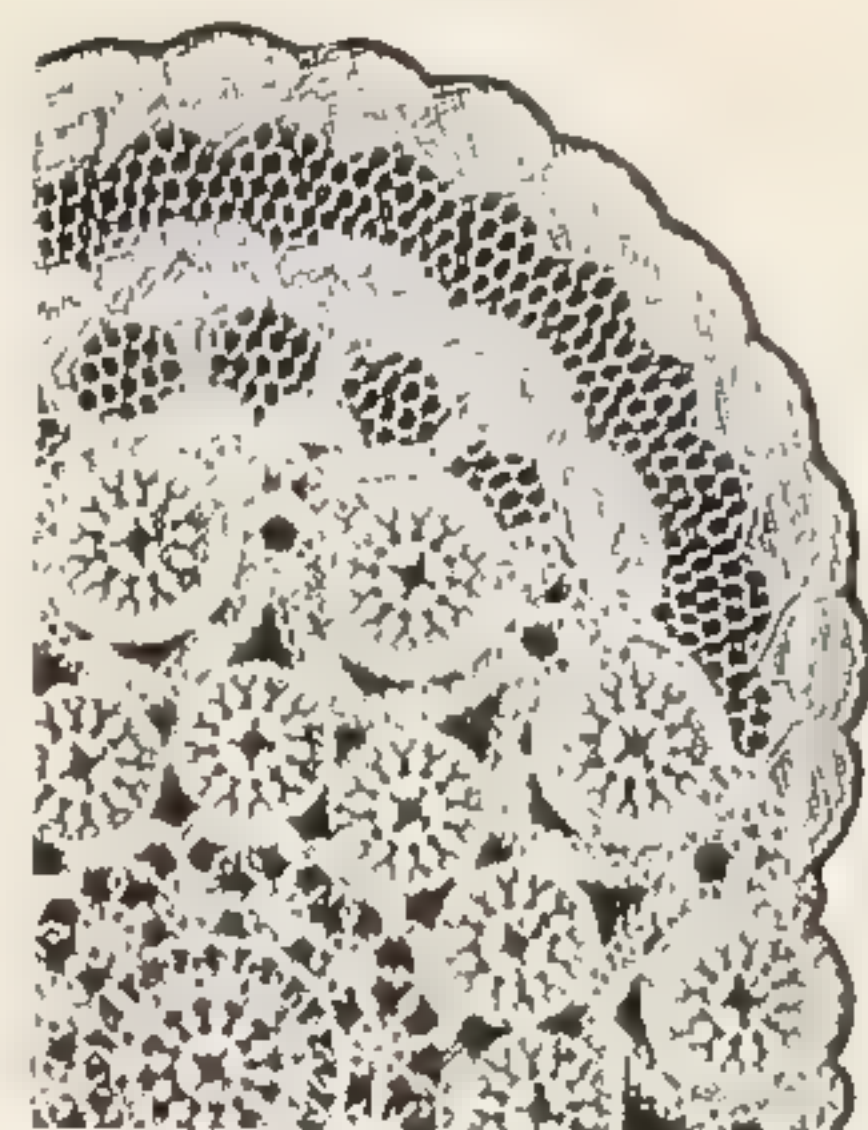
IMPORTANT holiday dinners—gay party tables—informal Sunday night buffets—all take on an inviting new note of daintiness when you use Roylace Paper Doylies. They're a clever added touch—attractive, decorative, yet so practical.

Roylace Doylies are really exquisite in their lovely, lace-like designs—and in crisp white or pastel tints to match your color scheme. Not at all expensive, you can afford to use them for all your entertaining; in fact, that's an *economy-idea*, for they save your costly linens and laundering.



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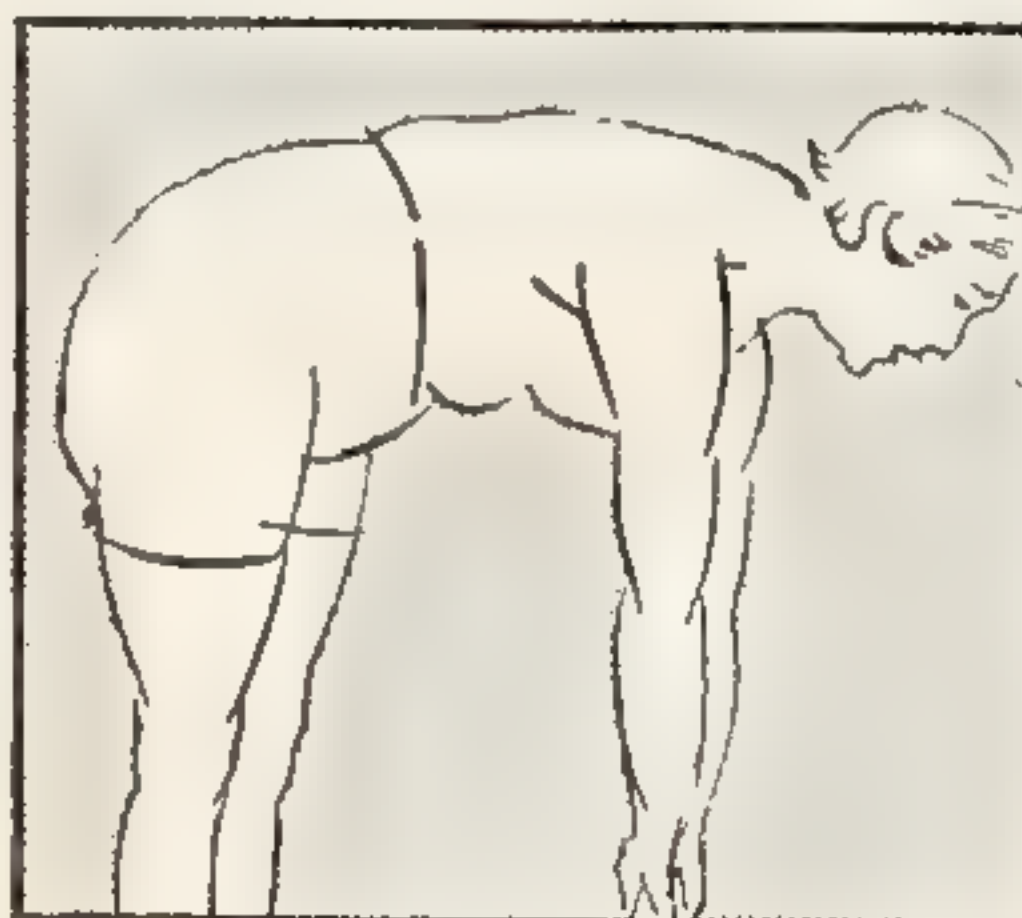


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In Shelf Papers insist on Roylace, too. The new Double-edge, Cloth-like paper is four times as strong and costs the same—5c.



AFTER MONTHS OF HOPELESS STRUGGLE AGAINST UNLOVELY FAT



I KEPT GAINING WEIGHT IN SPITE OF DAILY EXERCISE AND CONSTANT DIETING...



I TRIED TIGHT, CHOKING GIRDLES, TOOK WEAKENING SALTS, AND STILL I WEIGHED TOO MUCH

FINALLY, I FOUND A TRUE REDUCER...

"I Know a Remarkable Way to Reduce Fat!"

I TRIED a dozen or more foolish fads in my efforts to reduce. I watched my diet at every meal for months and months—yet it seemed that I would have to go on foolishly fighting fat for the rest of my life.

At last a friend suggested a true reducer called Marmola, that is based on a scientifically recognized reducing principle. I had heard of it before, of course, but I did not fully realize how the use of Marmola has spread thruout the world—into more than 12 foreign countries. I know now that it employs a tested principle that does reduce.

Marmola is so effective that it

has become the world's leading remedy for fat. Over 20 million boxes have been sold.

Why should anyone wishing to reduce fail to try this famous remedy, when it has such a remarkable record? The formula is printed in every box. And it is so delightfully simple. Just 4 tablets a day. No starvation diets. No strenuous exercises. No foolish fads. You will feel better because Marmola acts the right way to help turn fat to vim. At all good drug stores. Do not accept substitutes.

MARMOLA



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Mary Bruin



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If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than MOON GLOW—the new Hollywood favorite. Ask your department or drug store for all shades of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in two sizes, 10c and 25c. If they cannot supply you, fill in the coupon below and mail today.

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.

Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. () Natural () Medium () Rose () Platinum Pearl () Carmine.

Name.....

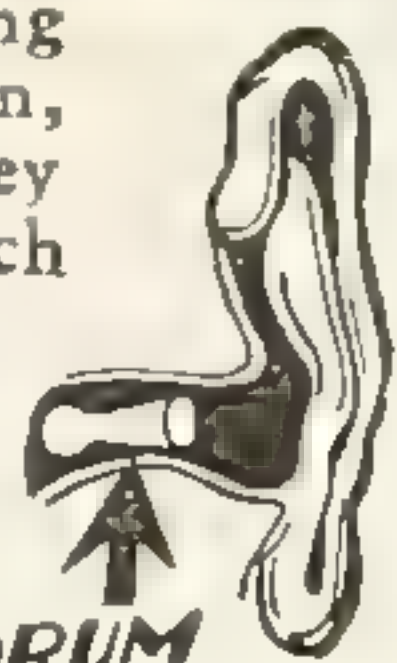
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The Strange Case of Hitler and Dietrich

(Continued from page 23)

lady most skillfully. When he might have blustered, he cajoled; when he might have flung his fury against her calm, he pleaded. Never a trace of fiery Hitler's dictatorship found expression in that French parlor, nor an echo of brow-beating tactics.

In Berlin, where Nazi boot heels rattle endlessly over clean cobbled roads, this officer's report produced a minor sensation in Hitler's inner circle. Probably, sundry hotheads would have wreaked their vengeance on Miss Dietrich if they could have reached her. But not the iron-willed man who is now Germany's dictator.

The very few people who know of this story have asked why he has acted in this matter in a way so foreign to his nature. Rebellion he has invariably crushed; but now he entreats. Why?

Strange to say, Marlene Dietrich is the only being on earth who has succeeded in touching a warm chord in his heart. In his opinion, she is the greatest German woman in existence at the present day, the one unsullied glory on the honor roll of German citizenry. He never misses seeing any of the productions in which she appears, and his one unfulfilled ambition is to bring her back to Germany.

The fact of the matter is that Hitler, although he might become furious if anyone hinted to him that such was the case, is in a sense in love with Marlene Dietrich. Not with the woman herself, whom he has never met, but with the glamorous figure of her screen self.

Her entire life appeals to him. In a certain sense, they have much in common, for each is a self-made person and Marlene has known much of the

drudgery and despair he must have felt before he gained his place in the sun. She is the only woman who has escaped the ostracism in which he holds all others. In his mind, women are relegated to their homes.

AND what of Marlene, now that she has returned to America? When one has been offered the world, what is there left? Well, there is the sunshine of California and a gay coterie of dear friends, all of which she would have been forced to sacrifice if she had accepted Hitler's offer to head his revived movie industry. There is a delightful climate, and there is a warm spot in the hearts of millions of Americans who have accorded her far more recognition than she ever gained in her native land. And there is a free country called America in which her tiny daughter can grow and bloom.

These things Marlene values. To hold them for herself, she has offered Hitler's scheme no encouragement.

But Hitler is not easily deterred. If you wonder at his leniency and self-control in a case where he might have been expected to resort to more violent methods, just remember that Hitler, the strong man, has also his weak spots.

As he dreams, in those rare moments that he is idle, he thinks not of the woman herself but of the lovely creature he has seen on the screen before his tired eyes. She has become a symbol of the greatness that is to be Germany's in every field of endeavor as well as the movies. Desperately, he wants her back for Germany. He grudges, I'm sure, the American public the sight of her and her deep, blue eyes.

THE LUCKY WINNERS!

MODERN SCREEN is pleased to announce the winners of the Clark Gable-Mae West Contest.

Remember, in the September issue, we invited you to write us—in not more than twenty words—why you would or why you would not like to see this popular pair cast as the "love interest" in a forthcoming production.

Thousands of replies poured into our office before September 15th and we have taken the time since to diligently consider the reasons, pro and con, for your decision. The awards follow:

Rubye M. Chapman of 802 South Perry St., Montgomery, Alabama, wins the first prize. Fifty dollars.

Walter C. Blackburn of 154 Maplelawn Drive, Dayton, Ohio, is awarded the second prize. Twenty-five dollars.

And the five other prizes of five dollars each go to:

E. E. Preston, 119 Livingston Ave., New Brunswick, N. J.

E. Bass, 602 Trutch St., Victoria, B. C.

Ruth Goodwin, 1712 Northview Road, Rocky River, Ohio.

C. Diana Cowan, 2628 West Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Emily Kispert, 1481 Shakespeare Ave., New York, N. Y.

Charm Gossip

(Continued from page 74)

matches her costume jewelry. She has an array of these clips which slip on easily to the flap of the bag.

● The newest thing for head dress is the adjustable bar. Have you seen them? They are worn over the head from the tip of one ear to the tip of the other. They come in many different types and shapes and even prices. Connie Bennett has a rhinestone and seed pearl one for evening wear that makes her look very beautiful and regal. Alice White wore a black onyx one the other night that looked quite startling against her blond locks.

Then there are tortoise shell ones for daytime wear. Marion Davies usually slips one on when playing tennis. Claims it's grand for keeping the hair out of her eyes and, besides, it looks very smart.

● Heather Angel is sporting an extremely smart—and clever—accessory. (See page 74.) It's a gay swagger stick made of natural wood, with a Scotty's head on top. Just the thing to give the proper dash to a street costume. And the unique part is this: if a rain storm should overtake her, she removes that folding case of flexible wood and reveals the real purpose of the gadget.

It's a little umbrella and the Scotty's head serves as a handle!

What, you ask, happens to the cover? Heather collapses it as she would a drinking cup and slips it into her pocket! Which solves the problem of whether to carry an umbrella or not in excellent fashion. One like that is an asset to any costume.

● It's nice to have a feather in your cap—particularly this season! You should see Ann Harding's. She has a brown antelope beret with a wide-awake feather whirligig directly in front. Chic!

And Norma Shearer has an entire hat of feathers—curled gray ostrich to match her ostrich boa. And does Norma look divine in gray! Her hat is the smartly defiant kind that parks over the right eye and it's very small. The boa swirls around her shoulders adding emphasis to a gray wool afternoon frock.

● "Ensemble" has taken on a new meaning. It's gloves now that serve to stress some note in your costume. And very effectively they do it—as in the case of Sharon Lynne's new black velvet dinner outfit. The puffs on her sleeves are of ermine so she wears black velvet gloves with an ermine edge on the cuff.

Patricia Ellis goes distinctly Spanish caballero in her "after five" frock. Her black sailor of shiny velvet with its narrow crown has a delightful swagger air that is accented by the matching gauntlets. They flare up high on her arm and are caught by rhinestone buttons exactly like the one on her hat.



John Barrymore, Myrna Loy and other players in "Topaze"

"Amazing, Professor, simply amazing!"

Assistant: "And do you really mean to say you've isolated the wotzitoyuh bacteria at last?"

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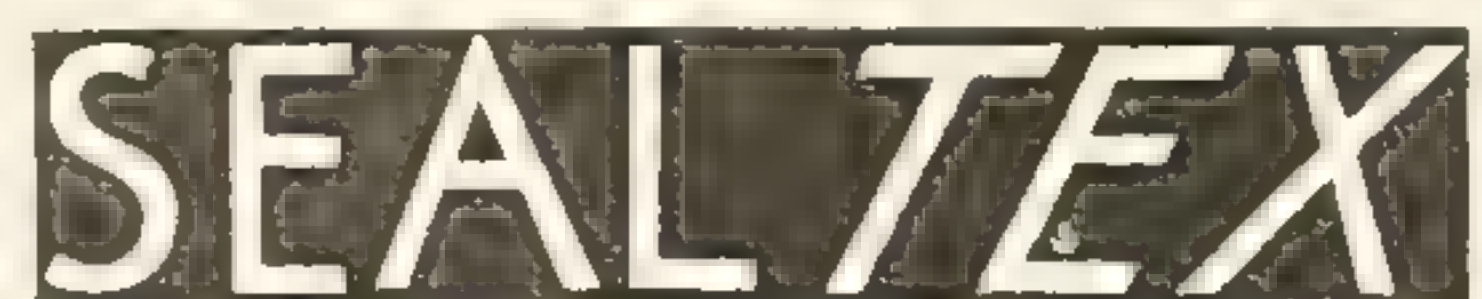


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Hollywood's Baby Genius

(Continued from page 17)

TAKE the miracle of Baby Le Roy's life. If an old-time saint had done for this child what the studios did, they would have statues of him and a day set apart for him.

There was in Los Angeles a young widow, hardly more than a child herself. She could get no work to do; her parents could find no work for months. In her despair she went to the Salvation Army Home and lived upon its charity for the first seven months of her baby's life. Then her father and mother found employment and were able to take their child and their child's child under their humble roof. The prospects were not good for any of these four obscure victims among the millions on millions of the depression's victims.

Then Paramount decided to put on a picture called "A Bedtime Story." It concerned Maurice Chevalier and a little orphan left in his car. The company thought it would be an idea to have a real orphan play the rôle. They sent word to all the philanthropic organizations in the city to send in their orphans. The Salvation Army people remembered the Winebrenners, mother and son, who had left the home six weeks before.

Nearly two hundred babies were snowed down upon the Paramount studio. Baby Le Roy chanced to be the first one photographed. Some mysterious power made him so memorable that he could not be crowded aside by the throng of infants. He was chosen. What a miracle of luck! What a lightning stroke of selection! What a needle in a haystack of needles!

The company not only gave him—or rather, his mother, as his trustee—a fine salary, but also an endowment insurance that will take care of his college education when he reaches that far off state of comparative senility—and heaven send that he may!

So the child was whisked from the depths of obscurity to a co-starring rôle with the international favorite, Chevalier. The two of them made so fascinating a team that each supported the other.

There have been countless infants on the screen, chuckled at and forgotten; but something about Le Roy Winebrenner has seized the heart of the world. He is remarkably amenable to suggestion and devoid of tantrums at critical moments, which endears him to the directors and stars who know what agonies a recalcitrant child can inflict on a company and what appalling expense he can inflict. A child that will not behave before a camera is like a little Nero fiddling while money burns. Baby Le Roy is interested in everything and something of a mimic. He is not easily thrown into those spasms of noisy wrath that infants are prone to—spasms so violent that first one fears they will choke to death and then that by some chance they will not.

BUT the ease with which he was camera-broken was only the negative side of his genius. The thing that made him a golden child and led the company to sign him up for a long term of years at a gorgeous salary was his amazing appeal to audiences. He reeks with personal magnetism, and if you can explain that miracle please let me know, for it is an increasing mystery to me.

Of course, all babies are wonderful and quite beyond explaining. In their happier moments, practically every baby that is healthy and normally built is pleasant to hold and hug.

There have been prodigies of beauty and intellect, infants that spoke Latin at three, and gave concerts at four and so on. But Baby Le Roy is too young to show whether he is going to be a genius in music or foreign languages at an early age. Except for a few words, all language is foreign to him and those delightful glugging sounds, those purring laughs and tinkling chuckles are a foreign language to his listeners.

So far as I can figure it out after an hour or two of the society of this dazzlingly famous world-figure, his power is in his unusual usualness, his amazing averageness. He is none of those unearthly little angels that we sometimes see, who got their eyes of blue out of the skies as they came through. He has on his shoulders none of those ancient philosopher heads that babies sometimes reveal. He is just a fine upstanding lad of his years, as good-looking as a healthy child might be, tremendously like other boys of his age. He is the great Everychild.

Parents who see him do not feel humbled or ashamed of their own output. With their normal prejudices in favor of home industries they can nudge each other and say, "Our baby is as good as that. Our baby could do as well. Our baby has an equal right to fame and fortune!" On the screen he does no acrobatic feats or sleight-of-hand tricks to make ordinary parents hang their heads over their own ordinary creations. He awakens no jealousy, sends nobody home in chagrin.

Baby Le Roy waddles and rolls, chuckles and howls, pouts or smiles, laughs or yawns, sleeps or wakes, toddles on typical little drunken feet or flops on a typical little bottom just as the rest of us did when we were beginners in life, just as the vast majority of children do now. Therefore he sums up childhood.

Millions follow him with their eyes, millions gasp when he sits down hard, millions laugh when he smashes somebody's watch, or simply utters some such magic incantation as "Gljmph!" or "Wrlmks!" or however you spell it.

For those who wish to know how a monarch of such multi-millionarish power spends his time, this daily schedule of his life will give you a peek behind the young man's throne.

Modern Screen

He awakens at six o'clock. He gets his first bottle immediately. At 6:45 he has his bath. Then he gets breakfast—or knows the reason why! Cream of wheat, or well-cooked oatmeal with milk. He plays outdoors in the sun till ten, at which time he is served a cocktail of plain orange juice. This makes him sleepy, so he naps till noon. When he awakens, he has lunch: Spinach and carrots, and stringbeans or a baked potato. The menu offers a choice of desserts—apple sauce, cooked pears, peaches or apricots. Most of this is eaten with exquisite manners—only a little of it landing on the floor.

The afternoon is divided between play, a bottle, and two hours' sleep. A sponge bath at four-thirty, followed by afternoon tea of crackers or zwiebach. More play—till six—and then dinner of chicken broth and a vegetable and to bed promptly at seven, with another eight-ounce night-cap.

And when the baby is working, this schedule is followed as closely as possible. After breakfast, he rides to work in a studio car. He works for an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon—hours broken up so that he shall not be under the lights more than seven minutes at a time. Between scenes he is taken outside to play. He has his regular morning and afternoon nap and his regular meals no matter who says what about the shooting schedule. And,

when he's working, he must be home in bed at six-fifteen.

Baby LeRoy is as faultless as a human child has a right to be. He goes about his work and does it well. He takes good care of his mamma, who takes good care of him. He has countless customers and gives them far more than their money's worth. He makes all babies more lovable, more desirable, and doubtless in innumerable unimaginable ways eases the way and improves the life of his little fellow citizens plodding across the twilight land between being Nobody and Somebody.

A child is so helpless that it is only fair when the world is helpless before a child like this one. Baby Le Roy is adorable because he sums up perfectly an era in human existence.

Schopenhauer said something to the effect that the things we learn before we are eight years old are so vast, so important, that everything we learn afterward is petty and inconsequential. Perhaps that is why, when a little child walks through a story of grown-ups threshing about in their complicated spider webs, he seems so magnificent, so important, so mysterious in his complete aloofness.

Baby Le Roy never lets the majesty of that rôle fall from him. He is the visiting stranger from a larger world.

And so I say—long may his didies wave over this world!

What Stars Would You Like to Meet?

(Continued from page 59)

darling feel that *he* was having a good time doing it.

Claudette Colbert—because I had just about decided that she wasn't getting the roles which did her justice. I was beginning to feel disappointed in her—when along she came with her swell, natural and likeable performance in "Three Cornered Moon." I took it all back. Why, the girl is a superb comedienne! A couple of bravos, Claudette.

Mae West—because I honestly didn't believe that they could transfer her from the stage to the screen without spoiling her or losing some of her appeal. I sat in the front row when "Diamond Lil," was playing on the New York stage. And clapped till my hands were sore. And I was afraid, when she went to Hollywood, that they'd prissify her—tone her own. Well, Mae wouldn't let 'em, even if they wanted to—which they don't. And another reason I'd like to meet her—she's had such a colossal influence on figures and clothes. And, speaking of colossal, it reminds me that I'd like to meet—

Jimmy Durante—because everyone who *does* know him seems to like him so much and finds him such a unique person. I liked him a lot on the stage but I've decided I like him even better on the screen. Hotcha-cha-cha!

Aline MacMahon—because I believe she has the kind of sense of humor that's worth traversing a couple of counties to find. She seems *real*, too—

and that goes for her unshaved eyebrows and her perfectly natural, un-bobbed hair, as well as for her personality.

Karen Morley—because she's so un-Hollywood. I like her work in pictures immensely. It's always intelligent and it isn't lacking in glamor, either. I like the way she wears blonde wigs in her pictures—and keeps her own hair its original shade of plain brown. I like the way she had her baby—without a lot of publicity and pother.


Helen Hayes—because I have always held her very high in my estimation as a stage star. And because the motion pictures have in no way dimmed her exquisite light. She has one of the most charming little faces it has ever been my good fortune to look upon. I believe her to be a rational human being, despite her great gift—or maybe because of it.

FRANCHOT TONE—because, as I said before, he reminds me of my first beau. This is a woman's reason, but I'll bet a baker's dozen of nice round ginger cookies that it is the reason behind a great many women fans' vote for favorite male players.

Ralph Bellamy—because he has such a nice face. And because he is so very un-Hollywood, too.

Robert Young—because he seems content to make haste slowly in his career. He plays supporting roles, does

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them well, and is improving steadily in each succeeding picture. You never hear of him rowing with his studio for money or more prominence.

Charles Ruggles—because he reminds me of Mr. Milquetoast of comic-strip fame and has, at the same time, the saving grace of great charm. Whenever I am feeling rather low in the mind and sunk in the soul, I search the newspapers for a Charles Ruggles picture. I believe that he has what all really great comedians must have to be great. That is, the ability, to make you laugh with a little catch in your throat. Remember "Poppa Loves Momma"?

Jimmie Dunn—because he's such a likeable young scamp. One has the feeling, like Aunt Polly in "Tom Sawyer," that's he probably up to the most devilish mischief while he's standing there with such a cherubic look on his face. I have the idea that Master Jimmy would drive one crazy ninety-eight percent of the time. But when it comes to a show-down, I'll bet the lad is right there with whatever you need, whether it's money, medical aid or matches.

Roland Young—because he is alone in his class of brilliant, flawless underplaying. And because he collects penguins. So do I. And I bet he'd give his eye teeth for the two I carry in my pocketbook. They're carved and painted wood and so small you can't see them without your glasses.

Jean Hersholt—because I have never seen him play a part that he didn't do to perfection. Any part he plays always stands out.

Madge Evans—because she's so very pretty and because she is coming along so fast and so well in roles that are never sensational. It's darn hard to play sweet, straight parts, you know, and make them mean a lot.

Loretta Young—because she's so very pretty, too. And because she has grown so rapidly—professionally, I mean. Why, it's actually difficult to remember that a short time ago she was just another one of Hollywood's pretty ingenues.

Charlie Chaplin—because I almost did meet him, once. And I wrote a story about that "almost." And I would like to know how near I came to the truth in my surmises about him in that story.

Marion Davies—because I have a fancy that she would be as fine and stimulating as she is a performer.

Jean Harlow—because I'd like just to sit and look at her. And because those who know her say how regular and un-sirenish she is, and I'd like to see for myself.

And, now—well, I thought I'd be able to conquer it, but I see that I can't. I might as well confess that I'd like to meet—

Greta Garbo—because it's so difficult. Because it can't be done. Because I don't give a couple of hoots or tinker's you-know-whats about this mystery stuff. And because I have an idea that if one *could* meet her she'd probably be pretty regular, after all. And because everyone wants to, and because it's a good idea, I think, to have one ambition which you know can't be fulfilled. Still, why not?

And it so happens that I'd like to meet the people I have already met all over again. I haven't space to name them all but there are a few and the reasons why I'd like to see them a second time.

John Barrymore, whom I met over twenty years ago; John Boles, because he was so darned nice to me; Robert Montgomery, in order to tell him what a perfectly superb performance he turned in "When Ladies Meet"; Marie Dressler, because to meet her once is to wish you'd meet her just about every day of your life—she gets under your skin, does Miss Dressler. Gary Cooper, to see how much he has changed since he came back from that big game hunting trip and because he's a weakness of mine, anyway.

Lee Tracy, because he's probably that nice he'd remember me from last time, being a courteous young man, and that would be highly unusual; Dorothy Jordan, to tell her how she astonished and interested me in "Bondage"; Mary Pickford, because I'm tired of having them write slush and sob stuff about her; she's too big a person. She is a person who can be self-contained and is. And if I'm any judge, she doesn't rate pity but three cheers and a tiger and all our loyalty and admiration. And, of course, I'd like to meet again Jimmy Cagney, the gentleman with a gorgeous punch.

And all the others. I am very like Oliver Twist. I keep on howling for Moore—Dickie Moore, of course. And that reminds me, Mr. Editor, isn't there any chance, ever, that you will let me interview Baby LeRoy. I talk his language. I'm sure we'd get along.

Hollywood Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from page 69)

a part in it was killed. Clark Gable has been ill. The studio strike was on and some bad film—which has to be re-made, of course, was shot. And to cap the climax, just when everything was going smoothly, Joan sprained her ankle and couldn't dance for a week.

But Joan keeps on living a simple and a quiet life. Not so the rest of Hollywood. Somehow or other there

is more going out and dressing up and putting on the dog in Hollywood than ever before.

THE Colony Club is the last word. Into the beautiful, rambling old building—once someone's gorgeous home—where it is located, all of the stars come at some time or other. The place is open from afternoon until far,

far into the night. It is very swank and very smart. If anyone becomes too noisy he is gently eased out by a bouncer attired ever so correctly in dinner clothes!

One of the most charming homes in town is the entirely made over one of Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston at Toluca Lake. They had to do something fine to house that fine baby of theirs—a chuckling little angel who looks exactly like Paul Whiteman before he got thin. I told Jobyna I thought he looked like Paul and I said it with my hand on the door knob. I expected to have an early American lamp come crashing around my head, thrown by the irate mother.

Instead Jobyna laughed. "And sometimes," she said, "he looks a little like Joe E. Brown."

The night I was at the Arlens', Bing Crosby and his wife were there and into the festivities walked Mr. Ralston, Jobyna's father—a little gentleman from Tennessee who doesn't know one picture star from another. He calls Gary Cooper "that fellow with the long legs" and Bing Crosby is known to him as "Bing."

Suddenly he turned to Crosby and said, "You know, Bing, the South 'whupped' the North."

Startled, Bing answered, "But how do you figure that Mr. Ralston?"

"Well. We 'whupped' all the battles." "What about Gettysburg?" Bing asked.

That stopped Mr. Ralston for a minute. And then he said, "We were hungry! Besides, what does a fellow who sings over the radio with a cold in his head know about history?"

There's a grand new game being played in Hollywood. Try it out at your next party.

One person goes out of the room—as one person seems always to do in games—while the others decide upon a certain character. But I'm getting confused. Perhaps it would be better if I told you just how we played it at the Arlens.

Dick Arlen went out of the room. We decided that the character he must guess would be Charles Laughton. With a loud whistle we called Dick back and accused him of listening at the door. He swore he didn't, so the game progressed.

"If this person were an automobile," said Dick, "what sort of an automobile would he be?"

"A huge touring car, well up-holstered," was the answer given by Dixie Lee, I believe.

Then Dick went on to the next person.

"If this person were a kind of wall paper, what would the pattern of it be?"

"It would have a design of cupids and pigs," was the answer from the one asked.

And that's how the questions go. You interpret a person in the terms of the inanimate things he reminds you of.

If this person were a city what city would he be? If a kind of dog what kind of dog? If an animal—a newspaper—a restaurant, etc., etc.? The trick is not to confuse the character's likes and tastes with what he reminds you of. It's also lots of fun when the character is one of the members of the party and right in the room. Once I was "It" and Dick Arlen was the character. I asked Bing Crosby if this person were a day what sort of day would he be. "The second of March at Cape Cod," Bing said—which is a perfect description of Dick Arlen.

GARBO has further shut herself off from the world—even the studio world. She now has a private flight of stairs leading to her dressing room and at the entrance of the stairs is a gate which is locked! Well, the other day an extra girl was coming off the set. The gate was locked. Not knowing that the stairs were reserved for Garbo, she started to walk up them, going to the large extras' dressing-room.

An assistant director yelled for her to come down when she was half way up.

"Listen," she said, "I don't care if these stairs lead to heaven. I can still get through to the extras' dressing room. I'm so tired my back bone is jelly and you, nor Garbo, nor God, can make me come back now that I'm half way up."

She had just finished this speech when she looked up and saw Garbo. For a minute she was terrified and then Garbo laughed. "Atta girl," said the Garbo. "Tell him some more." So a little extra girl went over the private stairs to her own humble dressing room.

The most excitement in Hollywood is out on the lot where they are shooting "The Prizefighter and the Lady." Max Baer and Carnera are out there doing their stuff—and you've never seen so many cauliflower ears all gathered together in one place. All of their pals are watching the fight. Baer and the champ are the best of friends and clown all day long. One day Carnera said to his friend, Bull Montana, "How can I fight this guy, Max? I like him!"

Can She Beat the Chaplin Jinx?

(Continued from page 67)

In a bungalow not far from the studio, some months ago, lay Edna Purviance, her death apparently a few hours away. An acute heart attack had laid her low. Shadows of an afternoon sun going down at sea seemed to cast a benediction upon the life of the beautiful

young woman. From 1916 until 1921 she had played leads with Chaplin, and in 1922 was starred in "A Woman of Paris," with Adolphe Menjou, produced and directed by Charlie, himself. She was a favorite of the comedian.

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29x5.00-19	2.85	34x4	3.25
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29x5.25-18	2.90	33x4 1/2	3.45
29x5.25-19	2.90	34x4 1/2	3.45
30x5.25-20	3.00	35x5	3.65
31x5.25-21	3.25	35x5 1/2	3.75
28x5.50-18	3.35	36x5	3.95
29x5.50-19	3.35		
30x6.00-18	3.40		
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Dr. Kurt Behne. "Now we can only wait and hope." Then—

"She will live," Dr. Behne eventually announced.

Possibly she sighed, wearily. So many things had come into her life since she and Charlie had known each other. In the first place, "The Sea Woman," directed by Joseph von Sternberg for Chaplin, in which she played the leading role, was shelved and never saw the light of day.

"Throw it to the wolves!" exclaimed Chaplin when he saw it.

Now at thirty-four, the name of Edna Purviance seldom is mentioned. No specific thing can be pointed to which explains why she so completely faded from the film firmament. She stepped aside and watched her master go up and on until he became undisputed, reigning comedian of the world. But that invisible "jinx" got her.

NEXT to the Chaplin fold came the wistful, big-eyed Georgia Hale, a St. Joseph, Mo., girl, to give a splendid performance in Chaplin's "The Gold Rush." When the picture was exhibited, other producers in Hollywood almost tore down the doors to Chaplin's offices to get permission to sign Miss Hale. She was naive, natural, exquisite—a discovery. Chaplin dangled her tantalizingly at the end of a string for a while, but eventually let Paramount sign her.

Six months later, the company believed it had made a mistake. The Georgia Hale under guidance of Chaplin, "the old master," was a different Georgia Hale from what Paramount found. Consequently, the option on her services was never exercised. She drifted over to "Poverty Row," and was cast in Trem Carr's Rayart picture, "The Gypsy of the North." On location at Big Bear Lake in the San Bernardino mountains a few days later, an automobile in which she was riding ran on to a thin spot in the ice and broke through. Only the quick action of a stunt man saved her from death.

The case of Lita Grey, of course, is widely known. Charlie married her and it cost him a million dollars to regain his freedom. Every foot of the film, "The Circus," in which Lita appeared, was burned. It cost a fortune, but no matter.

Besides the domestic grief Lita encountered, a hundred other troubles beset her. Her mother was divorced. Her grandfather, to whom she was devoted, died. Her reported engagements to Roy D'Arcy and Phil Baker went on the rocks. She became ill from ptomaine poisoning, her former butler mysteriously was murdered on the Utah desert, and in January, 1931, she hysterically reported to the New York police that, while in the company of Georges Carpentier, she was held up, kidnaped in her own car and robbed of jewelry valued at \$25,000. Recently she was disbarred from exploiting the Chaplin children on the screen, and her own career was sunk. Was the jinx working?

There was Merna Kennedy, vivacious red-head who played the leading feminine role in "The Circus." Merna

was a friend of Lita Grey. They took dancing lessons together. She was only eighteen and was appearing in a musical comedy when Chaplin met and seized upon her as exactly the type he was hunting.

AS in the case of Georgia Hale, the picture no sooner was released than there was a regular mob-rush of other producers to get Merna.

Universal Pictures got Merna and assigned her to the leading feminine role in "Broadway." She "got by" with the part and that was about all. She didn't exhibit the spark she showed in "The Circus," and the five-year contract was allowed to lapse at option-time.

Then the grief started. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed Merna for "The Song Writer," but before the first day was ended, dismissed her and wired to New York for Helen Johnson to come out post-haste by airplane. Next she was seen playing a supporting role in Constance Bennett's "Lady With a Past," for Pathé. After which, roles simply quit. The supply ran out. It seemed there were no more. In August 1931, at the end of her string, money gone, prospects almost nil, creditors pressing, Merna filed a voluntary petition of bankruptcy in the U. S. District Court, listing her liabilities at \$4,868.56, and with not one cent of assets. She was "broke," nearly \$5000 in debt—and in Hollywood!

On top of this came a broken romance. For Merna Kennedy and James Hall, Paramount's handsome leading man, fell in love—head over heels in love. One Los Angeles columnist wrote: "James Hall prefers red-heads. Merna Kennedy has red hair and she and Mr. Hall are one of the most engaged couples in Hollywood. They are seen everywhere together. It is not one of those sudden romances, for they have been keeping company for quite a spell, if you will pardon my colloquialism."

But "Jimmie" Hall had a wife, it developed. They had been separated three or four years, but nevertheless she existed. She was a singer, known on the stage as Irene Hamilton. In 1928, Jimmie had sought legal separation or divorce from her, but failed, and in November last year she had him arrested and extradited to New Haven, Conn., on a charge of desertion.

Naturally, little Merna Kennedy's love affair went haywire suddenly and violently, and she hit the long, long trail again, looking for studio work. She got a break in "Laughter in Hell," and recently signed for the lead opposite John Darrow in "The Big Chance," the first of a series of eleven Eagle Pictures.

RECENTLY, the red-head formally announced her engagement to Busby Berkeley, creator of dance ensembles for musical pictures at Warner Brothers, which may mean her permanent retirement from the screen. The wedding is expected some time this summer with a honeymoon in Honolulu. Let's hope the jinx is over!

Take the case of Virginia Cherrill,

who had the feminine lead in Charlie's latest picture, "City Lights." Virginia had never appeared in a film when Chaplin "discovered" and signed her. Over family objections, she went to work.

Two years Virginia worked in "City Lights," developing the character of the blind flower girl which won such acclaim. As soon as the role was completed, she was snapped up by Fox Films on a year's contract, and as quickly unsnapped when the year was up. Fox directors couldn't develop the spark that Chaplin unearthed.

Back in the City of Broken Dreams, Miss Cherrill took up the quest for fame again. A year ago she was placed under contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but has been given only two minor roles in that company's productions. No opportunity has been afforded her to appear again as the wistful, adorable character which distinguished her as the blind flower girl in "City Lights."

NOW comes Paulette Goddard with a smile on her face, defying the jinx and all the little jinxes attached to the Chaplin influence. She has a grin for their mere mention.

Paulette arrived in Hollywood a couple of years ago, a platinum blonde. She had left Great Neck, Long Island, at fifteen, to become a chorus girl in New York. At sixteen she was dancing in Ziegfeld's Follies. At seventeen she was playing a role in Archie Selwyn's "The Conquering Male." She was 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighed 110 pounds, typically a show girl. Edgar James Goddard of the Southern States Lumber Co., Asheville, N. C., saw Paulette and came under her spell. He married her to take her off Broadway. But she went too far off. Following a year's travel in Europe, she returned virtually a stranger to the lumberman, and they were divorced.

Paulette came to Hollywood, got a \$75-a-week job at the Hal Roach studio and took a screen test for a better one at Universal, but failed. When Samuel Goldwyn was selecting his beauty chorus for Eddie Cantor's, "The Kid From Spain," he saw Paulette and gave her a position. It was while thus employed that she met Charlie Chaplin, and he began taking her places. Naturally, rumors of a new love in his life circulated rapidly, and when Paulette, leaving for New York one night by airplane, threw her arms about Charlie's neck and kissed him, the news was blazed to all corners of the world.

"We paid out about forty bucks for newspaper clippings at the rate of three cents a clip," said Al Reeves, general manager of the Chaplin Studio. "That was one kiss 'heard round the world.'"

Will Paulette encounter the Chaplin jinx? Is her association with him to be bounded with misfortunes and disappointments? The other Chaplin leading ladies saw glory fade into the mists and the fame they expected vanish.

Edna Purviance saw her screen aspirations smothered, her jewelry stolen and her health cracked. Georgia Hale drifted to obscure pictures made on Poverty Row, was nearly drowned in Big Bear lake and eventually dropped out entirely. Lita Grey saw her mother divorced, her grandfather die, her two engagements broken, her children barred from the screen, \$25,000 worth of jewelry wrested from her by bandits and learned that her butler was murdered in lonely desert wastes of Utah. Merna Kennedy dropped from one engagement after another and finally went bankrupt with nearly \$5000 in debts. Virginia Cherrill tumbled out of a car, her home was looted, her engagement broken and she started playing small parts.

Now it's Paulette Goddard's turn. How will she fare?

You make the prediction.

The Burden of Warner Baxter

(Continued from page 49)

thought he answered, "Courage and diplomacy. And I think I'd give diplomacy about two-thirds."

He feels that courage embraces all other fine qualities, because one must possess it in order to be honest, to remain loyal, to keep one's self-control. And diplomacy is so vastly important to him because without it one cannot be kind and helpful.

THERE was, for instance, the proud father who brought his little daughter to Warner Baxter for him to pass on her stage ability. The father was sure that she could be developed into a remarkable "movie child." After seeing her go through her bag of tricks, Warner found himself in a quandary. He couldn't bring himself to brutally tell the father that his child had nothing whatsoever to recommend her for the movies. But inasmuch as she actually

did have a very sweet little singing voice, he praised that, and advised the father to train her for the concert stage and offered his help. In such ways he uses diplomacy.

He realizes the value of praise. He knows that it is often more helpful than the gift of money. So he is lavish in praising, where it is due. Perhaps that is because his own heart is a little comforted by appreciation. I had told him that I believed his public loved him. The weariness left his face for a moment and an eager interest showed in the tired eyes.

"Do they really, you think?" he asked hungrily. "One never knows, you see."

The sadness that smoulders within does not, however, prevent him from being a delightful companion. He has a ready wit and greatly appreciates humorous incidents and happenings.

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Laughingly, but with kindly understanding, he told me of a fan letter he had received from a woman in a hospital. She wrote that she would like to explain why she was thus confined. It seems that she, her sister and her husband had gone one evening to a Baxter picture. When the family returned home, the wife and sister raved so long and so enthusiastically over Warner, as the hero, that the husband could bear it no longer and finally hit his wife over the head with a poker. I believe Warner checked on this, and found it to be absolutely true.

Then there was the girl who, having struggled for months for an introduction, fell in a faint at his feet when the meeting finally took place. And still another girl who traveled half across the country to meet him, and when she did, was struck dumb, and found herself unable to speak a word.

I ASKED him if he felt that lending money often made the persons who received it one's enemies, by giving them an inferiority complex in one's presence.

And he replied, "I don't lend money, I give it usually. But even that sometimes destroys friendship. There is a man whom I have recently helped. He is a valued friend and I often visit him. But last week when I telephoned to say I would be unable to go to his house, he felt queer about it and thought it was because I didn't care to see him on account of the money. When, actually, I wanted very much to be with him."

I know that he has several times bought stories he knew he never could use, from unknown writers who have come to him, rather than turn them away empty-handed.

And then there was the man, also a

writer, whose mother was ill, and who was bearing a great financial strain. Warner Baxter visited the mother at the hospital and left, as he went away, a check large enough to keep her in comfort for many months.

So long as there is hardship and misery in the world for others, Warner Baxter will continue to share it, to the exclusion of his own happiness. Things hit him too hard. He will never become hard-boiled. When his servant, a colored boy whom he had employed for a long time, was killed driving his car, Warner became actually ill and went to bed for two weeks. He still dislikes to go into a certain room in his house where the boy most frequently worked.

He receives the largest fan mail of any star at the Fox Studio. What is the reason for his tremendous appeal? I think I know the answer. He arouses the mother instinct in women, because, subconsciously, they are aware of his inner sadness. And men respect him for his manliness.

He has all the physical qualifications of the more glamorous men of the screen plus something else. An added maturity, an inner fineness. If you are very young and can react only to muscles, curls, dimples and sex-appeal, don't go to see a Baxter picture. He has all these things, to be sure (except, maybe, the curls), but they are submerged by his extraordinary mental attributes.

A rare soul, a sensitive soul—courageous and strong—but too keenly attuned to human suffering for his own good. He longs to laugh and be light of heart. But he cannot, while others weep. And so now you know why all the tragedy of the ages seems to look out at you from his kindly eyes.

Reviews—a Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 10)

THE BOWERY (Twentieth Century)

You'll Like It. Twentieth Century bows in with their first effort and it's something to be proud of. This talkie has the stuff that makes for real entertainment. The story, a more or less history of New York in the late Nineties, is interesting and very well told with such valiant troupers as Wallace Beery, George Raft, Fay Wray and Jackie Cooper making such characters as Chuck Connors and Steve Brodie live. None of these players have ever had better rôles, nor have they given such outstanding performances. The film rolls along at a snappy pace, contains some hearty laughs, some tears and a lotta pretty chorus gals.

You mustn't miss seeing "The Bowery." That goes for the kids, too.

EVER IN MY HEART (Warners)

Heavy Stuff. A slow but touching story of an American girl and a German boy whose marriage is sacrificed to the World War. Barbara Stanwyck

marries Otto Krueger, a German. He becomes an American citizen and obtains a position as a college professor. Comes the war and, though he tries to be a loyal citizen, he loses his position. Poverty, sickness. Their little boy dies. Crushed, he leaves his wife and joins the German army. Later they meet in France. Barbara is serving in a relief unit and Otto is there as a spy. Torn between duty to her country and love for her man, Barbara poisons their wine and they die in one another's arms.

Both Barbara and Krueger give splendid performances. Ralph Bellamy as "Jeff," who has loved Barbara since childhood, is also good. Not recommended for children.

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS (Universal)

Very good. Apropos of football season, here's a yarn of the gridiron that should please the fans. Robert Young, cocky young football star, looks upon the game as a racket. Leila Hyams loves him, but Bob prefers the company

Modern Screen

of a night club entertainer, Mary Doran. The eve of the big game, Mary and her husband try to frame him, but Bob fights his way out and plays next day handicapped by a broken hand. Although the game is lost, he is congratulated for his gameness and fine spirit. He gets next to himself and it's clinch for Leila and Bob.

Young does some fine work. Andy Devine as Bob's faithful room-mate, Mary Carlyle as Andy's patient sweetie and Johnny Mack Brown as the Captain, round out the cast. Swell for kids.

SOLITAIRE MAN (M-G-M)

Great. One of the smoothest and most thrilling mystery films to reach the theatre in a long time. Most of the action takes place in a cabin of an airplane while crossing the English Channel. A band of jewel thieves—Herbert Marshall, May Robson, Elizabeth Allan and Ralph Forbes—have pulled their last job and are bound for a farmhouse in Devonshire for peace and quiet. The strange and exciting things that happen before they get there will keep you glued to your seat until the end.

Marshall carries off the honors of the show, although Lionel Atwill as the villain, Mary Boland as the hysterical American tourist and Forbes as the frantic young man, all do marvelous work. Jack Conway deserves praise for a swell directorial job. He manages to keep the action always at top-notch speed in the narrow confines of a cabin airplane. If the kids like mysteries, this is the best.

THE WOMAN SPY (RKO)

A Pip. Constance Bennett's latest picture, with Gilbert Roland as her new leading man, is one of her best. Connie, herself, is probably at her very best.

The story is exciting, thrilling and romantic. It's a war picture dealing with the intelligence departments, which is a little out of the beaten track of the general war drama. Connie is a Russian spy; Roland an Austrian spy. They meet and fall desperately in love, without knowing each other's identity.

Later, they learn they are sworn enemies. Follows the duty vs. love struggle, but this has a happy ending.

Connie is very convincing as the little Russian spy and is beautifully photographed. Edward Ellis is excellent as the cruel major. Worth seeing, but not exactly the type for children.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH (United Artists)

Great Characterization. Charles Laughton grabs himself a plum in the rôle of lustful, rowdy King Henry VIII. The movie sticks to the private life of Henry and makes roaring entertainment from start to finish. It begins with Henry's second marriage to Ann Boleyn, her execution, and his third marriage to Jane Seymour. She dies in childbirth, and he marries Ann of Cleves. That ends in divorce. His next marriage is to Katharine, whom he loves but must behead because she is unfaithful. He winds up married to the bickering Katherine of Parr, his children's governess.

The cast, all English, gives grand support, but it's Laughton's picture. Treat yourself to an evening with him. As for the kids, well, maybe not.

STAGE MOTHER (M-G-M)

Marvelous Entertainment. A backstage story with a mother-love angle. Alice Brady is a vaudeville performer who has never quite clicked. She resolves that her daughter (Maureen O'Sullivan) shall benefit by her mistakes and become a great star. She trains her and before long daughter becomes a success, thanks to momma Alice. But not without sacrifice. When she falls in love with a young artist (Franchot Tone) Alice does a little blackmailing and practically forces her child into the arms of a millionaire. They settle for twenty-five grand and a trip to Europe. On the boat, Maureen receives a proposal of marriage from a young Lord (Phillips Holmes) and in a dramatic scene, renounces all bonds to her ambitious mother. However, in the end, Alice relents.

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20x5.00-19	2.85	1.05	34x4	3.25	.85
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05	32x4 1/2	3.35	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15	33x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	34x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15	20x5	3.65	1.35
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15	32x5	3.75	1.45
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15	35x5	3.95	1.65
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Of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1933.
State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1933.

MAY KELLEY,

Notary Public N. Y. County.

N. Y. County Clerk's No. 85.

N. Y. County Register's No. 5K278.

(My commission expires March 30, 1935.)

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TOO MUCH HARMONY

(Paramount)

Very Good Musical. Not the most lavish musical, but very entertaining at that. The plot is better than usual with some good brisk dialogue and hot musical numbers woven in. Jack Oakie, Judith Allen and Skeets Gallagher are members of a small time vaudeville team. Bing Crosby, star of a big New York show, drops in, spots Judith and wants her for his act. She refuses to go unless he takes the other two, so all journey to the big city. Lilyan Tashman is Bing's sweetie and Jack is delegated to vamp her so Bing can devote his time to Judith, with whom he has fallen in love. Oakie consents, although he, too, loves Judith. The biggest thrill of the show is the opening night sequence when Judith gets stage fright and Bing rushes out and sings the song for her. Very well done.

S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal)

Beautiful Scenery. For spectacular beauty, the kind found in the ocean regions of the Arctic with its gigantic icebergs, this film rates ace-high. The story and cast are secondary. It concerns a scientist (Rod LaRocque) and his company in Greenland. LaRocque loses his way and almost starves to death in an ice cave. Two of the members meet horrible death in the icy waters, another goes mad and tries to stab his companion, and finally lunges from an iceberg into the sea. At last, one of the party attempts to swim to an Eskimo village to bring help to his companions. The rescue scene is quite exciting.

LaRocque, back after a long absence from the screen, is supported adequately by Leni Riefenstahl and Ernst Udet, famous aviator. Worth seeing for its scenery. Children may find it interesting.

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO)

Pretty Good. A funny, rowdy little comedy with such good players as William Gargan, Wynne Gibson, Charles Farrell and Zasu Pitts in the cast. Story is about Aggie (Wynne Gibson), who annexes Charlie Farrell, son of the wealthy Schlumpp family, when her own sweetie Red Branahan (Bill Gargan) gets sent to prison for beating up three coppers. She proceeds to make young Schlumpp into another Branahan, even giving him the name, and then falls in love with him. However, she sticks to the real Branahan when he gets out of jail. Dialogue is fast, furious and funny. Okay for the youngsters.

LOVE, HONOR AND OH BABY! (Universal)

Good and Funny. In this latest Zasu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedy, Slim is a young lawyer whose clients usually land behind the bars. He wants to marry Zasu, secretary to a big business

man, but hasn't the dough for a license. Because the boss is susceptible to pretty stenos, Zasu, Slim and Zasu's family frame him into a breach of promise suit. This is a riot, particularly the court scene. Slim and Zasu are funny, as usual. George Barbier as the boss, Lucille Webster Gleason, Verree Teasdale and Donald Meek are good. Kids will get a kick out of it and you probably will too.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (Warners)

Something Different. A touching story of youngsters who are forced out into the world to make their own living when their parents no longer can support them. Frankie Darro and Edwin Phillips, along with other boys and girls, take to the road, go from place to place, hop freight trains, beg and even steal. There are no jobs. Edwin loses a leg, and Frankie gets involved in a robbery and is taken to court. His plea to the judge is splendid and makes a dramatic ending. Grand acting. Send the kids—it will teach 'em to appreciate home.

MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO)

Okay. It's been a long time since we've had a story of naval cadets. But now Radio comes out with one and it's good. Bruce Cabot plays Austin, an upper classman whose indolence has made him almost a permanent fixture. He falls in love with the commandant's daughter (Betty Furness), sneaks out to meet her and in other ways, gets in bad. However, the loyalty he instills into the younger boys is his redemption. Frank Albertson, Arthur Lake, Purnell Pratt and Florence Lake all give good support. Entertaining, inspiring and all that. Swell for children and grown-ups alike.

TO THE LAST MAN (Paramount)

Not So Good. A mild western, even though almost everyone in the picture is killed before it's over. It's the old feud angle. The Colbys and Spelvins have hated each other for years. Esther Ralston, a Colby, and Randolph Scott, a Spelvin, are in love, but are loyal to the old family hate until in a battle royal everyone is killed off except these two. Jack LaRue, Noah Beery, Buster Crabbe and Muriel Kirkland make up the cast. Okay for the very young kids.

A CHANCE AT HEAVEN (RKO)

Good. A simple, down-to-earth and delightful story, the kind Vina Delmar is so capable of writing, about a young boy and girl in love, but whose matrimonial plans are upset when the rich girl from the city puts in an appearance. Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea and Marian Nixon make up the triangle. Their swell performances, plus snappy dialogue, makes this pretty good entertainment. You can take the whole family.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 83)

- Featured in "The Man Who Dared," Fox; "Sensational Hunters," Monogram. Working in "Hoopla," Fox.
- FRANCIS, KAY:** Married to Kenneth McKenna. Born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Storm at Daybreak," M-G-M; "I Loved a Woman," "The House on 56th Street." Next is "Broadway and Back."
- GABLE, CLARK:** Married to Ria Langham. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Hold Your Man," "Night Flight." Working in "Dancing Lady." Next is "Two Thieves."
- GARBO, GRETA:** Unmarried. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "As You Desire Me." Working in "Queen Christina."
- GARGAN, WILLIAM:** Married. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. RKO player. Featured in "Headline Shooters," "Night Flight," M-G-M. Working in "Four Frightened People," Paramount. Next is "Success Story."
- GAYNOR, JANET:** Divorced from Lydell Peck. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "State Fair," "Adorable," "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."
- GIBSON, HOOT:** Separated from Sally Eilers. Born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Hoot Gibson Picture Corp. Starred in "Dude Bandit."
- GIBSON, WYNNE:** Divorced. Born in New York City, July 3. RKO player. Featured in "Emergency Call," "Her Bodyguard," Paramount. Working in "Wanted at Headquarters," Universal. Next is "Success Story."
- GILBERT, JOHN:** Married to Virginia Bruce. Born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Fast Workers." Working in "Queen Christina."
- GOMBELL, MINNA:** Married to Joseph Sefton. Born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "The Way to Love," Paramount. Working in "Hoopla."
- GRANT, CARY:** Unmarried. Born in Bristol, England, January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "The Eagle and the Hawk," "Gambling Ship." Working in "I'm No Angel." Next is "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Come On Marines."
- HAMILTON, NEIL:** Married to Elsa Whitner. Born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Silk Express," Warner Bros.; "One Sunday Afternoon," Paramount; "Ladies Must Love," Universal.
- HARDING, ANN:** Divorced from Harry Bannister. Born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. RKO star. Starred in "When Ladies Meet," M-G-M; "Double Harness." Working in "Beautiful."
- HARDY, OLIVER:** Married to Myrtle Lee. Born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Co-starred in "Tickets for Two," "Dirty Work."
- HARLOW, JEAN:** Married to Hal Rosson. Born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Dinner at Eight," "Hold Your Man," "A Hollywood Party." Working in "Bombshell." Next is "Living in a Big Way."
- HARVEY, LILIAN:** Unmarried. Born in London, England, January 19. Fox player. Featured in "My Lips Betray," "My Weakness."
- HAYES, HELEN:** Married to Charles MacArthur. Born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Night Flight," "Another Language." Next is "The Old Maid."
- HEPBURN, KATHARINE:** Married to Ludlow Smith. Born in Hartford, Conn., November 8. RKO player. Featured in "Christopher Strong," "Morning Glory" and "Little Women."
- HERSHOLT, JEAN:** Married. Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Dinner at Eight," "Hollywood Party," "The Late Christopher Bean." Working in "The Cat and The Fiddle."
- HOLMES, PHILLIPS:** Unmarried. Born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beauty For Sale," "Penthouse," "Stage Mothers." Working in "Nana," United Artists.
- HOLT, JACK:** Divorced from Margaret Wood. Born in Winchester, Pa., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "Tampico," "The Wrecker," "Man of Steel."
- HOPKINS, MIRIAM:** Divorced from Austin Parker. Born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "The Story of Temple Drake," "Stranger's Return," M-G-M. Working in "Design For Living." Next is "Chrysalis."
- HOPPER, HEDDA:** Divorced. Born in Hollidaysburg, Pa., June 2. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "The Barbarian," "Beauty for Sale," M-G-M.
- HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT:** Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at M-G-M.
- Free lance. Featured in "A Bedtime Story," "The Way to Love," Paramount. Working in "Design for Living," M-G-M.
- HOWARD, LESLIE:** Married. Born in England, April 24. RKO star. Featured in "Captured," Warner Bros.; "Berkeley Square," Fox. Working in "The Lady is Willing," Columbia. Next is "British Agent," Warner Bros.
- HUDSON, ROCHELLE:** Unmarried. Born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Fox player. Featured in "Dr. Bull." Working in "Walls of Gold." Next is "Mr. Skitch."
- HUSTON, WALTER:** Married to Nan Sunderland. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Gabriel Over the White House," "Storm at Daybreak," "Ann Vickers," RKO. Working in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."
- HYAMS, LEILA:** Married to Phil Berg. Born in New York City, May 1. Universal player. Featured in "Saturday's Millions." Working in "Tin Pants."
- JOLSON, AL:** Married to Ruby Keeler. Warner Bros. star. Born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Starred in "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," United Artists. Working in "Wonder Bar," Warner Bros.
- JONES, BUCK:** Married to Odille Osborne. Born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Universal star. Starred in "Unknown Valley," "The Open Road." Working in "Gordon of Ghost City," serial.
- JORDAN, DOROTHY:** Married to Meriam C. Cooper. Born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. RKO player. Featured in "Bondage," Fox; "One Man's Journey," "Hide in the Dark." Next is "Trigger."
- JORDAN, MIRIAM:** Unmarried. Born in London, England, March 3. Fox player. Featured in "Dangerously Yours," "I Loved You Wednesday." Working in "He Knew His Women."
- JORY, VICTOR:** Married to Jean Inness. Born in Dawson City, Alaska, November 23. Fox player. Featured in "I Loved You Wednesday," "The Devil's in Love," "My Woman," Columbia. Working in "Smoky."
- JUDGE, ARLINE:** Married to Wesley Ruggles. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. RKO player. Featured in "Flying Devils," "Sweet Cheat," "Sensational Hunters."
- KARLOFF, BORIS:** Married. Born in Dulwich, England, November 23. Universal star. Starred in "The Mummy," "The Ghoul," Gaumont. Working in "The Lost Patrol," RKO. Next is "The Return of Frankenstein."
- KEELER, RUBY:** Married to Al Jolson. Born in New York City, August 25. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Footlight Parade." Next is "Sweethearts Forever."
- KENYON, DORIS:** Married to Arthur Hopkins. Born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Voltaire," Warner Bros.; "No Marriage Ties," RKO. Next is "Counselloir at Law," Universal.
- KIBBEE, GUY:** Married. Born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "Lady For a Day," Columbia; "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Footlight Parade," "The World Changes," "Havana Widows," Warner Bros. Next is "Convention City."
- KRUEGER, OTTO:** Married to Sue MacManamy. Born in Toledo, Ohio, September 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Turn Back the Clock," "Beauty for Sale." Working in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."
- LANDI, ELISSA:** Married to J. C. Lawrence. Born in Venice, Italy, December 6. M-G-M player. Starred in "The Warrior's Husband," "I Loved You Wednesday," Fox. Working in "By Candlelight," Universal.
- LARUE, JACK:** Unmarried. Born in New York City, May 4. Paramount player. Featured in "The Story of Temple Drake," "To the Last Man," "Kennell Murder Case," Warner Bros. Next is "Funny Page."
- LAUGHTON, CHARLES:** Married to Elsa Lanchester. Born in Scarborough, England, July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "The Sign of the Cross." Working in "White Woman." Next is "Funny Page."
- LAUREL, STAN:** Married. Born in Ulverston, England, June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred in "Tickets for Two," "Dirty Work."
- LINDEN, ERIC:** Unmarried. Born in New York City, July 12. RKO player. Featured in "The Silver Cord," "The Flying Devils," "Bird of Prey."
- LLOYD, HAROLD:** Married to Mildred Davis. Born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy." Next is "Cat's Paw."



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LOMBARD, CAROLE: Divorced from William Powell. Born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "The Eagle and the Hawk," "Brief Moment," Columbia. Working in "White Woman." Next is "All of Me."

LOWE, EDMUND: Married to Lilyan Tashman. Born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "I Love That Man," Paramount; "Dinner at Eight," M-G-M; "Her Bodyguard," Paramount. Next is "No More Women."

LOY, MYRNA: Unmarried. Born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Barbarian," "When Ladies Meet," "Night Flight," "Penthouse." Working in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

LUKAS, PAUL: Married. Born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Captured," Warner Bros.; "Secret of the Blue Room," "Little Women," RKO. Next is "By Candlelight."

LYON, BEN: Married to Bebe Daniels. Born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE: Unmarried. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Love Me Tonight." Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle," M-G-M.

MACK, HELEN: Unmarried. Born in Rock Island, Ill., November 13. RKO player. Featured in "Hold Your Man," "The Late Christopher Bean," M-G-M; "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men." Next is "Chrysalis," Paramount.

MACMAHON, ALINE: Married. Born in McKeesport, Pa., May 3. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Heroes For Sale," "The World Changes."

MANNERS, DAVID: Divorced from Suzanne Bushell. Born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "Warrior's Husband," "The Devil's in Love," Fox; "Torch Singer," Paramount. Working in "Roman Scandals," United Artists.

MARCH, FREDRIC: Married to Florence Eldridge. Born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Starred in "Tonight is Ours," "The Eagle and the Hawk." Working in "Design for Living." Next is "Chrysalis."

MARITZA, SARI: Unmarried. Born in China, March 17. RKO player. Featured in "International House," Paramount. Working in "Beautiful."

MARSH, JOAN: Unmarried. Born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Three Cornered Moon," Paramount; "The Man Who Dared," "It's Great to be Alive," Fox.

MARSHALL, HERBERT: Married to Edna Best. Born in London, England, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Solitaire Man." Working in "Four Frightened People."

MAYNARD, KEN: Married to Mary Leiber. Born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Featured in "Fiddlin' Buckaroo," "Daring Danger."

MENJOU, ADOLPHE: Divorced from Kathryn Carver. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Morning Glory," RKO. Working in "The Worst Woman in Paris," Fox. Next is "Convention City."

MERKEL, UNA: Married to Ronald Burla. Born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Beauty for Sale," "Stage Mother." Working in "Bombshell." Next is "Forever Faithful."

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Allen. Born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Starred in "When Ladies Meet," "Night Flight," "Another Language." Next is "Two Thieves" and "Overland Bus."

MOORE, COLLEEN: Married to Albert Scott. Born in Port Huron, Mich., August 19. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "The Power and the Glory," Fox. Next is "Nothing Else Matters," RKO.

MOORE, DICKIE: Boy actor. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Gabriel Over the White House," M-G-M. Working in "The Wolf Dog," "Mascot" and "Man's Castle," Columbia.

MORGAN, FRANK: Married. Born in New York City, June 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Show World," "Stage Mother," "Dancing Lady." Working in "Bombshell" and "The Cat and the Fiddle."

MORGAN, RALPH: Married to Grace Arnold. Born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "The Power and the Glory," "Shanghai Madness," "The Kennell Murder Case." Working in "Walls of Gold." Next is "The Mad Game."

MORLEY, KAREN: Married to Charles Vidor. Born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Gabriel Over the White House," "Dinner at Eight."

MORRIS, CHESTER: Married to Sue Kilbourne. Born in New York City, February 13. Universal player. Featured in "Tomorrow at Seven," RKO; "Golden Harvest," Paramount. Working in "Dangerous to Women."

MUNI, PAUL: Married to Bella Finckle. Born in Vienna, September 22. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," "The World Changes." Next is "Hi, Nellie."

MCCREA, JOEL: Unmarried. Born in So. Pasadena, Calif., November 5. RKO player. Featured in "Bed of Roses," "One Man's Journey," "Chance at Heaven." Working in "Flying Down to Rio." Next is "The Sea Girl."

MCLAGLEN, VICTOR: Married to Enid Lamont. Born in London, England, December 10. Write him at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Hot Pepper," Fox. Working in "The Lost Patrol," RKO.

NAGEL, CONRAD: Married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Ann Vickers," RKO.

NISSEN, GRETA: Married to Weldon Heyburn. Born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Melody Cruise," RKO; "Life in the Raw," "The Best of Enemies."

NIXON, MARIAN: Divorced from Edward Hillman. Born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Write her at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Pilgrimage," "The Best of Enemies," "Dr. Bull," Fox; "Chance at Heaven," RKO.

NOVARRO, RAMON: Unmarried. Born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "The Barbarian." Working in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

OAKIE, JACK: Unmarried. Born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "The Eagle and the Hawk," "College Humor," "Too Much Harmony." Next are "Alice in Wonderland" and "Sitting Pretty."

OLIVER, EDNA MAY: Divorced. Born in Boston, Mass., January 12. RKO player. Featured in "Ann Vickers," "Only Yesterday," Universal. Working in "Meet the Baron," M-G-M.

OSBORNE, VIVIAN: Unmarried. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Supernatural," Paramount; "Tomorrow at Seven," RKO.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: Married to Marguerite Churchill. Born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "Canyon Walls," "Life in the Raw," "The Last Trail."

O'BRIEN, PAT: Married to Eloise Taylor. Born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Flaming Gold," RKO; "The Bureau of Missing Persons," Warner Bros. Working in "Bombshell," M-G-M and "College Coach," Warner Bros.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: Unmarried. Born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Tugboat Annie," "Stage Mother." Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

PALLETTE, EUGENE: Divorced. Born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Storm at Daybreak," M-G-M; "The Kennell Murder Case," Warner Bros.; "Shanghai Madness," Fox. Working in "From Headquarters," Warner Bros.

PICKFORD, MARY: Separated from Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Born in Toronto, Canada, April 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Secrets."

PITTS, ZASU: Divorced from Tom Gallery. Born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Universal player. Featured in "Love, Honor and Oh Baby," "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," RKO. Working in "Dummy's Vote" and "Meet the Baron," M-G-M.

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER

Alice Brady	November 2
James Dunn	November 2
Joel McCrea	November 5
Katharine Hepburn	November 8
Marie Dressler	November 9
Helen Mack	November 13
Dick Powell	November 14
Nancy Carroll	November 19
Boris Karloff	November 23
Frances Dee	November 26
Elissa Landi	December 9
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	December 9
Una Merkel	December 10
Sally Eilers	December 11
Karen Morley	December 12
Norman Foster	December 13
Ruth Chatterton	December 24
Helen Twelvetrees	December 25
Marlene Dietrich	December 27
Lew Ayres	December 28

POWELL, RICHARD: Divorced. Born in Mountain View, Ark., November 14. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Footlight Parade." Working in "College Coach." Next are "Sweethearts Forever" and "Convention City."

POWELL, WILLIAM: Divorced from Carole Lombard. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Private Detective," "Double Harness," RKO; "The Kennell Murder Case."

RAFT, GEORGE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Midnight Club," "The Bowery," 20th Cent. Next are "Chrysalis" and "All of Me."

RAYMOND, GENE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 13. Write him at RKO. Free lance. Featured in "Ann Carver's Profession," "Brief Moment," Columbia; "The House on 56th Street," Warner Bros. Working in "Flying Down to Rio," RKO.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G: Married to Gladys Lloyd. Born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Little Giant," "I Loved a Woman." Working in "Dark Hazard."

ROBSON, MAY: Married to Ora H. Brown. Born in Melbourne, Australia, April 19. M-G-M player. Featured in "Lady for a Day," Columbia; "Beauty for Sale," "Show World," "Stage Mother," "Solitaire Man."

ROGERS, CHARLES: Unmarried. Born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Fox player. Featured in "The Best of Enemies." Working in "Take a Chance," Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER: Divorced from Jack Pepper. Born in Independence, Kan., July 16. RKO player. Featured in "Don't Bet on Love," Universal; "Rafter Romance." Working in "Flying Down to Rio" and "Hip Hips Hooray."

ROGERS, WILL: Married. Born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Too Busy to Work," "State Fair," "Dr. Bull." Next is "Mr. Skitch."

RUGGLES, CHARLES: Married. Born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Melody Cruise," RKO; "Mama Loves Papa." Working in "The Alimony Racket," RKO. Next is "Funny Page."

SHANNON, PEGGY: Separated. Born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Girl Missing," "Deluge," "Turn Back the Clock," M-G-M. Working in "Fury of the Jungle," Columbia.

SHEARER, NORMA: Married to Irving Thalberg. Born in Montreal, Canada, August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Smilin' Through." Next is "Marie Antoinette, an Average Woman."

SIDNEY, SYLVIA: Unmarried. Born in New York City, August 8. Paramount star. Featured in "Pick Up." Starred in "Jennie Gerhardt."

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: Unmarried. Born in London, England, July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Midnight Club." Working in "Tillie and Gus." Next is "Alice in Wonderland."

STANWYCK, BARBARA: Married to Frank Fay. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Baby Face," "Ever in My Heart." Next is "Broadway and Back."

STONE, LEWIS: Married to Hazel Wolf. Born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Looking Forward," "Bureau of Missing Persons," Warners. Working in "Queen Christina."

STUART, GLORIA: Separated from Blair Gordon Newell. Born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "Secret of the Blue Room," "The Invisible Man." Working in "Roman Scandals," United Artists.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: Married. Born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Her First Mate," "Love, Honor and Oh Baby." Working in "Tin Pants."

SWANSON, GLORIA: Married to Michael Farmer. Born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Perfect Understanding." Next is "Miss Fane's Baby," Paramount.

TASHMAN, LILYAN: Married to Edmund Lowe. Born in New York City, October 25. Write her at 20th Cent. Free lance. Featured in "Mama Loves Papa," "Too Much Harmony," Paramount. Working in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," 20th Cent.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: Unmarried. Born in New York City, November 29. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Goodbye Again," "I Loved a Woman," "Golden Harvest," Paramount. Working in "Dark Hazard."

TODD, THELMA: Married to Pasquale de Cicco. Born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Mary Stevens M. D.," Warner Bros. Working in "Son of the Gobs," Warner Bros. Next is "Hip Hips Hooray," RKO.

TONE, FRANCHOT: Unmarried. Born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., February 27. M-G-M player. Featured in "Lady of the Night," "Stranger's Return," "Stage Mother." Working in "Dancing Lady" and "Bombshell." Next is "Moulin Rouge," 20th Cent.

TRACY, LEE: Unmarried. Born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Nuisance," "Dinner at Eight," "Turn Back the Clock." Working in "Bombshell."

TRACY, SPENCER: Separated from Louise Treadwell. Born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "The Power and the Glory," "Shanghai Madness," "A Man's Castle," Columbia. Working in "The Mad Game," Fox.

TWELVETREES, HELEN: Married to Frank Woody. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Paramount player. Featured in "A Bedtime Story," "Disgraced," "My Woman," Columbia. Working in "Dangerous to Women," Universal.

VELEZ, LUPE: Unmarried. Born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Hollywood Party."

WEST, MAE: Unmarried. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night," "She Done Him Wrong." Working in "I'm No Angel." Next is "It Ain't No Sin."

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNIE: Divorced from Bobbe Arnst. Born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "Tarzan the Ape Man." Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

WHEELER, BERT: Separated from Bernice Spear. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. RKO player. Featured in "So This is Africa," "Diplomaniacs." Working in "Hip Hips Hooray."

WHITE, ALICE: Unmarried. Born in Paterson, N. J., August 28. Universal player. Featured in "Picture Snatcher," M-G-M. Working in "Dangerous to Women." Next is "The Good Red Bricks."

WILLIAM, WARREN: Married. Born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Goodbye Again," "Lady for a Day," Columbia.

WILSON, DOROTHY: Unmarried. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., November 14. Write her at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Professional Sweetheart," RKO; "Above the Clouds," Columbia.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: Married to Mignone Reed. Born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. RKO player. Featured in "So This is Africa," "Diplomaniacs." Working in "Hip Hips Hooray."

WRAY, FAY: Married to John Monk Saunders. Born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Twentieth Century player. Featured in "Ann Carver's Profession," Columbia; "One Sunday Afternoon," Paramount; "Shanghai Madness," Fox; "The Bowery," "Man of Steel," Columbia.

WYNYARD, DIANA: Unmarried. Born in London, England, January 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Cavalcade," Fox; "Born to Kill," "Reunion in Vienna." Next is "The Fountain."

YOUNG, LORETTA: Divorced from Grant Withers. Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. Twentieth Century star. Starred in "Lady of the Night," M-G-M; "The Devil's in Love," Fox; "She Had to Say Yes," Warner Bros.; "A Man's Castle," Columbia.

YOUNG, ROBERT: Married to Elizabeth Henderson. Born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hell Below," "Tugboat Annie," "Saturday's Millions," Universal. Working in "Beautiful," RKO.

YOUNG, ROLAND: Married. Born in London, England, November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Pleasure Cruise," Fox; "Blind Adventure," RKO. Working in "Great Adventure," Dowling. Next is "She Made Her Bed," Paramount.

Four LITTLE WOMEN *faced life...*

SHE SAID:
"Love, KEEP OUT!"



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LOVE

SHE PLAYED
SECOND FIDDLE

AND SHE MET A
DARK ANGEL

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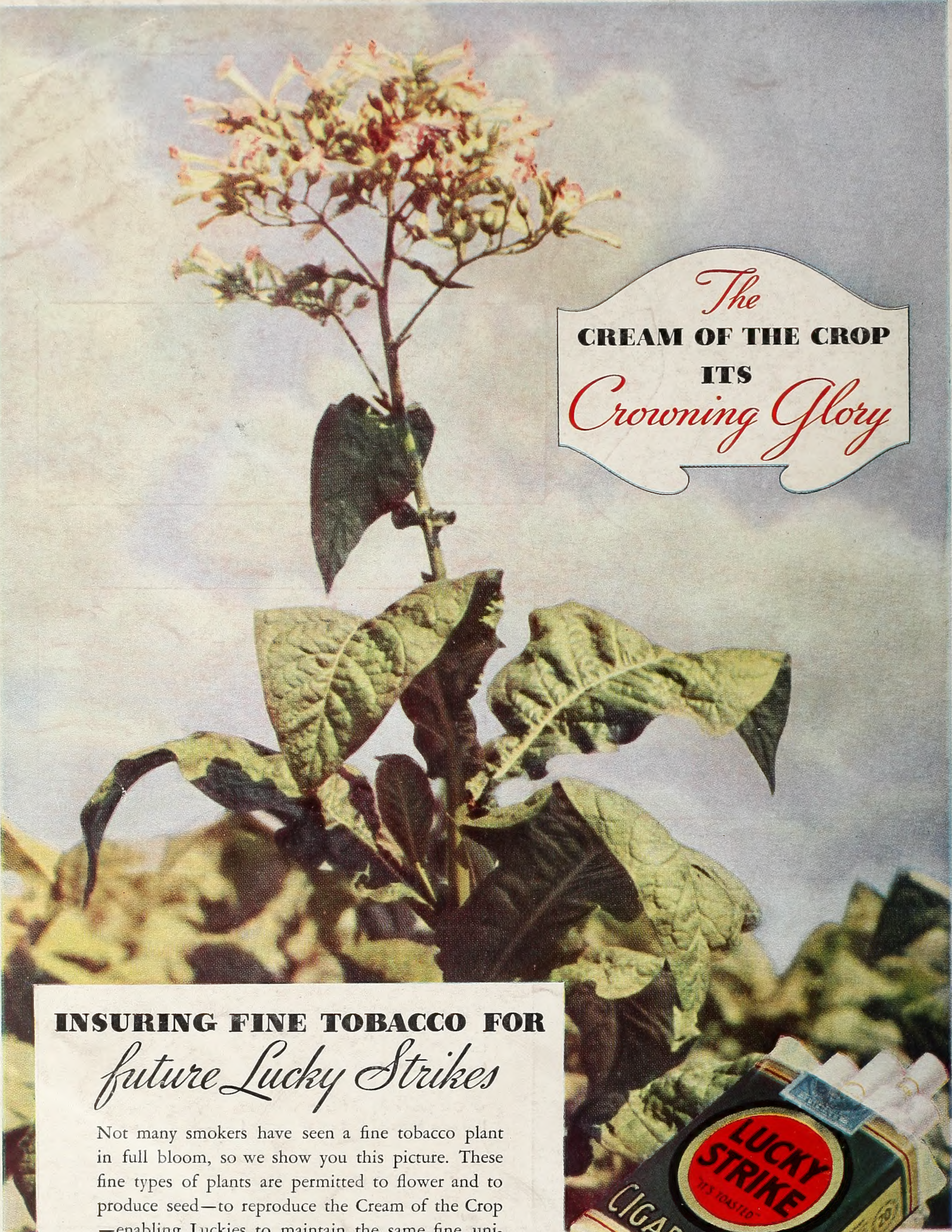
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